

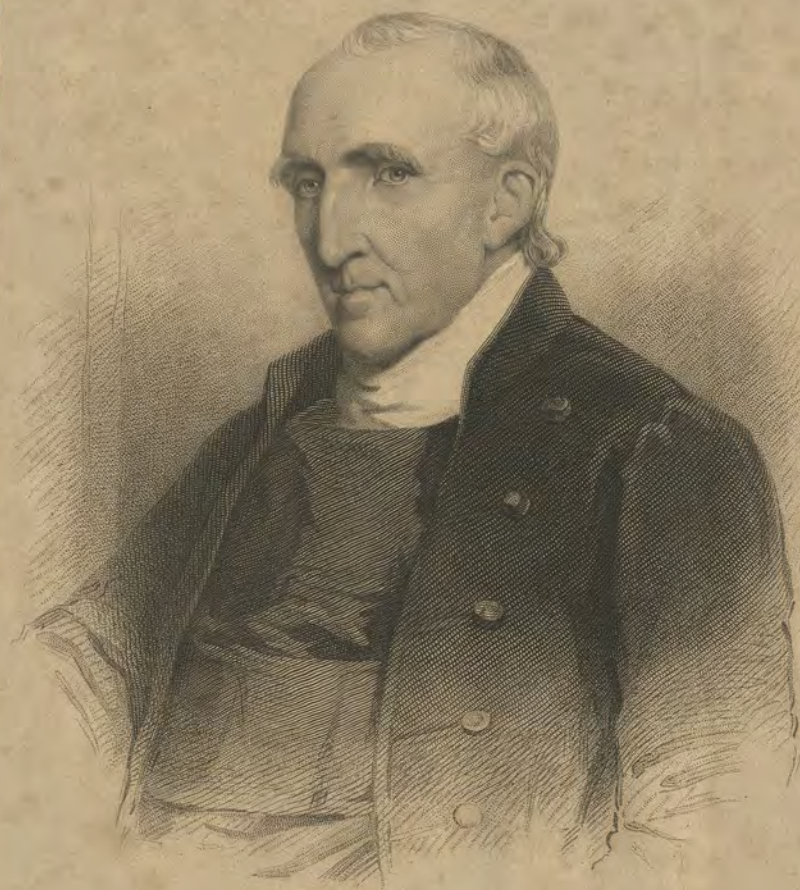


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BOMBAY BRANCH
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ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
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Dan^l Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta

Aged 79.

From a painting by Claxton, purchased by subscription
and placed in the Town Hall, Calcutta

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CHAPTER XIV.

PRIMARY VISITATION—(*Continued*).

1835—36.

Missionary Charge—Departure from Tanjore—Vizagapatam—Visit to the Temple of Juggernaut—Arrival at Calcutta—Divine Service at Government House—The Archdeaconry—The Missionaries—Controversy with the Church Missionary Society—Select Vestry—Calcutta Districts—La Martinière—Daily Life—Visitation resumed—The Syrian Churches—Conference with the Metran—White and Black Jews at Cochin—Goa—Bombay—Old Faqueer—Correspondence.

ON the 2nd February, 1835, the Bishop delivered his “Missionary Charge” at Tanjore. Eleven clergy, five students, and about one hundred native catechists and schoolmasters (who were occasionally addressed through an interpreter) were present. As might have been expected, the Charge bore an exclusively missionary character, and aimed at raising the general standard of piety and devotedness. Written amidst incessant engagements—the day occupied with preaching, and the night with travelling—the body oppressed with an enervating climate, and the mind with the “care of all the churches”—it was a wonderful proof of power and energy, and abounded with wise suggestions and prudent cautions. A little time would have improved, because it would have softened it. The impression of scenes passing at the moment before the eyes was too vivid; the subjects discussed were extremely delicate; the minds dealt with were very sensitive: and hence some of the

statements were deemed too strong, and some of the expressions unintentionally gave pain. All this, however, will force itself into notice in due season, and it will not be necessary to give extracts here. It was printed at the request of Mr. Kohlhoff, who rose immediately after grace was said at dinner (or rather, did not sit down again), and with folded hands, and great simplicity, addressed the Bishop as the representative of all present. He said the missionaries had been long groaning under the miseries of Caste, but had no power to put it down. The missionary Gerické had called it "the great battery of Satan." It was too strong for them. But God had sent the Bishop to destroy it. In order that his good advice might be remembered, he prayed that the Charge might be printed. The Bishop promised compliance; and it appeared as an addition to the primary Charge, then passing through the press.

The Bishop parted the next day from his most courteous and obliging hosts, and leaving the Residency at Tanjore, retraced his steps to Madras; stopping at Myaveram, a station of the Church Missionary Society; at Cuddalore, a station of the Propagation Society; at Porto Novo, a town rising into importance by its iron-works; and at Pondicherry, interesting from its historical associations. He arrived safely at Madras on Saturday, February 14th, 1835, "having spent," he says, "the happiest six months in my life: so much do I love missionary work."

Ten days were given to Madras; every instant of time being occupied with anxious discussions, important committee meetings, the completion of his Charges in the press, an Ordination, sermons, and the interchange of visits with the Nabob of Arcot. The steamer having arrived to fetch him, he embarked early in the morning of February 23rd:—

'It was very affecting,' he says, 'to take leave of the dear Archdeacon and the clergy on the beach. Every one had sallied from his home at five o'clock, and some had come seven miles, to say farewell. I find I have delivered seventy-five sermons and addresses during this Visitation of six months;

of which forty-five were at Madras, in the ten weeks spent in that Archdeaconry. The truth is, I never worked so hard—never: and never did so great an emergency present itself. To God only be the praise for attendant success.'

The steamer touched at Vizagapatam and Pooree. Of the former the Bishop writes:—'I scarcely ever saw so beautiful a spot. The town lies in the bosom of a lovely valley, flanked by giant rocks, a river or backwater opening between them, and breaking or preventing the surf; a beach smooth as Ramsgate sands; a crowded population covering the shore; European soldiery drawn up to receive us; guns firing the usual salute. The chaplain resides three miles from cantonments, and we were soon there. Mr. Chester had been curate of Cripplegate, London; he knew and had frequently heard me. The colonel also had often been an auditor at St. John's; whilst Mrs. General Taylor, where I am most comfortably lodged, was reading a long letter from Mrs. Maclean, the lady of the Resident at Tanjore, about me, as the steamer came in sight.

'Thus watched and known, how humbly should I walk, how consistently, how fearfully, how honourably! God help me. I cannot now meet Sir Frederick Adam as I hoped. But I have had an occasion of good here which I could not have looked for. A station of three or four hundred Europeans, two sermons, intercourse with the chaplain, testifying for Christ where no Bishop has ever yet been, confirming fifty-seven young people, encouraging the few pious and devout Christians:—all this was done in twenty-four hours. God be pleased to bless.'

The visit to Pooree occupied the same period of time, and gave opportunity for the same services, varied only by an examination of the Temple of Juggernaut, which is close at hand. The Bishop was much moved by the sight.

'I have visited the valley of death,' he says; 'I have seen the den of darkness. Juggernaut has been trodden with these feet, and seen with these eyes, after thirty or forty years'

hearing and reading about it. Oh ! Buchanan, how well do I remember thy pious indignation, when, nearly thirty years since, thou didst visit this foul and horrible scene. My soul is moved within me, even to trembling. The dread pagoda is situated in the vicinity of this station, called Pooree. Never did the language of Scripture as to idolatry appear to me so pregnant with inspiration, as since I have seen the dire effects essential to heathen worship. Put out the Bible : and Greece and Rome, with all their abominations, would again fill the world.'

The steamer then sped on towards Calcutta, and on March 2nd, the Bishop was safely sheltered in the Palace :—

' Thus ends,' he says, ' the first part of my Visitation ; six months and seven days ; six thousand five hundred miles ; eighty sermons ; additions made to my first Charge ; a second Charge written, and both carried through the press at Vepery ; health improved ; friends made, I trust, for life ; and, above all, the immensely difficult task of purifying the native Church. *Deo sit gloria in sempiternum.*'

The first thing taken in hand by the Bishop on his arrival, was the preparation of two important and confidential letters to the venerable Church Societies. A full account of all that he had done was given, and an urgent appeal made to them for help. The state of each separate mission was described, and the number of labourers in the field. They had been already increased in various ways, but many more were needed :—

' All that has been done,' he writes, ' since the Caste question was stirred, two years since, is a mere commencement. The present missionaries are unable to stand their ground and make their way. They must be supported, and that speedily, or all must and will assuredly fall back. I pity those few holy men. I have necessarily done them injury for the time. The natives turn upon them all their anger, and misrepresent their most innocent actions. All this will pass away, if they

are strengthened in numbers, and can make head against the evils which I have denounced, but not exterminated.'

Having thus done his part in removing past evils and providing for future efficiency in these important missions, he turned his attention to current duties.

Calcutta soon oppressed him. "The first week here," he says, "has worn me down. The temperature is foggy, damp, hot, and suffocating, quite different from the clear dry cool exhilarating air of Madras. Then the discomposure of events, the pressure of duties, the perplexity of questions, the approaching change in the Government, the number of friends gone or going home, my own weak wavering sinking heart, a faith feeble as the broken rush, love extinct, bodily power prostrate, what we call 'spirits' gone. To Thee only, O Lord, can the helpless fly for succour—to Thy Grace only have recourse! Most gladly ought I rather to glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

The change of government, spoken of in the above extract from a letter home, had reference to the approaching departure of Lord William Bentinck. His health had seriously failed, and not having been effectually restored by the retreat to the Neilgherry hills in the Presidency of Madras, an immediate return to England became imperatively necessary. His correspondence with the Bishop had long since resumed its friendly tone: and the past being kept out of mind, they now met again with mutual pleasure. On March 12th, the Bishop writes, "Lord William's departure is deferred for a few days. He holds his last levee on Friday, and Lady William sees company on Saturday. The noble character of Lord William's administration appears more and more. His answers to the addresses of public bodies are perfectly delightful. I entertain the same opinion as ever about his ecclesiastical proceedings, but generally speaking, he is incomparable. The good of the natives, advancement by merit, the abolition of suttees, commerce, the press, steam, moral purity in his family, attendance on public worship:—I verily believe in all these respects, we shall never see his like again! Had his Lordship been educated in Church principles he would have

been nearly perfect. But only last Wednesday when talking on Church matters, he acknowledged that he did not know what an 'Archdeacon' meant. Nor does he know what 'a Bishop' means !"

Lord William had been for some time incapacitated from attending divine service—any prolonged attention producing serious attacks of giddiness. The following extract has reference to this.

'Monday, March 10th, 1835.

'Last night I had a most affecting duty. I performed divine service for the first and last time in Government House. A drawing-room was fitted with a high table covered with crimson cloth, seats were arranged on each side of the room, all the court was assembled—aides-de-camp, public and private secretaries, physician,—in number about twenty. My chaplain read the evening prayers (we were both robed), and I preached from the words, "Come unto me all that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.) I used Swartz's sweet notes as at Tanjore. I spoke and told out "the whole story," as Joseph Milner would have expressed it—addressed the conscience—called on the infidel (such were present) to consider his ways—invited the superstitious (such were present) to the simplicity of Christ—and commended the Governor-General and his family and suite, to the blessed Jesus during the voyage. They were affected to tears. After the prayer at the conclusion, I pronounced the benediction, and gave it a personal application by going round and laying my hands on the head of each kneeling worshipper, and then returning to my seat and concluding it. The Governor-General and Lady William came up to thank me after service ; but they were almost unable to speak for tears. Who can tell what good may be done ? I suppose it was the most affecting scene ever witnessed at the departure of a Governor-General.

'My own soul is subsiding more and more into God. The excitement of India is gone by, the novelty has ceased, I have run through the first series of duties, human schemes and hopes are exhausted. Now, blessed Jesus ! I return to Thee. Do Thou, and Thou only work in me, and by me, and for me,

and through me. Be Thou only glorified. Display Thy grace in the effects of Thy glorious Gospel on the hearts of men !’

The time of the Governor-General’s departure was now close at hand ; and the day before H. M. Frigate *Curaçoa* sailed, application was made to the Bishop to administer the Lord’s Supper in private at Government House. He willingly complied, and described what passed in a letter dated Tuesday, March 17th :—

‘I have performed the solemn service. None were present but Lord and Lady William. After the Communion they sat down and talked over with me the main things affecting my department. Not a word was said of the sad business of last June. But everything in matters of detail was conceded to me that I could possibly wish. I then embraced each of them, and bade them farewell.’

He then retired to Tittaghur for a few days’ respite, and the following are some of his reflections on things past and present.

‘TITTAGHUR, *March 26th.*

‘I complete this day the third year since my appointment to this see. I have just been reading Mr. Grant’s letter of March 27th, 1832, on that occasion. I am now sitting in my beautiful flower-house, with the fine morning sun rising, the air cool and refreshing, the noble Hooghly on my right, and the gardeners at work around. The goodness of God overwhelms my mind. No temporal sorrows have I but my dearest daughter’s ill-health and absence. Unnumbered mercies stimulate me to gratitude. Dear Henry Martyn’s pagoda study on the other side of the river meets my sight, the echoing voices of the poor natives in their dinghies on the stream meet my ear, with the birds warbling praises to their Maker. Everything calls on me this day to gird up the loins of my mind. Time glides away like the tide which is before me. Time, in India—time to a Bishop in India—time to one nearly fifty-seven years of age—is “short,” indeed ! Oh, for grace to redeem it ! On looking back I see what temptations, what

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secularities, what hurries, what decays of spiritual feeling, what inward diseases have gained ground. I can truly confess, "My feet were almost gone: my steps had well nigh slipped." One thing I see is, the benefit of humiliation and disappointment. The mass of perplexing vexatious duties since I returned from the South is indescribable. "I am verily set in the plague, and my soul is among lions." "This is thy hand: and thou, Lord, hast done it."

This witness is true. When the Bishop arrived, he found Calcutta, so to speak, surcharged with electricity. Whoever touched it felt the shock. He was troubled on every side—troubled about the Archdeaconry, about his Charge, about the Church Missionary Society, about the Select Vestry of his Cathedral. All these will, in their turn, require serious notice.

The Archdeacon Corrie was now absent, having obeyed the call to England, from whence, in due course, he returned as Bishop of Madras. The duty of official correspondence with the Government, during the Bishop's absence, which would have fallen to the Archdeacon, had been consigned, as was usual, to the senior Presidency Chaplain. The Bishop tacitly acquiesced in this, though he withheld his sanction, being steadfastly purposed to break through the system of routine which assigned a vacant archdeaconry to a senior Presidency Chaplain, and unwilling, therefore, to excite expectations, which in this case certainly would not be realised. The archdeaconry was now considered vacant, and the sweets, or bitters, of office, had apparently excited an appetite for it. Indirect applications having failed, a direct application for the appointment was made to the Bishop by the senior Presidency Chaplain. This being refused courteously, but decidedly, a claim was set up; the Government was applied to, and the Court of Directors memorialised. A petition was also circulated for signatures amongst the clergy; the aid of the press was called in; and all Calcutta was agitated by discussion and party spirit. The Bishop waited till the proper time had come, and then offered the archdeaconry to Mr. Dealtry, the chaplain of the Old Church, Calcutta, and now Bishop of Madras. He accepted

it, and was installed in the autumn of this year. The fire then died out for want of fuel; but it left its embers smouldering.

The trouble about the Bishop's Charge, now printed and in circulation, was caused by the missionaries themselves. The Bishop, when addressing the body assembled at Tanjore, and warning them against the dangers of secularity, pursuit of petty objects, and family jobs, had added these words:—

‘Perhaps not one in twenty of those who come out from Europe in all the Protestant societies, with the best promise, and who go on well for a time, persevere in the disinterestedness of the true Missionary.’¹

With this sentence, three missionaries belonging to Church societies in Calcutta thought proper to be offended, and they sent in a long memorial containing a protest. They were informed at once that it could not be received; that as presbyters they were bound to respect their Bishop's words of counsel and caution; that they were at liberty to form their own opinion; and that the Bishop was at all times accessible to an expression of it:—but that a formal protest was irregular and inadmissible. A frank and full apology came instantly from one of the missionaries. He had been misled, and acknowledged his error. The same acknowledgment came also, though more tardily, from the two others.

But the matter did not end here. The dissenting missionaries in Calcutta deemed themselves aggrieved, and they now entered the arena, and required an explanation. They were invited to the Palace, and assured that the statements made in the Charge had no personal or local application. They asked for a written exemption for their own body; but this the Bishop declined to give. He advised them, however, to let the matter drop, and not do anything to fix a charge upon themselves, which, in truth, ranged over the whole field of Missions, and was the result of thirty years' experience and observation. The discussion was quite friendly, and appeared satisfactory at the time; but, subsequently, “Minutes” of

¹ Miss. Charge, p. 99.

what passed were drawn up with an evident view to publication; and, in spite of an official intimation that they were not correct, they were published. This did not tend to the promotion of that kindly feeling which is always so desirable in missionary work.

But a much more important result followed the publication of the Charge, and one which necessarily leads to the consideration of a question in which every Colonial Diocese is interested—the relation in which a Bishop stands to the Church Missionary Society. This question, so far as the Bishop of Calcutta was concerned, looks backwards and forwards, but may most properly be introduced here. The “Life” of the Bishop would be incomplete without it; and the “happy issue” to which it was brought in the good providence of God, makes reserve the less necessary.

Before the establishment of the Indian Bishoprics, the Committee of the “Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East” exercised exclusive control over all missionaries in their employ. Their power to select, support, locate, remove, dismiss, were all unquestioned: and in process of time this power had been delegated partially to corresponding Committees abroad. When Bishop Middleton arrived in Calcutta in the year 1814, he deemed that his Letters Patent took no cognisance of the missionaries, and gave him no control over them. Their position, therefore, remained unchanged. They were treated with personal courtesy; but neither summoned to his Visitations, nor protected by his licence.

Bishop Heber’s jurisdiction having been enlarged, the missionaries were at once placed by him on the footing of the other clergy. They officiated under his licence, and thus became amenable to his authority; but the extent and limits of the authority, thus interposed, were left undefined.

Bishop Heber died; Bishop James died; Bishop Turner died; and the matter was unsettled still. Not only was it unsettled; it had become entangled.

The clerical secretary of the Church Missionary Society at this epoch was the pious and amiable William Jowett: but the lay secretary and the ruling mind was Mr. Dandeson Coates. Most men of that day will remember his tall, thin figure, his

green shade, his quiet manner, untiring industry, and firm but somewhat narrow mind. Whilst Mr. Jowett was writing kind and gentle letters, Mr. Coates was stamping upon the committee of management the impress of his own decided views; and the lay element, paramount for the time at home, soon became predominant abroad. Ecclesiastical persons were superseded—corresponding committees re-organised—independent action encouraged. The effect was soon apparent. Both the East and West¹ were troubled, and one of the first things the Bishop of Calcutta had to do, when entering on the duties of his Diocese, was to allay existing irritation. He did not cause—he found it. Thus he wrote to the acting Archdeacon of Madras.

‘CALCUTTA, *March 14th*, 1833.

‘For the Church Missionary Society I cherish the most affectionate regard. But it is impossible for me to approve of such particular acts of the Committee at home, as may militate against the principles of the Church, or infringe the just respect due to the clergy. Nor can I think with satisfaction of a state of things in which a Church Committee is unsupported by the clergy of the Church resident in the place. So far I am bound to acknowledge that your complaints, dear sir, are not without cause. I regret that you and your fellow-chaplains should have been removed from the Committee, and I shall rejoice when the time may arrive for your being again invited to take your seat. At the same time, I have no power to replace you; and the sacred cause of Missions is so important, and the merits of the Church Missionary Society, on the whole, so exalted, that I would earnestly exhort you to forbearance and conciliation.’

And thus to the Archdeacon of New South Wales:—

‘CALCUTTA, *July*, 1833.

‘It seems that some unintentional misunderstanding has arisen between the Corresponding Committee of New South Wales, the Committee at home, and yourself. But I trust you will agree with me that in the vast work of Missions, we must open our arms wide to all who are in the communion of the

¹ The Diocese of Barbadoes.

Church, and overlook negligences, or errors, or even considerable mistakes. I beg of you the favour to forgive any omission of attention, which may have induced a coldness between you and the Committee, for my sake and the Gospel's.'

The character of the Madras Corresponding Committee, as recently re-modelled by orders from home, may be gathered from a letter written by Archdeacon Corrie, the most amiable and charitable of men. It was the result of personal intercourse, and was written to Mr. Dandeson Coates himself, in February, 1834 :—

"They appeared to me very little inclined to uphold the system of Church Government to which we are pledged. At this very time they refuse a 'title' for Holy Orders to Mr. Coombes, the student sent up by the former Committee, though somewhat irregularly, to Bishop's College, where he has pursued his studies diligently, and approved himself both for piety and attainments to the present Bishop, and I may add to myself. Yet the Madras Committee, although he had been two years a Catechist under Mr. Rhenius with their cordial approbation, require him to go again as a Catechist, before they will give him a title. The fact is, as far as I can judge, the majority, though men whom "I love in the truth," have contracted views of the Church, and are scrupulous rather than conscientious : so afraid of doing evil, that they scarcely dare to do good ; and when an object spiritually good in their view comes before them, they care little whether it be attained by the rules of the Church of England, or any other."

It was not surprising that a Committee, thus constituted, should act independently of all ecclesiastical authorities ; and yet their Missions in the South had been for some time in a terrible state of confusion. Mr. Rhenius, the most prominent and influential of their missionaries, had publicly attacked the Church, and that whilst still continuing at his post, and retaining his hold of the Mission. His principles and position involved necessarily many delicate questions touching Ordination, Church services, and Church property ; and this would have seemed

above all things to require that friendly Episcopal interposition, which on the application of the Propagation Committee, and in the case of the Caste question, had been attended with such beneficial and decisive effects. But no such course was pursued. The Committee at Madras almost ignored their Bishop, never asked him to accept office, and persevered in independent action. Moreover, the Parent Society tacitly endorsed their proceedings, and at the end of two years sent out the Rev. John Tucker to be their representative and Secretary.

The Bishop had been much troubled with all this, but waited and held his peace. On Mr. Tucker's arrival, he wrote once and again to invite friendly communications, and hoped for a gradual recognition of Church principles, on the part of the Committee, and a gradual return to harmonious action. Little progress, however, was made, and when, as already related, he went down to Madras in 1834, he was very uncertain as to the course he ought to pursue. He found no encouragement there, to examine into the missions at Tinnevely; and this, together with the lateness of the season, prevented the extension of his visitation to that place.

It was on his arrival at Tanjore, that the pamphlet published by Mr. Rhenius against the Church was first put into his hands; and there he learnt fully the sinister effect produced by it, and by the personal influence of its author, upon the Church principles of some of the Tinnevely catechists and converts. In his Charge, therefore, and in the subsequent "Dedication" to the Archdeacons and clergy of the diocese, he spoke strongly of the evils he had discovered, and the necessity laid upon him to bear testimony against them.

'I discovered,' he says, 'a system at work in the extreme South (where I supposed the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, though the senior was a Lutheran, were continuing to follow our general doctrine and discipline), in direct opposition to our Protestant Episcopal Church, by the members of which they were sent out—a system so ruinous in my judgment to the holiness and peace of the new converts, as to threaten a subversion amongst them of Christianity itself.'

And again, when cautioning the European, East Indian, and native catechists and schoolmasters whom he was addressing, he says :—

‘Those of you who may be stationed in the province of Tinnevely, be very cautious. Do not enter into controversy with other catechists and schoolmasters: Pursue your own duty quietly and humbly. If anything is said to draw you aside, make no answer, but report it to the missionaries. Keep close to your own Church, but say nothing of the disorders you may see or hear of. Commit everything to God.’

And again in the general account of his proceedings, he said :—

‘I trust I have left everything, so far as the Missions of the Incorporated Society at Vepery, Cuddalore, Tanjore, and Trichinopoly are concerned, in a train of peaceful improvement and restoration. The other case farther South, came upon me by surprise, in the neighbourhood of Tanjore and Trichinopoly.’

These remarks, which, as referring to the real extent and nature of the evils at work, were strictly true, elicited a letter from the Madras Committee, which offended the Bishop, and widened the breach. The real point at issue had reference to the extent and effect of the Bishop’s licence upon the Church missionaries; and his reasonable wishes on this head may be expressed in his own words :—

‘Let the lay business,’ he says, in a letter of February, 1835, “the station, the money, the outlays, the buildings, the return of missionaries, their outfit, the care of their wives and children, be with the Lay Patrons, or their delegates, the Committee. But surely the approbation of the stations, and the superintendence of the spiritual duties of the licensed missionaries, must appertain to the Bishop, and his Archdeacon as his representative.’

And again, in December, 1835 :—

‘I shall endeavour in patience to possess my soul ; where I am wrong, to get right ; and where I am right, to wait for God. So far as I understand things at present, the Church Missionary principle, now contended for, extinguishes the Bishop’s office. All I ask for, is superintendence, control, jurisdiction in spiritual things over all persons licensed by me as Ordinary to perform spiritual functions in my diocese. Lay patronage I touch not—temporal authority I touch not—location of missionaries I touch not—removal, dismissal, suspension from support I touch not. But I ask for reasonable grounds to be laid before me, when I am called to act by granting a licence, just as a Bishop in England asks for reasonable grounds when a spiritual person is presented to him for a licence. No curate can be licensed without such enquiry and approbation. Such is the order of things in England. Much more should something resembling this take place in a new diocese, in planting of new churches, in the propagation of that Gospel which it is the most special duty of the Bishop to superintend.

‘And as to the second branch of the question—Surely a Bishop has claims for that information on the manner in which his spiritual persons or clerks perform their spiritual duties ! Surely he must visit, inspect, inquire, examine, or how is he to administer confirmation—how approve the baptism of converts—how watch the canonical proceedings of the reverend clergy—how stop error or check enthusiasm—how animate and encourage ! But I wait.

‘I have found all through my ministry, that things soon get right, if I can but keep myself calm and wait for God. They only become irreparable when obstinacy, pride, by-ends, worldliness, self, and departures in heart from Christ lie at the bottom of the wound and fester there. Who ever reached the crown of glory without bearing the cross which leads to it. Not one.’

These, and points like these, were urged calmly and forcibly in many letters ; and much as the Bishop loved the Society and sought to do it good, he steadfastly refused to compromise the rights inherent in his office, and intrusted to his charge. The controversy had already lasted for three years : the atmosphere

did not clear : danger became imminent—danger to the Society in India, lest an open breach should be made with the Bishop—danger to the Society in England, lest its Church principles should be doubted, and its friends alienated—danger to the missionaries in the fields of labour, lest some should forget that they were Churchmen, and others prove better Churchmen than their managers.

Nor were these dangers imaginary. The withdrawal of the Bishop from the Society would have been an easy solution of the difficulty, so far as he was concerned ; but the operations of the Society would have been paralysed in India.

With respect to England, the ominous words of one influential friend of the Society, at the time, will suffice to prove that danger was at hand. He says, "The main difficulty is with the Parent Committee. Upon their conduct, on this occasion, my own humble connection with the Society will depend ; because if they fail to act towards the Bishop as they ought, my confidence, shaken for a long time, will be withdrawn. The Society may continue to consist of Churchmen, but it will not be a Church of England Society."

So with respect to the missionaries, the danger was not imaginary ; for there were many unmistakeable signs to prove that they felt the hands of Laymen heavy upon them, and were inclined to seek the support and obey the "godly motions" of their Bishop.

'What is my duty under these circumstances ?' says the Bishop. 'It must be—

' 1st. To wait upon God.

' 2nd. To submit to His will.

' 3rd. To go on meekly and wisely.

' 4th. To bear the reproach of the spiritual Church on the one hand, and the worldly-minded Church on the other.'

And he did endure the reproach thus anticipated :—

"For God's sake, and for the sake of the poor heathens, do not let your love of the Church obstruct the diffusion of Christianity," wrote Mr. Fowell Buxton from England.

“I would reply,” says the Bishop, commenting upon his words, “For God’s sake do not let your *dread* of the Church obstruct the diffusion of Christianity.” No, my heart’s desire and prayer to God is for the widest diffusion of Christianity and by any means. But in each Church there must be order, subordination, and discipline, or else the diffusion of Christianity is lost, and the confusion and discord of human passions succeeds. Still I love the honesty of Fowell Buxton, and I shall set myself to watch more my own spirit, lest I should by any proceedings obstruct, or even appear to obstruct the diffusion of Christianity.’

The matter had now become too complicated for settlement abroad, and it was consequently referred to friends at home. Three were selected: Dr. Pearson, Dean of Salisbury, Dr. Dealtry, Rector of Clapham, and the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow; and they were placed in communication with the Bishop’s son on the one hand, and the Church Missionary Society on the other. After much serious discussion, and the interposition of a wise friend, the Society finally conceded the point at issue, and suggested an arrangement, which the three referees approved. This arrangement was communicated to the Bishop in the month of December, 1835. It met with his cordial concurrence, and was subsequently embodied by him in four rules, which the Society have ever since retained amongst their published documents. They will be found appended to the annual Reports in the accompanying form:—

“These principles were stated in a Letter from the Society to the Bishop of Calcutta, signed by the Right Honourable the President, on December 17, 1835—in a manner so satisfactory to the Bishop, that he embodied them in the four following Rules, expressed for the most part in the words of the Society’s letter: which were, at the Bishop’s request, entered upon the minutes of the Calcutta corresponding committee, as the recognised Rules of their practice:—

“1. The Bishop expresses—by granting or withholding his licence, in which the sphere of the missionary’s labour is mentioned—his approbation, or otherwise, of that location.

““ 2. The Bishop superintends the missionaries afterwards, as the other clergy, in the discharge of their ecclesiastical duties.

““ 3. The Bishop receives from those—the Committee and Secretary—who still stand in the relation of Lay-Patrons to the Missionary, such communications respecting his ecclesiastical duties as may enable the Bishop to discharge that paternal superintendence to the best advantage.—The Archdeacon of Calcutta or Bombay acting under the Bishop’s immediate directions when he happens to be absent.

““ 4. If the Bishop or Archdeacon fills, at the request of the Society, the offices of Patron, President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary, &c., he receives, further, all such confidential information, on all topics, as the Bishops officially neither could wish nor properly ask [to receive].”

This communication from the Committee in England, was accompanied by a letter from the Earl of Chichester, President of the Church Missionary Society, apologising for past apparent, but not intentional estrangement, and inviting the renewal of friendly and confidential intercourse. To this the Bishop gladly and readily responded, and his feelings were expressed in the letter of acknowledgment he sent to his three friends.

‘SIMLAH, June 13th, 1836.

‘I return now to the full tide of affectionate intercourse with the Church Missionary Society in all its ramifications, which I only felt compelled for a time to suspend, because my superintendence was rejected.

‘I have committed a thousand errors in the manner of doing things, God knoweth. But in everything relating to the Society there was such careful consultation and deliberation, that I fully expected TIME only was wanted for my principle to be, as it is, admitted in its amplest form.

‘I thank God, my Saviour, that I was enabled to abstain from acting, and to remain quiet, calmly enduring in my own breast everything, and doing all I could still for the Church Missionary Society, that I might not hinder the Gospel of God.

‘I have still to look to your kindness to keep an eye over

things till the machinery has worked for some time as harmoniously as I fully trust it will.'

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The sound of contention was thus hushed at Madras, and all things were set right at home ; but meanwhile, difficulties had arisen in Calcutta. Time was, when, under the wise and gentle management of Archdeacon Corrie, no ripple had appeared upon the waters there ; but the Corresponding Committee, selected by himself, had been content to register his experienced decisions, and to carry out his prudent counsels. But all this was now changed. Corrie was gone ; and men of high standing and office had taken their seats in the Committee, bringing with them all that independent and self-reliant spirit learnt at the Sudder Boards and in the Secretariat. Their motives were pure, their conduct disinterested, and they were nominally Churchmen ; but they knew little about Church principles, and forgot that they were working a Church Society. They preferred acting without the Bishop, to acting with him. Differences arose during his absence on visitation. The clergy on the Committee were not superseded, but overborne. Archdeacon Dealtry ceased to attend. Complications arose from the determination to erect a Head Seminary in avowed opposition to Bishop's College ; and, moreover, the Corresponding Committee, outstripping the Parent Society which it professed to represent, repudiated the arrangement just made, so far as it respected the Bishop's licence.

When he arrived in Calcutta, all these fresh difficulties had to be met and disentangled. Much forbearance was shown, many conferences were held, long letters were written : and the result was so far good that a despatch prepared by the Committee for the Parent Society, remonstrating against their supposed concessions, was changed into an address to the Bishop soliciting such explanations of his licensing power, and such assurances touching its exercise, as he might be pleased to give. These explanations and assurances were at once given ; and they were in due course transmitted home, where they commended themselves to the Parent Society, and were admitted as Addenda to the rules previously agreed on. They did their part also in soothing the minds and winning the

confidence of the Calcutta Committee, and a friendly feeling was creeping on, when in the early part of 1838, a fresh root of bitterness sprung up. A few words will suffice to explain the cause, and conclude the whole subject.

A missionary in Deacon's Orders had been sent out from home, with special directions to labour in Calcutta, under the Bishop's licence, and in due time to apply for Priest's Orders. The Calcutta committee on his arrival, discouraged his application for a licence, and directed him to go up to Burdwan, and commence his labours there. The young missionary disliked this location, pleaded his home directions, showed some temper, and declined compliance. The committee, grievously offended, straightway withdrew all countenance from him, and left him to follow his own devices. He applied to the Bishop; and as a spiritual person, sent into his diocese, sought for a licence, and for Priest's Orders. The committee upon this were officially applied to. They neither objected nor assented: but justified the course they had pursued, and stood upon their right to judge independently in all causes concerning all persons. The Bishop, having satisfied himself of the personal fitness and good character of the candidate, licensed him to officiate in Calcutta, and shortly afterwards ordained him Priest. The matter was, of course, referred home by the Committee; and the Parent Society having intimated disapproval of the course they had pursued, they at once, and to a man, resigned. It was not necessary; for in the interval, the glad tidings from Krishnagar had moved all hearts and bowed all wills, and constrained to union and co-operation. They, however, persevered in their resignation. A new secretary and a new committee were immediately appointed; and from that moment to the present, no interruption has occurred in the harmonious and successful working of the Calcutta branch of the Church Missionary Society. Modifications of the Rules and the Addenda, may become necessary from time to time, and this will be easily accomplished under the present wise and able management of the Society, but the above narrative records the solution of the most difficult of all Missionary questions, viz.: How a voluntary Church Society, may recognise the just claims

of the Bishop, without compromising its own independence. There were many helpers and many hinderers whilst the process was going on:—but the problem is safely and satisfactorily solved.

The other question which has been referred to as causing much trouble at this time, was the Select Vestry. Much obscurity hangs over the origin of the body thus designated, but it seems to have been somewhat as follows:—The ground on which St. John's Church, then called the Cathedral, stood, was the gift of a rich native, and was vested in nine trustees, whose duty it was to see that it was not diverted from its sacred purpose. At first, this was their sole duty; but being an organised body (a rare thing in Calcutta), various charitable bequests were from time to time entrusted to them by individuals, or committed to their management by Government. The first nine trustees were named; and they were directed and empowered to fill up vacancies in their own body. This they had failed to do. Their numbers fell off: the trust more than once died out: and the records were actually lost. Thus though the name was still retained, every shadow of legal right had vanished.

The first stone of the church erected on this ground was laid on April 6th, 1784, and it was opened for divine service on June 24th, 1787, two lacs of rupees, or about 20,000*l.*, having been raised, chiefly by public subscription, and expended on it. Two churchwardens and six sidesmen, after the manner of England, were then appointed, and, with the Presidency Chaplains, they called themselves a "vestry." It was a mere matter of convenience, and nothing more was claimed for it at the time; for, three days after the church was opened, the following "minutes" were recorded:—

"The persons acting as churchwardens in Calcutta cannot be considered by the law as properly described under that specification; but they must be considered to act with the consent of the inhabitants, for whose advantage and good they perform the duty."

Like two drops of water drawn together by mutual attraction,

these two bodies fell into one another, and formed "the select vestry," and under that name administered the charitable funds and managed the church. But two illegal bodies cannot, by voluntary cohesion, make a legal one: and hence the pretensions put forth, and the authority claimed by the Select Vestry, had no real foundation.

Still it had existed for some time, the funds were not mismanaged, and the only persons, perhaps, really inconvenienced by it, were the successive Bishops. Dr. Middleton, the first Bishop, found matters in the state described, and felt the inconvenience greatly. He had no authority in his own cathedral. He appealed to Government, and in January, 1819, Government responded to his appeal, and directed all authority in the church, now become the cathedral, to be handed over to the Bishop. But nothing moved in obedience to this command; and such a storm was raised by public meetings, private quarrels, the Calcutta press, and the enemies of the Church and the Bishop, that the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General, was daunted, and purchased peace by a promise to apply for an Act of Parliament to regulate the matter at home. The Act was never obtained—perhaps never really applied for, and the matter slumbered, till Bishop Wilson roused and grappled with it. For three years he had borne quietly the inconveniences of his position. He was held responsible for all that occurred in his cathedral, and yet he had no power to control it. Oratorios were given, public female singers engaged, collections made, and servants dismissed by an irresponsible body who had no legitimate authority, and yet acted independently and without his cognisance. He was unwilling to submit to this any longer, and began the movement by requesting a sight of the records and deeds held by the vestry. Though there was some hesitation in complying with this request, it could not in common decency be refused. The documents applied for were accordingly sent, but, as a simultaneous act, the vestry filled up the places vacant in their body and stood on the defensive.

The result of the examination of the documents was immediately made known to the Presidency Chaplains by the Bishop; and was followed by an official application to Govern-

ment, requesting that his true position in the cathedral might be authoritatively defined.

The several steps which followed have lost their interest, partly by lapse of time, and partly by the transfer of the Bishop's seat to the new Cathedral of St. Paul, which reduced St. John's once more to the level of an ordinary church. It will suffice to say that by the energetic and decided measures of Sir Charles Metcalfe, who had now succeeded Lord William Bentinck for a short time, as Governor-General, all opposition was overcome. The select vestry was dissolved, the charitable funds transferred to the Supreme Court, and the Bishop's authority definitively established. The old worn-out fabric touched by firm hands, fell in a moment, and the new edifice, skilfully constructed, stood upon its ruins.

The troubles which have been thus enumerated and discussed, occurring in the path of duty, brought their own compensations with them, and were accompanied by many alleviations. Much kindly intercourse was maintained, and the Bishop went everywhere, preaching with much acceptance the Gospel of the grace of God. Several points, also, of great importance to the interests of the Church were accomplished, with only that measure of difficulty which waits upon every "new thing." Amongst these was the assignment to the Calcutta clergy of the right to perform all Church offices within their respective districts. In the time of Bishop James, districts had been assigned, somewhat hastily, to the different churches, and their respective ministers were allowed to baptise and visit the sick. But all fees of every kind were reserved for the two Presidency Chaplains, and all marriages and burials were still to be performed by them. The public benefited to a certain extent by the change, but still the boundaries of districts were scarcely known, and the arrangement had become nearly a dead letter.

What had been then partially, was now thoroughly accomplished. The districts were re-arranged; and, reserving the right of the present chaplains, the fee went with the service. Thus the public convenience was promoted, disputes were

avoided, and the two great prizes of the Indian ecclesiastical establishment were divided into five moderate ones.

‘These are the most important ecclesiastical measures,’ says the Bishop, ‘which I have been able to carry since I arrived in Bengal, for the comfort of the Bishop, for the breaking down a spirit of opposition in the cathedral, for preventing the choice of Presidency Chaplains by seniority alone, for encouraging the other chaplains in Calcutta, and for laying the foundation of parochial order, discipline, and sympathy in the Church.’

An increase in the number of chaplains was another measure greatly needed, and one upon which the Bishop had set his heart. He had already persuaded the Government to allow the missionaries, and others whose engagements permitted it, to perform divine service, with adequate remuneration, at destitute stations. But this was a temporary measure, conceded by Lord William Bentinck, discontinued by Sir Charles Metcalfe, and finally forbidden by the Court of Directors. “We disapprove,” such were the terms of their despatch of November, 1833, “of the employment of missionaries to perform the duties of chaplains in our service; and we desire that you will not so employ them, unless in cases of absolute necessity.”

This expedient to provide occasionally for the urgent wants of his diocese having failed, the Bishop devised another, by which, without increasing the expense of the establishment, the number of chaplains might be largely increased. This was the appointment of a new class of “Assistant Chaplains,” who, beginning on a lower salary, might speedily and surely rise to the enjoyment of a higher. The general idea was his; but the details were arranged and decided on by others: and in these, a serious error was made. The proportion of assistant to full chaplains was made too great: and the movement upwards was consequently far too slow. The immediate benefit, however, was a considerable increase of chaplains: and when the hardship became palpable and obvious, it was to a certain extent remedied. The proportion was altered; and one-third

of the whole number are now full chaplains, and two-thirds only assistant chaplains.

But the matter of prime importance which characterised this busy and eventful year, was the arrangement of a scheme of education for the Martinière School. The name has since become familiar from its association with the terrible rising, defence, and relief of Lucknow; and the scheme itself was very much discussed some years ago in a famous debate on the subject of education in the House of Lords. In that debate the Bishop's name was prominently introduced; and the part he took in the matter must now be considered at some length, and with a few preliminary observations.

The history of "La Martinière" (for such is the name of the establishment) is, in brief, as follows:—A certain General Martin, one of the Indian adventurers of early days, amassed an immense fortune, and spent it in "riotous living." By birth he was a Frenchman; and by profession a Roman Catholic. But he knew and cared little about religion; and, in reality, had none. His last Will gave sad evidence of unforsaken sin, and utter ignorance of "the things that accompany salvation." But it showed he had a conscience. After various bequests of a nature to be easily imagined, the whole residue of his property was bestowed in charity, which, as he says, all religions joined in recommending. Part of this residue went to his native city of Lyons, and part was assigned for the entire maintenance and education of a certain number of children in Calcutta. The amount thus assigned was very large at the time of his decease; and it has been since increased, first by the accumulations of nearly thirty years, and, next, by the decision of a Court of Law in France; so that, after all preliminary expenses had been incurred, and a building erected in Calcutta at a great cost, nearly sixteen lacs of rupees, or about 160,000*l.*, remain at the present moment intact for the support of the institution. The whole was left without reserve. All that General Martin desired was, that the children should be apprenticed when their education was completed, or married when arrived at a proper age: that every year a small premium and medal should be awarded, to the "most deserving or

virtuous boy and girl:" that at an annual public dinner, "a toast should be drunk in memorandum of the fondator:" that on each anniversary of his death a sermon should be preached to the children in "the church" at Calcutta; and that the Institution should bear on its front a suitable inscription, and be called "La Martinière." All matters connected with the investment of the money, and the scheme of education, were left entirely to the discretion of the Indian Government and the Supreme Court.

A long time elapsed before anything was done. The funds were committed to the Supreme Court, as being the official guardian of all charitable bequests; but for thirty years no steps were taken, and no scheme of education devised. This delay arose partly from indecision as to the proper course to be pursued, and partly from a rapid and melancholy succession of deaths in the judges.

At length, in the year 1825, some movement was made by Sir Charles Grey, which was afterwards extended and promulgated, in 1832, by Sir William Russel. He had these few guiding points:—

- '1st. The testator having appointed a Protestant government to carry out his Will, had thereby gone far to give the institution a Protestant bias.
- '2nd. By the mention of an annual sermon he had clearly no desire to exclude religion.
- '3rd. By directing the children to attend "the Church," in Calcutta (there being then but one), he seemed to express a willingness to connect the school with the Church of England.'

The bias of the testator's mind was confessedly slight; but it was all one way, and it controlled the first decision of the Supreme Court. Sir William Russel sanctioned the expenditure of 17,000*l.* upon the building, which was to include the erection and fitting-up of a church or chapel for divine service. He then decreed the appointment of the Governor-General, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Bishop, the Members of Council, and the Advocate-General, as *ex-officio* Governors,

and gave them authority to elect annually four others, who, when elected, should have equal authority and power with themselves. He directed that "a clergyman in Holy Orders" should preach the annual sermon; that twenty girls and thirty boys should be maintained, educated, and put out in life; that other children should be admissible on the payment of a certain sum; that a paid secretary should be appointed; and that all matters connected with the education of children, the selection of master and mistress, the discipline and internal management of the school, should be left entirely to the discretion of the governors. This decretal order was signed W. O. Russel, John Franks, and Edward Ryan; and bears date Oct. 22nd, 1832.

When the Bishop arrived then, at the end of October, 1832, all seemed in a fair train for connecting this great institution with the Church of England, and enabling it eventually to do for India, what our public schools have done for the mother country. This was the impression on his mind when he accepted his own nomination, and it was confirmed, when shortly after, the choice of the four elected governors fell on Rev. Dr. Mill, Principal of Bishop's College, and three Church laymen; and when the sub-committee appointed to draw up a plan for the general instruction of the children, comprised Sir Edward Ryan (chief justice, in succession to Sir William Russel, deceased), Dr. Mill, and himself. The tacit understanding, indeed, was so clear and decided as to the status of the school, that, with the cognisance of the Governor-General and Chief Justice, the Bishop wrote to England to secure the conditional services of a clergyman of high standing, as head master and chaplain.

But all this bright prospect gradually faded away. The educational controversy arose in England, and was reproduced in India; and the Bishop soon found the chariot wheels begin to drive heavily. He records the changes as they occurred from time to time, with much anxiety, as follows:—

'*Sep. 6th, 1833.* Urged on the Governor-General (Lord Wm. Bentinck) that the Martiniere should be placed on the basis of the National Church, as it was professedly to be a Christian

institution under a Christian government. His lordship preferred that a layman should be master, and that the institution should be quite open, with no established religion. Christianity he thinks will spread, and may be 'left to take care of itself. All this I assigned my reasons for opposing.'

Occasional conversations of this kind, checked the Bishop, and kept him from pressing for a decision which threatened to be unfavourable. Changes might take place, and he hoped they would be for the better. But, instead of this, they were for the worse. The Governor-General retired; Mr. Macaulay took his seat as Member of Council; and a Vicar-Apostolic arrived from Rome.

The Bishop resumes his notes :—

'April 24th, 1835.—The Martinière has taken as strange a turn as possible. I have talked in private with (Sir Charles Metcalfe) the new Governor-General. He was inclined to nothing being said about religion, and no Church being preferred: but if any was to be preferred, then he said he should choose the Church of England. Sir Edward Ryan, whom I saw afterwards, repeated the same sentiments; acknowledging that his mind had been gradually changed. He also suggested the appointment of Dr. St. Leger, the Vicar-Apostolic, as a governor. I objected; and the next morning entreated him to desist from the proposal. However, the moment the meeting of that day in the council-room was opened, he proposed the Roman Catholic vicar. Mr. Macaulay instantly supported the nomination, with a torrent of words to which all seemed reluctantly to yield. The nomination was carried with my single negative vote. Colonel Morrison then proposed the Presbyterian chaplain. I conceived this far better than an indifferent or irreligious layman, and acquiesced; and thus, with Dr. Mill, and Mr. C. Prinsep, the four elected governors were made up. The chapel and lecture-room were then talked over; and they seemed disposed to have only a lecture-room.

'I have done all in my power to settle the Martinière on the foundation of the Church of England. But it seems to

me, that the spirit at home against Establishments and Bishops has influenced our leading men here, and that they have seized the present opportunity to manifest it.'

'*Tuesday, June 23rd, 1835.*—Yesterday the Martinière governors met, when an entire plan of education was proposed by the secretary, Dr. Garden, forming a kind of general Christianity, fusing all differences, and following no particular Church. I obtained time for consideration. But my heart sinks within me when I see the Governor-General, the Judges, and Members of Council thus helping to form a Christian Institution without any distinctive Christianity. God only can help us.'

'*June 25th, 1835.*—I had an hour's audience of the Governor-General. I explained myself about the Martinière. The Governor-General acknowledged the difficulty. I said that the needful relief to the Roman Catholic children might have been easily conceded, whilst the foundation of the whole might have been the doctrine and discipline of our Church. I said that such a scheme had hardly ever been proposed before, and never had succeeded, and never could succeed. To teach Christianity without catechisms, forms, or creeds, was impossible.'

'*July 6th, 1835.*—At a private audience Sir Charles informed me, that the long letter of twelve sheets which I have written, commenting upon the secretary's plan for the Martinière, was being circulated amongst the governors.' He thought it quite proper from me. He saw the difficulty, and thought Dr. Garden's plan could not be carried. He seemed also to doubt about my proposal.'

'*Aug. 9th, 1835.*—God be praised for a great act of His mercy yesterday. At the Martinière meeting, instead of standing alone, as I did when opposed to Dr. St. Leger's election, I was supported by the Governor-General, the Advocate-General, Dr. Mill, Rev. Mr. Charles, and Mr. Thoby Prinsep; whilst on the other side there were Sir Edward Ryan, Sir J. P.

¹ This letter is too long for insertion.

Grant, Colonel Morrison, Mr. Ross, Dr. St. Leger, and Mr. C. Prinsep. So that the numbers were six to six; and if it had not been for the presence of the said Vicar-Apostolic, we should have carried the question. The proposition of Sir E. Ryan, the Chief Justice, was, That the education should be based on the general principles of Christianity, but that the peculiarities of no particular Church should be taught. My proposition was—That the education should be based on Christianity according to the doctrine of the Church of England.

‘The question was postponed till Saturday the 15th, when I trust, that by prayer we may get the victory for Christ and truth. This one business has cost me much anxiety for the last two years, and has occupied much of my time for the last two months. My circular letter of July, was fifty folio pages. The Presbyterian chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Charles, behaved himself nobly; giving up his own church for mine, in order to support the cause of Protestantism! To God only be all glory through Jesus Christ.”

‘*August 12th.* My heart is damped by hearing that Mr. Macaulay is fully in favour of Sir E. Ryan’s motion, and strongly against me and the Church of England. Oh, this cuts me to the quick! But it is God’s will.’

‘*August 15th.* Through the divine mercy we have got through the Martinière business far better than I feared. The whole body of thirteen met together, and Sir Edward Ryan re-proposed his resolution. I proposed, not now my original counter-resolution, which would have been of no use, but a series of resolutions to the effect that the doctrines of the Church of England should be taken as the standard of what was meant by the “general principles of Christianity.” At last, Sir E. Ryan virtually agreed, by allowing his motion to be guarded by all “the ancient creeds as held in common by the English, Scotch, Roman, Armenian, and Greek Churches of Christendom.” Thus error is shut out, and the foundations of the Gospel preserved. I am united in a committee, with Dr. St. Leger and Mr. Charles, to draw up a plan of religious instruction and a form of family worship. To God be the praise! for man could not

have wrought this deliverance. May the same gracious hand guide us still, and direct us to the choice of an able, pious, discreet, and religious master, on whom so much, after all, will depend.

The Bishop's mind now turned at once to the difficult task imposed upon him, of framing, in conjunction with the Vicar-Apostolic and the Presbyterian chaplain, a catechism and form of worship for use in the school within the prescribed limits. The committee met daily in the Palace for this purpose, the only other person present being the Bishop's chaplain, who acted as secretary. The proceedings necessarily occupied much time. Every step had to be deliberately weighed, every book to be circulated and read. The Vicar-Apostolic had never read our Liturgy. Neither the Bishop nor Mr. Charles were familiar with the Roman Missal. A variety of catechisms had to be examined. All minutes of proceedings, when fairly copied, had to be sent round for the perusal and signature of each member. Every one felt that a considerable degree of responsibility rested upon himself, and acted accordingly; but nothing could exceed the openness and candour which characterised the proceedings throughout.

The first point necessary to be determined was, the fundamental truths common to the five main divisions of Christendom. This was not found so difficult as was anticipated, since it was not necessary to define, but only to announce them. Nine important points were, therefore, agreed upon, viz., (1) The being of God, His unity and perfections. (2) The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, a revelation inspired by the Holy Ghost. (3) The mystery of the adorable Trinity. (4) The deity, incarnation, atonement, and intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ. (5) The fall and corruption of man, his accountableness and guilt. (6) Salvation through grace, by the meritorious sacrifice and redemption of Christ. (7) The personality and deity of the Holy Ghost, and his operations and grace in the sanctification of man. (8) The indispensable obligation of repentance towards God, faith in Christ, and continual prayer for the grace of the Holy Spirit. (9) The moral duties which every Christian is bound to perform towards God, his neighbour, and himself, as they are summed up in

the Commandments, and enlarged upon in other parts of Holy Scripture—all based upon the doctrines above specified, and enforced as their proper fruits.

Three questions of far greater difficulty immediately followed:—What catechism shall be taught? What Bible shall be read? What mode of worship shall be adopted?

1. A complete catechism was impracticable. The Church Catechism offered more points of agreement than any other; but the Presbyterian objected to its definition of Baptism, and the Roman Catholic to its definition of the Lord's Supper. The Presbyterian disclaimed sponsors, the Roman Catholic disliked the enumeration and denied the division of the Ten Commandments. What was to be done? It was suggested that the Catechism should begin by a simple definition of Baptism as the initiatory sacrament of Christianity; and that the Commandments should stand undivided, as given in the Book of Exodus. This was agreed to; but nothing could bring about an agreement touching the Lord's Supper; and there was no alternative but omission.

The catechism began as follows:—

“ Question. What is your name ?

“ Answer. N. or M.

“ Q. When did you receive this name ?

“ A. At my Baptism.

“ Q. What is Baptism ?

“ A. It is a Sacrament ordained by Christ in his Church.

“ Q. How many parts are there in a Sacrament ?

“ A. Two : the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace.

“ Q. What is the outward visible sign or form in Baptism ?

“ A. Water : wherein the person is baptised, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

“ Q. What is the inward and spiritual grace ?

“ A. A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness : for, being by nature born in sin and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.

“ Q. What is required of persons to be baptised ?

“ A. Repentance, whereby they forsake sin ; and faith, whereby they stedfastly believe the promises of God made to them in that sacrament.

“ Q. Why then are infants baptised, when, by reason of their tender age, they cannot perform them ?

“ A. Because they are included in the general command of our Lord respecting that sacrament, and are bound, when they come of age, to perform the obligations thereby laid upon them.

The part relating to the Commandments was arranged as follows :—

“ *Question.* You said that you were bound to keep God's Commandments : Tell me which be they ?

“ *Answer.* The same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, saying,

“(Ver. 2.) ‘ *I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.* (3.) *Thou shalt have none other gods but me.* (4.) *Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth.* (5.) *Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them, &c. &c.*’ ”

No objections were raised with respect to the Creed or the Lord's Prayer. In these particulars the Catechism followed our own. The draft of the whole was made by the Bishop, and obtained the approval and signatures of the other members of the Committee. First catechisms were also added after the model of Dr. Watts's, but they presented no difficulty.

2. The question of the Bible was next discussed. The choice lay between the authorised version, and the Romish versions of Douay and Rheims : for the Greek and Armenian Churches had no English version, and all parties deprecated the expedient of placing a mutilated copy in the hands of the children. After discussing the matter, it was found necessary to admit

both the Authorised and the Romish version into the school ; but in order to prevent confusion, the children when reading Scripture were to be arranged in separate classes according to their respective creeds. "As this, however," (thus speaks the Report of proceedings) "could not be done in family prayers, when all the children of all classes, and each sex, as well as the Christian household, are assembled together, we are of opinion that the portions of Holy Scripture directed to be read as a part of the devotions, should be taken from the Authorised English version."

3. The third question was now proposed—What mode of worship shall be recommended ? The discussion of it elicited many difficulties, which need not be enumerated here. The final resolution was, that on Sunday mornings the children should be taken to their respective places of public worship, and that a form for family or private devotion only, should be prepared.

This commenced with the general confession, as in the Book of Common Prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer. The Psalms for the day, or one of the Lessons, as ordered, were then to be read at the discretion of the master. The collect for the week was then to be used, with others, which were carefully selected—some from our English Liturgy, some from the Roman Missal, and some from the Armenian Prayers of St. Nierses of Claia.¹

¹ Some will feel interested in reading these prayers : they are, therefore, inserted here, as follows :—

Collect from the Roman Missal and the English Liturgy. (Collect for the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.)

"Pour forth, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy grace into our hearts : that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ thy Son has been made known by the message of an angel, may by his passion and cross be brought to the glory of his resurrection ; through the same Christ, our Lord. Amen."

From the Roman Catholic Missal.

"As it is thy Holy Spirit that has inspired whatever thy holy prophets, apostles, and evangelists have taught, give us, O Lord, docile hearts, to put in practice the saving instruction which the sacred books afford ; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

From the Roman Catholic Missal and the Anglican Litany.

"O God, whose property is always to have mercy and to spare, receive our petition : that we, and all thy servants, who are bound by the chain of sin, may, by

Then followed a prayer “for all conditions of men” from the Roman Missal, differing but slightly from our own, which was followed by our “General Thanksgiving,” and the Benediction.

On Sunday evenings this same form was to be used, except that a few more Collects were then to be read. It was also provided, that on Sunday mornings, when the children were prevented from going out, the Psalms of the day were to be read *with* one of the Lessons, and a Litany according to a given form. Two forms, in fact, were given: the one was our own, with the exception of the third suffrage, which was altered to

the compassion of thy goodness, mercifully be absolved; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.”

From the Roman Catholic Missal.

“Hear, we beseech thee, O Lord, the prayers of the supplicant, and pardon the sins of them that confess unto thee: that in thy bounty thou mayest give us pardon and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

From the same.

“Out of thy clemency, O Lord, show thy unspeakable mercy to us, that so thou mayest acquit us of our sins, and deliver us from the punishments we deserve for them; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.”

From the same.

“Prevent, we beseech thee, O Lord, our actions by thy holy inspirations, and carry them on by thy gracious assistance; that every prayer and work of ours may begin always from thee, and by thee be happily ended; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.”

From the Armenian Prayers of St. Nierses of Claia.

“Heavenly Father, and true God, who didst send thy beloved Son to seek for the lost sheep, we have sinned against heaven and before thee: receive us like the prodigal son, and clothe us with that garment of which we were deprived by our sins. Have mercy on thy creatures, and upon us miserable sinners.”

From the same.

“O Jesus, wisdom of the Father, grant us wisdom, that we may at all times think, speak, and do that, which is good in thy sight; and deliver us from evil thoughts, words, and works. Have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon us miserable sinners.”

From the same.

“O Lord, who art the lover of that which is good, and the mover and director of the will, suffer us not to walk after the inclination of our own mind; but so lead us, that we may always walk after the pleasure of thy will, which delights in that which is good. Have mercy upon thy creatures, and upon us miserable sinners.”

From the same.

“Heavenly King, give to us thy kingdom, which thou hast promised to thy beloved, and strengthen our hearts, that they may hate sin, and love thee alone, and do thy will. Have mercy on thy creatures, and upon us miserable sinners.”

meet the belief, or unbelief, of the Eastern Church on the procession of the Holy Ghost, and made to run thus :—

“ O God, the Holy Ghost,
“ Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.”

The other was a shorter Litany, taken from the Roman Missal.¹

The drawing up of these forms was also assigned to the

¹ This Litany is subjoined :—

“ God the Father, of heaven,
“ Have mercy upon us.
 “ God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
“ Have mercy upon us.
 “ God the Holy Ghost,
“ Have mercy upon us.
 “ Holy Trinity, one God,
“ Have mercy upon us.
 “ From all evil : from all sin : from thy wrath : from sudden and unprovided death,
“ O Lord, deliver us.
 “ From the deceits of the world : from anger, hatred, and all ill-will : from the spirit of fornication : from lightning and tempest : from everlasting death,
“ O Lord, deliver us.
 “ Through the mystery of thy holy incarnation : through thy coming : through thy nativity : through thy baptism and holy fasting,
“ O Lord, deliver us.
 “ Through thy cross and passion : through thy death and burial : through thy holy resurrection : through thy admirable ascension : through the coming of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter : in the day of judgment,
“ O Lord, deliver us.
 “ We sinners beseech thee to hear us : that thou spare us : that thou pardon us ;
“ We beseech thee, hear us.
 “ That thou vouchsafe to govern and preserve thy holy church ;
“ We beseech thee, hear us.
 “ That thou vouchsafe to grant peace and true concord to Christian kings and princes, and thy especial protection to thy servant our king (Queen), the governor-general of India, and all in authority under them ;
“ We beseech thee, hear us.
 “ That thou vouchsafe to grant peace and unity to all Christian people ;
“ We beseech thee, hear us.
 “ That thou vouchsafe to confirm and preserve us in thy holy service ;
“ We beseech thee, hear us.
 “ That thou lift up our minds to heavenly desires ;
“ We beseech thee, hear us.
 “ That thou render eternal good things to all our benefactors ;
“ We beseech thee, hear us.
 “ That thou vouchsafe to give and preserve the fruits of the earth ;
“ We beseech thee, hear us.

“ *Let us pray.*

“ O almighty and everlasting God, the comfort of the sorrowful, and the support of those that are heavy burthened ; give ear to the prayers of all who call upon thee in the day of their trouble and affliction ; that meeting with thy mercy in their necessities, their mourning may be turned into joy ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

“ The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all evermore. Amen.”

Bishop; and when, with the catechisms, they had been duly circulated, approved, and presented to the Governors, with a Report, the whole was concluded.

As little harm was done as possible; but compromise is after all a thankless task, and thus all parties found it. The Vicar-Apostolic was recalled by the General of his Order (the Jesuits), and charged with having conceded fundamental principles in the Report, and having improperly indulged in social intercourse with the Bishop. The Presbyterian Chaplain, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Charles, was called to account by his brethren in Scotland, and blamed as if he had diverged in some particulars from his principles. And the Bishop met praise which he did not desire, and censure which he did not deserve. When the Committee of Council on Education published their famous minute of April 11th, 1839, which proposed a scheme of general education for all parties, it was supported by an able and widely circulated pamphlet written by their secretary. In it the case of La Martinière was cited, and the conduct of the Bishop of Calcutta highly commended. The debate which shortly afterwards followed in the House of Lords, proved still more conclusively that his motives were neither appreciated nor understood; and a pamphlet was written by his desire, called "La Martinière," to remove misapprehension and explain his views and conduct. He did not repent of what he had done; but he wished the circumstances of the case to be made known, that all interested in the matter might perceive under what pressure he had acted.

The school was in due time opened. A succession of admirable masters (selected chiefly on the recommendation of Sir Edward Ryan), have presided over it; and the Bishop watched its progress, at first with anxiety, but afterwards with confidence and interest.

A few details of daily life will now be given, in order to relieve these long narratives of important business. They are gathered from a series of journal-letters written by the Bishop to his children at home, which were begun regularly about this time, and continued to the close of life. The instant one

letter was filled, it was despatched, and another begun. Wherever he went, the unfinished sheet went with him. At any spare moment the entry was made. Every event was related at the time, and in the manner it occurred. His whole heart was thus opened; his family were made sharers of his joys and sorrows; and five hundred and twelve folio letters, minutely written, gradually accumulated, to which this biography will owe much of its interest and value. Should the brief specimens (for they can be only brief) presented from time to time, excite in the minds of many readers a desire for more, it is quite possible that these their desires may be gratified hereafter.

The extracts now to be given will commence at the time of the Bishop's arrival in Calcutta from Madras.

'*April 1st, 1835.*—My first dinner-party since last June was given yesterday; thirty-one present; extremely pleasant. I have divided the Calcutta society into seven or eight dinner-parties of about thirty each. Thus I have about two hundred ~~on my list~~: Government House has at least seven hundred.'

'*April 2nd.*—Took Baron Hügel, of Vienna, to the Asiatic Society. The works of Providence are indeed wonderful. Some shell-fish were exquisite, and the leaf-insect was exhibited; most extraordinary; an insect the size of a leaf, formed like a leaf, with the same divisions as a leaf; a small head and legs being, as it were, added. It lives when leaves live, and dies when they die; thus forming, indeed, a link between vegetable and animal life. Baron Hügel has been down with me to Tittaghur, in order that he might visit Serampore; and he, with Dr. Marshman and Mr. Mack, dined with me. Dr. Marshman seems declining; but Mr. Mack is a very pleasing, intelligent, and able man.'

'*April 6th.*—It is curious how Sir Charles Metcalfe is bringing back the old *regime*. Instead of inviting the native gentry with the Europeans, he appoints a separate audience, and, wearing their turbans, they all have to take off their shoes before they enter the room.'

'*April 12th.*—I have been re-reading the letter of advice

which I sent to the honoured Bishop Turner, in 1830. It will be a constant memento for me. It was a curious circumstance that, two years after writing that letter, in answer to his earnest request for my advice and counsel, I was myself made Bishop. It is curious also that, in June, 1818, my "Defence of the Church Missionary Society" was cut out by the censors (who then superintended the Indian newspapers) from the proof-sheet of the *Calcutta Morning Post*, on the ground that it was "displeasing to the See;" that is, I suppose, to Bishop Middleton. And now the author of that "Defence" is Bishop himself! The editor of the *Morning Post* at that time, called the other day, and told me this, and gave me a copy of the "Defence," of which two hundred and fifty were separately struck off; and this copy is now in my desk.'

'*April 20th.*—I am bereft for a time of my chaplain, who has just gone down to Penang, to see my beloved daughter. I was walking through their four deserted rooms with melancholy feelings yesterday morning, and could only cast myself at the footstool of mercy for support and guidance. I have been reading the correspondence between Knox and Jebb. Knox himself is the curiosity—wrong, undoubtedly—but remarkable throughout.'

'*May 5th.*—In our eight churches (including the missionaries) there were on Easter Day, this year, two thousand eight hundred and ninety-one attendants; and seven hundred and eighty-two of them were communicants.'

'*June 1st.*—My poor dear daughter arrived at the Ghât about one o'clock yesterday, and landed at half-past six. The excitement threw her into faintings, which lasted for an hour. The kindness she has received from Sir Benjamin and Lady Malkin, at Penang, is quite indescribable. She has been away from Calcutta more than nine months. And now may my soul be emptied and humbled before the Lord. May I bow to His holy will. I need this discipline. All is ordered. Even this additional distress of husband and wife passing and missing each other at sea—and in all probability very near Penang—was appointed by our great and all-wise Physician. Oh! if my soul would but learn the divine lesson!'

'July 12th.—This Sunday begins with melancholy impressions; my dear child gone on her way to England; her husband accompanying her to the Sand-heads; my house deserted; grief and anxiety my lot; no one to comfort me! But I turn myself to the fountain of living waters. The broken cisterns can hold no water. The eternal fountain of joy in God is ever the same. May all afflictions indispose me more and more for the turbid comforts of the creature, and quicken more my thirst for the unmixed and vivifying streams of ever-flowing happiness in the Creator.'

'August 12th.—The newspapers are attacking me for declining to preach for the Cape sufferers, if a play was performed for them at the same time. My objection was to be mixed up, in this small society, with what I consider a great moral evil—the theatre. I think it would have put the Bishop in a false position. I knew my refusal would make a great outcry.'

'August 24th.—A letter from the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" overwhelms me with gratitude to God. The Society votes me a third 500*l.* to give away, and 500*l.* a-year in books for two years; besides a variety of other grants. The kindness with which they treat me is extraordinary. I see in this a talent committed to me of a high order. So also the "Propagation Society." Oh! for grace to employ, and occupy with these trusts.'

'CHINSURAH, Sept. 11th.—I am making another short visit to this large station. It is five o'clock in the morning, most glorious and sweet! The beautiful Dutch church, in the view, intersects the noble river. The sun has not yet risen; the air is of autumnal coolness; the birds are just awake; the bugle is summoning the soldiers; all is mild, soft, inviting. An extraordinary trouble attends even this short movement of thirty miles. I could not come here without a carriage, three horses, and fourteen servants; and if my chaplain had come with me, half-a-dozen more must have accompanied him. One English servant would be almost worth them all. It is the universal custom, arising from the climate, the cheapness of labour, the languor and feebleness of the people, and the wretched, absurd, and unalterable distinctions of Caste. The chaplain at Chinsurah, Mr. Rudd, could not find a single

boatman to take down a live turkey to Calcutta. Dead turkeys they would have taken, but not a live one.'

'*Sept. 14th.*—It is half-past eight o'clock in the morning. I am in a bholeah, or cabined boat, on my way down to Calcutta, having just landed at Tittaghur, and inspected the packing up of my goods. After to-day it will no longer be mine. After an occupation of two years and a-half, it is melancholy to take a long, and perhaps final farewell of a spot where I have spent many most pleasant and profitable hours. Indeed I owe, under Providence, much of my health to this charming retreat. . . . As I write these lines, it is receding from my view. . . . I have lost the last glimpse. The tide has caught the boat, and it is carried along at the rate of ten miles an hour.'

'*CALCUTTA, Sept. 15th.*—The three days I spent at Chinsurah remain with a soft and pleasing recollection on my mind. The contrast between that interval of peace, and the hostility of Calcutta is indescribable. The moment I returned, long attacks in the newspapers about the archdeaconry and the select vestry met my eyes. Then came the hurry of visits, anxious questions of duty, and a mind distracted and thrown off its balance. Oh! the Grace needful to fill public situations with meekness! God is thus calling me to humiliation; He is emptying me, as it were, from vessel to vessel, weaning me as a child from its mother, checking the tumour of spiritual pride, sweetening the Cross. Three years have been hardly enough to break down my own spirit in India; but I hope it is now breaking.'

The hour of deliverance was now close at hand; and, having held an ordination and preached a farewell sermon, at which the Governor-General, the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Fane, the new Judge, Sir Benjamin Malkin, and an immense congregation, were present, he embarked on board the *Hattrass* pilot vessel; and Tuesday, October 13th, 1835, found him gliding down the river, resuming his visitation, and writing the following reflections:—

'It is nearly three years since I left the *James Sibbald*, in

1832, and now I am resuming a visitation which will occupy half of that period, should health and life be continued. The prospect is overwhelming to the petty reach of human judgment. But to leave one's self to an infinite mind is consoling. God knoweth the way that I take. Oh! that I may be purified by the orders and events of His providence, and come forth as gold. At present the alloy preponderates in the mass. What have I not discovered in my own heart! What evils have been engendered! What corruptions mightily swollen out! What new passions awakened! What departures from the Lord! To thee, O my God, would I once more resign myself in the covenant of Grace. Receive the returning wanderer. Pardon, heal, restore, guide, bless. The deep afflictions into which I have been brought will be overruled, as I trust, to these highest ends. They have come on in the way of duty—they have sprung from my best-considered and most useful proceedings—they have arisen from unreasonable opposition of those who ought to have supported me. Thus they come, as to myself most especially, from the hand of God. The clamour, misrepresentation, calumny, disunion amongst the clergy, invectives in newspapers, that I am going through, it is not easy to conceive. Two things are topics for thankfulness:—the Governor-General supports me nobly; and all the leading people in the Presidency concur in his approbation.'

The *Hattrass* was a brig of one hundred and eighty tons, placed at the disposal of the Bishop by the Government, and commanded by Captain Clark, a courteous and experienced pilot. The party consisted of the Bishop, his chaplain, Dr. Allan Webb, and Mr. Cœmmerer, the young catechist already mentioned, who was about to be ordained on the scene of his future labours in the south. It was proposed to close the year at Bombay, and to fill up the short intervening period by a visit to the Syrian churches, and Goa, on the coast of Malabar. From Bombay the Visitation would stretch over the upper provinces, and close at Calcutta, about April, 1837.

The usual variation of currents, calms, and squalls; the

usual alternation of sultry heats and refreshing breezes, attended the progress of the comfortable little vessel, whilst proceeding down the Bay of Bengal, rounding Ceylon and Cape Comorin, and ascending the Malabar coast towards Quilon, the desired haven. But a brief account of the Syrian Churches, which it was proposed to visit, will be more interesting than the mere details of a voyage without accident or adventure.

The number of Christians scattered over the province of Travancore, on the coast of Malabar, has been variously estimated from one to three hundred thousand. They attribute their conversion to the Apostle St. Thomas. Hence, all the early converts in the South of India were, and are still called St. Thomas's Christians. That a holy man of that name did visit India in times preceding all historical record, and that his efforts for the conversion of the natives were wonderfully successful, admits of little doubt; but there is no proof sufficient to identify him with the Apostle. All traditionary records, however, affirm the existence of a large body of Christians from the earliest times. In the first century the Gospel is said to have had "free course" amongst the pearl-fishers of Ceylon, and the rude cultivators of Malabar. At the Council of Nice, in the fourth century, a "Metropolitan of Persia and the great Indies," appeared, and affixed his signature to the roll of Bishops. In the sixth century, Cosmas, surnamed "The Indian Traveller," whose work was translated by Bernard de Montfaucon, and inserted in the "*Nova Collectio Patrum*," tells of large bodies of Christians with whom he had come in contact, and who had many clerks, and a bishop from Persia. In the ninth century one Mar Thomas, an Armenian merchant appears upon the scene, as a protector and benefactor, if not an instructor of the Christians. King Alfred, of Britain, is also commemorated as having, from combined motives of a secular and religious character, sent an embassy to the East. His ambassadors bore gifts to the shrine of St. Thomas, and returned laden with a rich cargo of pearls and spices.

But all these events, and all these personages, are seen

through the mist of tradition, and appear vague, shadowy, and undefined. It is not till about the year 1501 that the mist rises; and, in the clear light of history, we see a fleet of ships belonging to the King of Portugal, and intent upon extending his Indian conquests, anchored off the coast of Malabar. The natives, Christians, recognising the tie of brotherhood, flocked to the shore, and sent deputies on board to claim protection against their heathen neighbours. The intercourse which then took place made known the fact, for the first time and beyond all doubt, that there had long existed, and existed still, a body of Indian Christians who differed materially both in doctrines and in practice from the Church of Rome; who owed her no allegiance, knew nothing of her claims, and shrunk alike from the image and the adoration of the Virgin Mary.

From this period then, the interference of the Roman with the Syrian Church must be dated. The aggression sprang from the neighbouring city of Goa, which soon became the head quarters of the Portuguese. In 1545, when their power was well established, Albuquerque, first Archbishop of Goa, began to bestir himself. He sent a friar named St. Vincent to try what could be done to bring those, whom he accounted heretics, to the obedience of the faith. A series of intrigues of all sorts followed the failure of this attempt, and, for a long period, persecutions on the one side were mingled with dissensions on the other.

At length Don Alexo de Menezes, the celebrated Archbishop of Goa, appeared upon the scene. The partial success which had already been obtained by Rome, he made complete. He showed unwearied patience and undaunted courage in pursuit of his object. He combined the temporal with the spiritual power; and was now the Governor to punish, and now the Bishop to persuade.

Mar Abraham, the Syrian Bishop, had died in 1597, and Menezes succeeded in preventing the landing of a successor from the Mother Church at Babylon. He himself went everywhere teaching and preaching, confirming, and enforcing unity. By some Churches he was received, from others rejected; and he was often in personal danger from popular commotions.

But nothing moved him from his purpose. He gradually won over a certain Archdeacon George, who in default of the Bishop, headed the old Church party; and at length, ventured to issue summonses for a General Synod, to be held in the Church of Udiamper or Diamper, on the 20th June, 1599, with a view to agreement upon common Articles of Faith. Thirty-eight priests had already been ordained by him; and now on Trinity Sunday he ordained fifty more. A majority of two-thirds of the Synod was thus secured; and when on the day appointed a large body of Syrian clergy, and a still larger number of deputies from the Churches, assembled, the old creed was abjured, and the new adopted. The proceedings of this Synod, which are on record, show what the ancient Syrian Churches had received by tradition from their fathers, and how nearly it approached to Protestant truth. They held no doctrine which absolutely involved transubstantiation; they condemned the use of images; they denied purgatory; they knew nothing of auricular confession or extreme unction; they allowed the marriage of priests; they attached no supremacy to St. Peter; three sacraments were received—Baptism, the Eucharist, and Holy Orders; confirmation was unknown; and the Nestorian error concerning the two distinct natures of our Lord was held.

For these, the whole body of Romish teaching was now substituted; and the decree to that effect was signed first by Menezes himself, then by one hundred and fifty-three priests, and then by about six hundred and sixty deputies from various parts of the country. The triumph was complete for a time. The Synod had done its work; and the history of its proceedings was versified, and made the subject of a chaunt to be sung on great festivals and solemn processions. All was thus fixed upon the public mind. Moreover, fresh catechisms were framed, new forms of devotion introduced, auricular confession enjoined, and the whole country parcelled out into parishes; and when in 1601, a Jesuit was, by permission of the Pope, consecrated Bishop, the work of Menezes was finished, and Rome's fetters were rivetted on the ancient Syrian Church.

But Menezes found no successor like-minded with himself:

and the bigotry, pride, and avarice of the Jesuits ruined their cause. First dislike arose; then disaffection; then revolt. A leader was soon found; and in the year 1655, the incubus began to be shaken off, and old customs to be resumed. Whilst Rome retained her hold in many places, she was entirely rejected in others; and hence, without going further into detail, it is easy to trace, from what has been said, the origin of those differences which are perceptible at the present day. The ancient Syrian Church still exists everywhere, disclaiming all allegiance to Rome, but leavened seriously with much of her doctrine, and continuing unhappily many of her practices. Whilst the Romish Church, still standing by her side, continues to teach all her well-known errors, and to exhibit all her idolatrous superstitions.

Dr. Buchanan visited these Churches in 1806, and had much friendly intercourse with them, as detailed in his "Christian Researches." He was followed by Bishop Middleton, in 1816. Bishop Heber corresponded with the then Metran (or Bishop), and projected a visit, which was prevented by his death in 1826. The incidents connected with Bishop Wilson's intercourse, have now to be added; for on Nov. 15th, 1835, he landed at Quilon, and preached his first sermon from Luke xi. 12, 13.¹

The situation of Quilon upon what is called "The back-water," constitutes its great peculiarity. This backwater is formed by a succession of long inland lakes, running parallel with the sea for nearly one hundred and fifty miles, for the most part separate, but in a few spots connected with it. It is the great highway of the country—sometimes expanding into a breadth of many miles, sometimes contracting into channels of a few feet. The banks are clothed with cocoa-nuts, and studded with villages. All traffic is by water; and vessels of every

¹ All further particulars of the origin and history of the Syrian Churches may be learnt from a work by Michael Geddes, chancellor of Sarum, written in 1694; from "Indian Conferences," translated from the Dutch, in 1719; from "Histoire du Christianisme des Indes," by La Crose, librarian to the King of Prussia, in 1723; from Buchanan's "Christian Researches;" from "Dr. Middleton's Life," by Le Bas; from Archdeacon Robinson's "Last Days of Heber;" from Hough's "History of Christianity in India;" and from Kaye's "Christianity in India."

description, gliding in every direction, give life and animation to the foreground of a picture, which is rendered impressive by a background of lofty mountains. The country owes allegiance to the Rajah of Travancore, whose palace is at Trivandrum. A Resident represents the British government; and in his spacious house, situated on the backwater, the Bishop was kindly received and courteously entertained.

Quilon was but the entrance gate to the Syrian Churches, so that on the third day, after the Bishop had preached, and held a confirmation and ordination, a movement was made into the interior under the guidance of Captain White, the representative of Mr. Casamajor, who was ill. Several boats were provided, each rowed by twelve or fourteen men, who shortened the journey and lightened the labour by a variety of chaunts and songs, sometimes on historical subjects, sometimes in praise of the Sahib, and sometimes a simple "titti zitti e la." Crocodiles in countless numbers sank down silently into deep water as the boats approached; the paddy-bird, kingfisher, and heron rose up in the air with a plaintive cry; whilst nests hanging suspended from the branches of the trees, told of the gliding foe in the jungle. Here and there stood miserable huts, the abodes of miserable slaves:—for slavery exists here, and it has its privileges. Attached to the soil and sold with it, they refuse, of right, to be separated from it; and when of late years a missionary freed his slaves, they all, with one accord, appealed to the Rajah against the act as a breach of their privileges, and an encroachment on their rights in the soil.

As the party drew near to Allepie, a station of the Church Missionary Society, the bell was heard sounding sweetly over the waters and calling to evening service. Though weary with a journey of sixty miles, the Bishop preached to a congregation of about three hundred native Christians, and then at once retired to rest.

The Church missionaries, in the province of Travancore, were labouring amongst the heathen; but their position with respect to the ancient Syrian Church was very delicate. They could not but see the abuses which had crept in, and desire to correct them; but a gentle hand and master mind was requisite for this. The reformation of a Church must at all times be a

gradual, difficult, and thankless task ; and the temptation in the present instance undoubtedly was to draw converts from it, rather than to "strengthen the things that remained, which were ready to die." Moreover, the position of the missionaries was very anomalous ; and every point of contact threatened collision. A large grant of land had been made by the Rajah to Colonel Munro, when Resident, to serve for the erection and part maintenance of a College, for the instruction of the young Syrian catanars, or priests. To this college, the Church Missionary Society largely contributed ; and the Metran promised that all candidates for orders should pass through it. The management of the land appertained to the Syrians ; the instruction of the young Catanars to the missionaries. It is easy to see how differences might arise, as indeed they had arisen, on both these points ; and how requisite it was that the wisdom of the serpent should be combined with the harmlessness of the dove. Unfortunately the reputation of the present Metran, complicated the whole matter. His character was more than doubtful in many respects : but there was no proof forthcoming, no suitable tribunal, and consequently no remedy. Much of this was known to the Bishop before, and some correspondence had taken place. The Metran had written to complain, and the Bishop had written to advise. But even here embarrassments arose, for his letter had not been allowed to reach its destination. Now however that he was on the spot, information of all kinds was available. The charges brought against the Metran, and which touched upon morality and honesty, seemed but too true ; yet any call for interference on the part of the authorities (for which there were precedents) seemed undesirable, and liable to misconstruction.

The state of the Catanars, or native priests, gave rise also to serious consideration. They had considerable influence over the minds of the people, and some of them were learned—some were pious men. But the general tone of religion was low, and the ignorance of many deplorable. The agreement as to the College had not been kept, and hence the standard of learning had not been raised. A fee of twenty or thirty rupees, paid to the Metran by every candidate for orders, was a temptation to ordain, which in his poverty he could not resist. More were

ordained than the necessities of the Church required. Hence the Catanars became poor; for the resources of each church, sufficient for the maintenance of the few properly attached to it, were not sufficient for the maintenance of the many, sent by the sole will of the Metran. The funds available remained the same: the number to be supported by them, increased without limit. Even young children were ordained. Half the pupils in the college—boys of twelve and fourteen years—were deacons, and bore the tonsure.

Hence a further evil. The clergy were thrown upon the people for support; and a custom had obtained, which, though profitable, was not originally sanctioned by their Church:—viz., prayers for the dead. Their poverty perpetuated this Romish error, even if it did not introduce it.

Nor was this the only error resulting from their intercourse with Rome. There were others. But then none of them were fixed indelibly upon the Church, as by a Council of Trent. Reformation was quite possible. There was no pretence to Infallibility. The views of the Church on main points were sound. The Scriptures, when translated into the vulgar tongue, were hailed with joy, and read with reverence. Married catanars lived happily and respectably. Where the belief of one approached transubstantiation, the belief of another diverged from it. There was nothing to forbid hope, or to check friendly Church intercourse. If all things were not pure—there was nothing to prevent purity. And on the whole, it was resolved to pay all respect to existing authorities, to remove stumbling-blocks gently out of the way, and to persuade, if possible, to a voluntary correction of the abuses which had crept in. In case, by the blessing of God, such a result should appear, the Bishop was prepared to raise, or endeavour to raise, a large fund in the way of endowment, which might supersede fees, and render prayers and masses for the dead unnecessary.

With these views matured, the Bishop moved on from Allepie towards head-quarters. He had been much interested in the new people and new scenes surrounding him. The town of Allepie was very thickly peopled; the men finely built, comparatively fair, and presenting a general appearance of

cheerfulness and independence; the women very inferior in personal appearance, and but half clothed. The tone of morals was very low; the traffic chiefly in timber; the language Malayalim. After a few days' stay, and the performance of all necessary duties, the Bishop bade farewell to the Rev. Mr. Norton the missionary, and his kind family, and proceeded on to Cottayam. Here was the College; here the Metran; here Mr. Bayley, the pious and experienced head of the mission; and here, then, the real business of the Visitation commenced.

When the morning of the 19th November dawned, two of the ancient Syrian Churches in the immediate neighbourhood of the Mission premises were unveiled to sight, and afforded an opportunity for examination, which had been long desired. A glance into the interior of one of them was followed by a courteous invitation to enter, spoken in excellent English by a Catanar, whose name was subsequently found to be Marcus. These Syrian churches, both as to their exterior and interior, presented a certain degree of similarity with one another, and were constructed on a thoroughly primitive model. Neither tower nor spire were visible; but chancel, nave, porch, and cloister were to be found in almost every case. Over the cloisters at the side, galleries ran, which provided homes for the resident clergy. The floor of the interior was generally of hardened clay, or paved with stone. No seats were provided; and the idea of pews had never reached the coast of Malabar. A gallery generally extended over the western end of the church, part of it partitioned off in rooms. An arched chancel, raised several steps, and much narrower than the nave or body of the church, occupied the eastern end. In it stood the high altar, more or less decorated with paintings of a poor kind, and with desks on either side. Sometimes the cross was seen; never the crucifix. A lamp suspended from the roof was always burning. A bell, hung sometimes within the church, and sometimes without, called the people to their devotions, and occasionally mingled with them. Such was the general appearance of churches, which primitive Christianity doubtless modelled, and successive generations had reared. Towers and spires, cathedrals



SYRIAN CHURCH AT COTTAYAM.

and abbeys, rose in wealthy countries, and not amongst the poor Christians of Malabar.

When the first visit, just referred to, was paid, some priests were preparing to perform their early mass. The flour for the wafer was mixed, and warmed into substance in the sight of all present: the service was in Syriac, which none of the people, and but few of the Catanars now understand: and the general external forms and gestures of the Romish Church appeared to be pretty closely followed.

From the second church, commonly called "The Big Church," which was also visited, a picture of St. Thomas had been removed; "lest," as the Catanars said, "the ignorant people might worship it." The subjects of the small paintings, in squares, behind the altar, were scriptural. This was the first introduction to the Syrian churches.

After breakfasting with Mr. Bayley and Mr. Peet the missionaries, and before the commencement of family prayers, forty sweet little Syrian girls, clothed and taught by Mrs. Bayley, came gently in, and took their seats upon the floor. Two catanars also entered, as to a familiar home. The verandah of the house was crowded with servants. All listened with deep interest, whilst the Bishop expounded, through an interpreter, the twenty-third Psalm.

At ten o'clock, he put on his robes to receive the Metran: and soon after that hour a procession was seen to leave the College, wind through the cultivated paddy-fields in the valley, and ascend the hill on which the Mission-house was elevated. The palanquin of the Metran, the red umbrellas of the attendants, the white dresses of the Catanars, and the flutter of a little crowd of hangers-on, formed a most picturesque group. The Bishop awaited his visitor at the door. He was a good-looking man, about fifty years of age, with a tendency to stoutness, the appearance of which was much increased by the dress he wore—a cassock of figured lawn over crimson satin, and a tippet of embroidered cloth stiff with gold. He had a mitre on his head, of red and green velvet, tipped and edged with gold. A cross, studded with rubies, hung upon his breast; an ornamented bag was held in his hand; and a silver crosier was carried and held by

an attendant priest behind his back. The beard was long and grey, the moustache thick and black. The expression of his countenance was weak and feeble. He had a cunning twinkling eye, and a stiff uneasy gait. He was evidently ill at ease, and doubtful "whereunto all this would grow."

The Catanars, who accompanied him, wore a long white loose dress, over white trousers, with a scarf of the same colour thrown over head and shoulders. Their crowns were shaven, and they generally had long beards.

The usual introductions accompanied the reception of the Metran, and the usual unmeaning compliments of the East were followed by arrangements being made that the Bishop should preach on the following Friday and Sunday in two of the neighbouring churches. The hour of one o'clock was fixed on to return the Metran's call, and then with very little ceremony, he took his leave.

At one o'clock, all entered their palanquins* and proceeded to the College, and were at once taken up to a library full of valuable books, presented by the Church Missionary Society. The Metran now wore a loose undress of crimson, with a leathern girdle, and a curious skull-cap. He was courteous, but embarrassed, and compelled for all matters of information to refer to the attendant Malpan, or college tutor. The conversation turned partly upon their ancient Syriac manuscripts; and several specimens were exhibited. They were fairly illuminated, but possessed no intrinsic value. Their liturgies were numerous; and all masses. The following extracts were taken at the time from one in most esteem, and the translation is inserted, as showing the form of words used for the consecration of the elements at the administration of the Holy Communion.

Priest.—By His coming, may He make this bread the quickening body, saving body, celestial body, and the body of the Lord God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and life eternal to those who partake of it.

People.—Amen.

Priest.—May he make also this mixture that is in this

cup, the blood of the New Testament, the saving blood, celestial blood, the blood that saves both soul and body, and the blood of the Lord God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins and life eternal to the partakers of it.

People.—Amen.

This is not transubstantiation, though it looks like it. All this may be, and yet the elements retain their natural substances.

After making these extracts, and taking leave of the Metran, the students in the College were examined. About forty were present, of whom thirty-five were deacons. They answered well all questions on Scripture history and simple points of doctrine. The younger classes were passed by, for want of time.

The next day, Friday, Nov. 20th., was set apart for Divine service at a place called Puthupalli, ten miles distant. The church was beautifully situated on the river side, with a little jetty, a wooden cross, and a flight of steps. Festoons of evergreens and brilliant little flags betokened a kindly welcome. The interior of the church was lit by hundreds of small lamps fed with oil; but it was intensely hot; and when the Bishop found that the illumination was simply to do him honour, he requested that the lights might be extinguished. Hands everywhere were lifted, and in a minute all the lights were out. Divine service then commenced, and our morning prayer was read by the missionary, in Malayalim. When it was concluded, the Bishop began his sermon:—

‘Peace and Grace be with you! Passing through your country, I salute you in the Lord. In St. John’s Gospel, we read these words, “Then spake Jesus unto them again, saying, I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.” (St. John viii., 12). These are the words of the Lord. As before the sun ariseth, all is dark; so is the world without Jesus Christ. Sin is a state of darkness. Jesus Christ is the light. To follow Christ is to walk in light.

‘Three things I shall speak to you about:—

‘1st. The darkness in which man is, as a sinner.

‘2nd. The light which is in Jesus Christ.

‘3rd. The blessedness of following his light.

‘Receive I pray you, the word of exhortation, and let him that hath an ear, hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.’

The assembled congregation listened to the address which followed this introduction with deep interest for the half-hour it lasted; and then one and another came up with their salutations of peace. One old man was introduced, who, on being asked, said his name was Philippus. He was delighted on being reminded of Philip the Evangelist. The Bishop was then taken to see the vestry, and the rooms over the cloister in which the Catanars attached to the church, resided. He partook of milk and eggs; and then departed, returning home amidst thunder, lightning, and rain.

The first interviews with the Metran had been merely complimentary; but the next day (Saturday) was fixed on for a conference and exposition of the Bishop's general views. He was attended by his chaplain, the two missionaries (Mr. Bayley interpreting), and the official assistant to the Resident. The Metran was accompanied by ten or twelve malpans and catanars. On his arrival, he was ushered into the Bishop's private room, and there informed of the several topics which were to be discussed at the conference. This was done in order to show him all due respect; and he repeatedly expressed his gratitude for it. The Bishop addressed him with much earnestness, and urged how important his assent and consent would be for the good of the Church which he represented; but he wavered, shuffled, looked round, seemed to feel the want of support, and expressed pleasure when it was proposed to adjourn to the other room where the Catanars were waiting. Notes of what passed were taken at the time by the Bishop's chaplain; and when the Metran more than once seemed to notice the fact with uneasiness, the Bishop told him that every word was being put down as spoken, and that an exact copy should be given him

when the conference was ended. This promise was fulfilled; and a copy of what follows is at Cottayam to this day.

The Bishop began by addressing the Metran and his clergy in these words :—

Bishop.—Honoured Brother and Metropolitan, I wish as a brother Bishop to suggest certain points for your consideration, and that of your clergy.

The Metran expressed his readiness to hear, and bade the clergy come forward.

Bishop.—The ancient Syrian Church is one of the most honoured of Christian churches.

Metran.—I know not what is meant by the words “Ancient Church.”

Bishop.—It is one of the most honoured of Christian churches.

Metran.—From the time of the Council of Nice our Church has been conducted as was then arranged.

Bishop.—I mean that I am come here as a stranger honouring your Church as one of the earliest Churches.

Metran.—You address me as a brother: I wish to receive your counsel as a father.

Bishop.—I merely wish to throw out certain suggestions. I have no authority to interfere with your Church. My *first* suggestion regards the College which the British Resident, and Travancore Government established and endowed.

Metran.—The property of the College was furnished, partly by the Resident, partly by the Church Missionary Society, and partly by ourselves.

Bishop.—I recommend that those who shall be ordained by the Metran, be so only after they have been instructed and examined, and have obtained certificates of learning and good conduct.

Metran.—There are only a few learning at the College at present.

Bishop.—But perhaps as many as can be desired by the Metran for the sacred ministry.

Metran.—With regard to those in the College, there will be no difficulty; but there are others in other places: there is the difficulty.

Bishop.—The Metran may send such to College.

Metran.—Only a few are learning in the College: the others are educated in the different churches.

Bishop.—When the agreement between Colonel Munro and the then Metran was made, it was understood, that only those should be ordained, who were educated in the College.

Metran.—It was agreed so. Those that receive certificates can be ordained.

Bishop.—And when this is put in practice it will be seen whether there are not enough for the Metran.

Metran.—There are now seventy churches, and there are only thirty-five students in the College: and these will not be enough.

Bishop.—But fifty more may be admitted: and a learned clergy is for your own honour. It is the design of the institution. It is for the honour of all, that you fall in with and support it.

Metran.—It is.

Bishop.—I only suggest these things to my brother and the catanars: that they support the College, and that he ordains those only who obtain certificates of their sufficiency.

Metran.—The Church shall assemble, and take this into consideration.

Bishop.—Yes: and if the Metran finds a young man anywhere about who is qualified, let him send him to the College, and not ordain him at once.

Metran.—That is very good.

Bishop.—It leaves the Metran all power of ordination, as well as of selection.

Metran.—It is proper.

Bishop.—I speak as a brother: the College and the Church missionaries have been here for twenty years with no other object than the honour thus proposed to be conferred on the body of the Syrian Church.

Metran.—That the Syrians may become learned and respectable.

Bishop.—I hope that the Metran will, until the Church can be assembled, do as the Resident would wish he should do; and ordain those only who have been thoroughly instructed in the College.

Metran.—It is so. I signified my willingness before.

Bishop.—And the Catanars—all—are they cognisant of this?

Metran.—We will take it into consideration, and draw up a statement.

Bishop.—Till the matter is considered by the Church, the Metran will act as now stated?

Metran.—There shall be no departure from it.

Bishop.—In my weakness I now touch upon a *second* subject. I speak only for the good of your Church. I am a child.

Metran.—I consider you as an elderly father.

Bishop.—I speak for the good of your Church.

Metran.—We listen with all humility.

Bishop.—I should suggest that all the lands, funds, property, belonging to your Church, being examined, an account should be sent to the Resident, in order that, being looked into, he might see that all was proper and correct.

Metran.—We will take it into consideration as a body.

Bishop.—In a Church extending so widely, there are lands, and goods, and property which should be examined every year, to see that none is alienated and lost.

Metran.—Very good.

Bishop.—There is danger, I understand, of some loss occurring to the church we were at yesterday—Puthupalli.

Metran.—About what? The land? Oh, yes; there is a dispute.

Bishop.—You want the protection of the Resident for this, and such like things.

Metran.—We have frequently applied without receiving any answer.

Bishop.—I will speak to the Resident.

Bishop.—I go to a *third* thing. Could anything be devised

to increase the incomes of the Rev. Catanars, and to support them respectably.

Metran.—Certain plans have been adopted heretofore, but have not been found sufficient. We will consider it.

Bishop.—If there was some permanent endowment, instead of uncertain fees : it would tend to their comfort.

Metran.—It would.

Bishop.—It would be better for the clergy to be thus supported, than by prayers for the dead.

Metran.—Prayers for the dead are according to the custom of the Church : and it would require a meeting of the Church before any alteration could be adopted.

Bishop.—But would it not be better for the clergy to be otherwise supported ?

Metran.—Yes ; very true : if it could be devised. But we cannot come to a decisive conclusion. The fees are according to the property of the individual.

Bishop.—I only suggest. It is for the Metran to decide.

Metran.—As to a parent whom we love : so do we listen to your words.

Bishop.—I have myself no personal interest in the matter.

Bishop.—I go now to a *fourth* point. I wish to ask how schools could be spread all over the Syrian churches.

Metran.—One school would be very good for every church : but one school would not be enough for one of our large churches of a thousand or two thousand families.

Bishop.—But it would be a beginning. And when your clergy are all educated, as is proposed, they will be able to instruct in the several schools. At present the catanars generally, do not know enough. But when they have all been educated, they will know and be able to instruct others in English, Syriac, and Malayalim.

Metran.—At present there are only thirty-five students in the College.

Bishop.—But we would gladly have fifty there or more if necessary. If you would have schools, we would give you help in establishing them—the Resident, the Church Missionary Society, and I, would help you.

Metran.—'That is very good.

Bishop.—I would mention a *fifth* thing. I would beg the Metran, as a matter of great importance, to direct the catanars to expound and explain the Gospel to the people on Sundays in Malayalim.

Metran.—It is only by the Priests preaching that the people know the Gospel.

Bishop.—After the prayers every Sunday, it will be very desirable for the Gospel to be explained.

Metran.—It is very desirable: but the clergy are not learned enough at present. When they are able, it shall be done.

Bishop.—The *last* thing I would suggest is, that the prayers should be interpreted: so that the people might join in the worship of Almighty God.

Metran.—We will meet as a body to consider this.

Bishop.—The Syriac was formerly the language of the people: but now they do not understand it. Prayer should be made in a language they understand.

Metran.—Our services were in the Greek and Latin languages, and afterwards were translated into Syriac.

(Some discussion here took place between the Metran and catanars.)

Metran.—We suppose it is about one thousand years since they were translated: but we have no means of knowing exactly.

Bishop.—If Syriac is now known—keep it by all means. But St. Paul says that if prayers are uttered in an unknown tongue, there should be one to interpret, or he that speaketh is a barbarian to others.

Metran.—Very good.

Bishop.—If the prayers were thus rendered into Malayalim, you might have from all your various Liturgies, one, of moderate length, arranged for the use of those who do not understand Syriac.

Metran.—We will take it into consideration as a body.

Bishop (addressing the Catanars).—And the Catanars all think—do they not?—that if there were a liturgy in Malayalim, under the authority of the Metran, it would be a good thing.

Metran.—They all assent.

Bishop.—I hope again you will forgive my boldness as a stranger.

Metran.—I am persuaded that what you have stated is good advice.

Bishop.—We wish to do you good, if you, as a Church, will accept our aid.

Metran.—We constantly pray that we may be thus supported.

Bishop.—We wish that the Syrian Church should shine as a bright star in the right hand of the Son of Man : holding fast the faithful word :—the light of the Holy Spirit, the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, the pardon of sin through faith in Him, and the Holy Scriptures as divinely inspired and the foundation of all faith. I have longed to come here for three years' past, and I shall represent to the Governor-General, and the Resident, and the Bishop of Madras, what has passed, and I shall do all I can to help, if the Metran and Church are willing.

Metran.—We will take it all into consideration.

Bishop.—If you think over what I have said, and imagine that it will tend to good ; and wish for aid in carrying out the plan, I shall be happy to leave a sum of money.

Metran.—As may be most agreeable.

Bishop.—I shall leave one thousand rupees out of love, and as a mark of love to the Church of Malabar, to be administered by the Resident, the Metran, and the Church Missionaries.

Metran.—It will be as much as ten thousand, coming from you. All shall be taken into consideration, but it cannot be done in a day.

Bishop.—I have suggested nothing, you will observe, but what is agreed to by the Metran and all here present.

Metran.—All shall be duly considered.

Bishop.—Then I will send the heads of what I have suggested for your consideration.

Metran.—We would send an answer to-morrow night, before you leave, but it is impossible ; only one or two of our distant churches have clergy present.

Bishop.—But the Metran has authority to a certain extent.

Metran.—Yes : but in peculiar matters all must meet.

Bishop.—When was your Liturgy formed—when do you suppose ?

Metran.—In the year 345.

Bishop.—Have any additions or interpolations been made since the Council of Nice ?

Metran.—No ; it has come down as we use it now.

Malpan.—We do think that some prayers have been altered, and others added.

Bishop.—Archbishop Menezes altered your Liturgies. Which prayers do you think may have been altered ?

Metran.—I cannot positively say. There are different customs in different countries.

Bishop.—It would be very good for the Liturgy before it is translated, to be corrected by the decrees of the Council of Nice, until you get further information.

Metran.—Our Liturgies have been formed by great persons : we are weak ones, what can we do ?

Bishop.—If, however, these things shall be determined on, I shall be very glad to make my donation. I only wish to repeat my desire that the agreement originally made by the Metran and Colonel Munro should be scrupulously adhered to in its main features.

Metran.—We shall assent.

Bishop.—To-morrow, being Sunday, I will come down and be present at divine service : and after your prayers are over, I will, if you please, address an exhortation to the people.

Metran.—We shall be most happy.

All then rose to go, after Mr. Bayley the senior missionary had taken the opportunity of reminding the Metran, and all the catanars then present, of the arrangement made by Colonel Munro a few years before. It had been then agreed that a

letter of a public nature should be addressed to all the churches signed by the Metran and by Mr. Bayley, with a view of carrying into effect the plan Colonel Munro had decreed for the benefit of the Syrian Church. This plan contemplated the signature of all official letters on Church affairs and to the churches, by the Metran and Mr. Bayley conjointly, and this plan had been acted on up to the period of the then Metran's death, and for some time afterwards. The Metran and catanars being appealed to by Mr. Bayley for the truth of this statement, confirmed it, and said it was so. Each one then went to his own home.

Sunday morning called all together again for the performance of Divine service. It was according to the Syrian form, and was read part in Malayalim and part in Syriac. At the church-yard gate the Bishop was received by the Metran and catanars—the former begging to be excused attendance at the prayers, as he was fatigued by a service he had just ended. He promised however to be in time for the sermon. The church was crowded with one dense mass of people, all standing: whilst hundreds waited without. The priest who was about to officiate, robed in the chancel, putting on a cope of crimson and yellow damask, which fell in broad folds, and had a showy, if not rich, appearance. The assisting deacons had dresses of the same colour, but of coarser materials and ruder construction. Mass was then performed, and though it was impossible of course to follow the words of the service, yet in externals there was evidently an approximation to Rome. The wafer was consecrated and elevated; but there was no prostration or adoration. On the contrary, the priests and the whole congregation joined in a chorus, or rather shout of praise, to which the large church bell, hung in this case within the building, added its loud clangor. The noise was deafening: and the Bishop was much discomposed. In the midst of the service the “Kiss of Peace” was sent round. The officiating priest first took the hands of the assisting deacon between his own, raising them to his lips and forehead. The deacon conveyed the kiss in a similar manner to the senior catanar: he to his brethren: they to the laity: the laity to one another. And very



J. BATEMAN, DEL.

INTERIOR OF THE SYRIAN CHURCH AT COTTAYAM, WITH METRAN
AND CATANAR.

interesting it was to watch the little ripple thus created in the sea of human beings, as it passed down the body of the church, and subsided at the extremity.

Service being ended; the Metran in his place; the lights extinguished; and all hushed to silence:—the Bishop gave out his text from the address to the Angel of the Church at Philadelphia (Rev. iii. 7, 8). The crowd was too great to admit of sitting down. All stood therefore during the hour that the sermon lasted, listening with intense interest. There were about fifteen hundred or two thousand persons present, besides the Metran and forty-one Catanars.

When the sermon was finished, the Metran drew near, and thanked the Bishop, saying, "What you have preached is what we want." He then led him by the hand to the church door: and the congregation dispersed.

'I have witnessed,' says the Bishop, in his journal-letter, 'the most affecting scene which I ever could have conceived—two thousand of the ancient Syrian Christians crowding to hear the word of the Gospel in the principal church at Cotta-yam—the Metropolitan and about forty priests and deacons being present. After their own service, performed in their usual manner, I preached from Rev. iii. 7, 8, for more than an hour, the Rev. Mr. Bayley interpreting. I dwelt on what the Spirit saith unto the Church of Philadelphia: first, as it respects Christ who addressed the Church: secondly, as it respects the Church itself: thirdly, as to the promise made to it. On this last head I showed them that Christ had set before them an open door by the protection and friendship of the English Church and people. In application I called on each one present to keep Christ's word, and not deny His name, as to their own salvation.

'Never again shall I behold such a sight! How can I bless God enough for bringing me here at this critical time; for under the present Metran all has been going back.'

Before returning home from church a visit was paid to the house of Marcus, the catanar before mentioned. He offered refreshments, and conversed with much intelligence about the

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service just concluded. When questioned about the Holy Sacrament, he asserted distinctly, that after consecration the bread and wine did not lose their natural substances. He did not believe in transubstantiation, neither did the Church. They called the elements "The body and blood of Christ," because He did himself; and in a similar sense to that in which they called Holy Scripture the "Word of God."

The house was neatly furnished—two sofas, a lamp, table, and chairs. His wife shortly made her appearance, with their three little children, having evidently waited, as might have been the case under similar circumstances in England, to improve her dress and put on her ornaments. She was a young, modest, and pleasing person, and the children fat and shy. The whole impression made was pleasing. "It is my wish," said Marcus, on shaking hands and taking leave, "to be a faithful teacher of others. Please pray for me."

At five o'clock on Monday morning, the boats were once more manned, and hastening towards Cochin, a stirring town, thirty-five miles distant, and built as it were on a strip of sand about three miles wide, the sea before, the backwater behind. Mr. Ridsdale was missionary here and acting-chaplain, and he received the Bishop into his house. Amongst the residents were several who remembered the visit paid by Dr. Buchanan, in the year 1806—7. They spoke of him as quiet in manner, and somewhat reserved, walking about a great deal, and wearing a white cap under his hat. Bishop Middleton was borne in mind, and one gentleman present had been employed by him to translate several Syrian works, and amongst them an Apocryphal book called "The Infancy of Jesus;" but what had become of the translation he knew not.

Deputations from the White and Black Jews of Cochin also called to pay their respects to the Bishop, and to solicit a visit to their respective synagogues. The origin of these people it is hard to trace. The White Jews were evidently the superior class, but even they know little of their own history. They claim to have come from Jerusalem after its siege and overthrow by Titus. They are as fair as Europeans, but retain the distinctive Jewish countenance.

The Black Jews, on the contrary, are very black, and evidently of mingled blood and lower breeding. The white and black do not fraternise. They hold no intercourse in common, and worship in different synagogues.

The visit to them was paid in the dusk of the evening; and on landing from the boats, the Bishop was received by white Jew boys, bearing immense flambeaux of wax, and was escorted by a crowd of curious lookers-on to the synagogue. A very singular scene presented itself within the walls; and, as in a dissolving view, India and her idolatrous children seemed to fade from sight, whilst Palestine and her ancient people came forth distinct and real. The large, clean room was one blaze of light; benches ran along the walls; a gallery filled one end, an altar, protected by a rail, the other; and in the midst stood a circular desk, where a Rabbi was chaunting the evening prayers. About one hundred Jews were present. They occasionally joined in the chaunt, but their general demeanour was careless and irreverent. Long beards hung down over dresses of every form and colour peculiar to the East, and they seemed to wait with impatient curiosity for the conclusion of the service. The moment that the prayers ceased, some of the Headmen approached the Bishop, and asked him to address some word of exhortation to the people. On the reiteration of the request, he rose, and began his address as follows:—

‘Children of the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob: Hearken.

‘We believe, as you do, in the God of Moses, David, Isaiah and Daniel. The prophet Isaiah, says in one place, “A virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son,” and in another, “He shall be despised and rejected of men.” The prophet Zechariah, says, “Thy King cometh unto thee, meek and having salvation.” The prophet Daniel says, “After three-score and two weeks, Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself.” Now, we Christians say, that all these things have been exactly fulfilled in our Lord Jesus Christ; that He has come; that He has proved His mission by fulfilling prophecy, by working miracles, by a pure and holy life. Him, through ignorance, your

fathers slew and hanged on a tree. You are still expecting a temporal Messiah, with external splendour and glory; we say that the highest glory of our Lord is exhibited in His condescension and humility, in that, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, and humbled Himself even unto death for us men and for our salvation. We pray you to listen to these things. Seek for the Spirit of God who spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets. Pray that your hearts may be opened to understand and believe the evidences of the Christian faith, and the Messiahship of the Son of God. There is salvation in none other, for there is none other name given under Heaven amongst men, whereby we can be saved. . . .

Eyes glanced fiercely, and lips curled scornfully as he spoke these words; and whispers were interchanged, as if each one was confirming his neighbour in unbelief. But no outward manifestation of displeasure appeared; and when the discourse was ended, prayer once more arose from the desk, and the "Bishop of Calcutta," (for the words were plainly distinguished,) was apparently commended unto God.

The congregation was then dismissed, but many lingered. They drew aside the veil above the altar and exhibited the rolls of the Law deposited in silver cases. These were of no antiquity. They had been engrossed on parchment and obtained from Holland, about seventy years before. Certain tablets were spoken of, upon which the peculiar privileges granted to them by the Kings of the country in early days were said to be engraved. They promised to bring them for inspection, but failed in the performance—and sent some writings professing to be copies, but really unintelligible, on the following day. No satisfactory information of any kind could be elicited. The standing curiosity is their existence and their isolation in India.

The Synagogue of the Black Jews was then visited. The building was inferior, but similar; and the service was concluded. So that having looked round and spoken to a few individuals, and noticed the peculiar physiognomy which was



SYRIAN CHURCH AT CARANYACHIRRA.

as marked in the black Jew as in the white, the Bishop at once recrossed the stream and retired to rest.

On Tuesday, Nov. 14th, divine service, with a confirmation for seventy-five young persons was held in the church at Cochin; and the last day for the Bishop's stay in these parts had then arrived. It was set apart for a hurried visit to several of the Syrian Churches in the northern part of Travancore, and for an interview if possible with the second Metran. This peculiarity of the Church was not very clearly made out; but it appeared from the statements at Cottayam, that in the uncertainty, at present, of communication with the Patriarch of Antioch, the Mother Church, it had become customary for the Metran to consecrate a successor, who remained in retirement without any power or jurisdiction till a vacancy was caused by death or avoidance, when he at once came forward and assumed the governance of the Church. The Bishop was willing to encounter some fatigue in order to meet this second Metran, to pay a passing visit to the Rajah of Travancore, and to see a few more of these interesting churches. But the arrangements for the journey were badly made, the air was sultry, the roads were a drifting sand, the bridges were broken down, the route was often lost, no refreshments were provided, and the ten miles spoken of at first, extended to twenty-five; so that though the Rajah was visited, and five interesting churches—Tripoonatra, Caranyachirra, Udiampoor (or Diamper), Mullimduraiti, and Candadad, examined; yet the attendant fatigue and exposure were very great. All suffered; and the Bishop for a short time was very unwell. The residence of the second Metran could not be reached.

Some rest was essential; and happily it restored the Bishop, who met with all his scattered party, and stepped on board the *Hattrass*, lying off Chetwa on the coast, on the 27th November, 1835.

‘I must pour out my heart,’ he says the next day, ‘ere the impression is weakened, now that I have completed my visit of ten days to the Syrian Churches.

‘And first, I owe humble praises to Almighty God, that He

has granted me to see the two spots I most eagerly desired, but never thought I should be allowed to visit—the southern scenes of Swartz's labours, and the Syrian Churches. I have also been permitted to visit them each in the most critical juncture: and have, I trust, been enabled in each to lay the foundation of important service. I was yesterday well enough to write out my sermon on Rev. iii. 7, 8, which Mr. Bayley will immediately translate into Malayalim, and circulate, when printed, amongst the two hundred and fifty clergy, and one hundred thousand laity of the Syrian Church. The Resident will, moreover, immediately meet the senior missionary, and see the Metran, and put things in train to meet my wishes. God only knows what events may happen; but never in my life, I think, was I permitted to render a greater service than to these dear Syrian Churches. But, hush my soul! lest thou rob God of his glory.

‘Amongst the general remarks which occur to me whilst reflecting on these Churches, one is: That we have here an example of a native ministry in primitive simplicity, living for the most part in their churches on about eight or ten rupees a month (or ten or twelve pounds a-year), their dress white linen, their food rice, eggs, and milk. It was thus Ambrose, and Basil, and Austin lived, allowing for differences of climate.

‘Another remark is, that we have here the primitive use of Synods and Elections. The Metran himself is chosen by the clergy, two or three being set apart, and then lots drawn. The congregation also approves of the priest before he is set over them; and the deacons are nominated in the first instance by lay persons. For all great matters, Bishop, priests, and chief laity meet in Synods.

‘Another primitive custom is, the number of priests and deacons who live at each church. There are generally six or seven; and as from their poverty they are frequently unmarried, they live upon the fees. This leads to abuse.

‘Another trait is, the high reverence of the people for the sacred office. They distinguish between the bad character of the present Metran, and his office. This reverence doubtless partakes of superstition.

‘It is a further peculiarity that each Metran or Metropolitan

consecrates his successor early, and then dismisses him to the most distant part of his diocese, to live retired in one of the churches, without allowing him the power of ordination or the privilege of jurisdiction. This is to keep up the Apostolical succession.

‘Once more. Ecclesiastical and civil suits are brought before the Bishop, while criminal cases go before the ruling powers, according to St. Paul’s directions to the Corinthians. This is, however, giving way in civil matters, but the ecclesiastical power is complete.

‘Again. This is now the only Church, so far as I know, that professes to be governed by the decrees of the Council of Nice, and enforces on her priests at ordination, obedience to its canons.

‘As to the Nestorian and Jacobite errors, they seem to know nothing about them; though the Liturgies now in use amongst them employ certainly the Jacobite terms.’

Thus this interesting visit to the Syrian Churches ended. The purpose, deliberately formed, had been carried out with the utmost kindness and caution, and the hope that much good would result from it was surely natural and reasonable. But evil influences were at work, and the result was not realised, as will appear in the further progress of this biography.

The *Hattrass* is now speeding on her way to Goa; the only remnant of the once wide-spread dominions of Portugal in India, and the head-quarters of Romanism. The Bombay Government had officially announced the Bishop’s visit, and requested that he might be received with courtesy; and the authorities did even more than they were asked to do—they added kindness to courtesy. The Bishop soon landed, was carried up the river, and comfortably lodged in the Government House.

But the glory of Goa was departed. Insurrection had paralysed the State, and decay had undermined the Church. There was a Government *de facto*, but not *de jure*; and all the ecclesiastical establishments were reduced to the lowest ebb. The Bishop had even been warned of danger, and

dissuaded from the visit ; but he found, in truth, that “the revolution” had rather opened Goa to him, than closed it against him. He found access everywhere, and was astonished at the magnificence of the buildings and the beauty of the scenery. If Calcutta is a city of palaces, old Goa is a city of churches ; and no time was lost in viewing them. The day selected was favourable. It was the festival of St. Francis Xavier, and the church erected to his honour was thrown open, and magnificently adorned. The priests were attired in their most gorgeous dresses, the choral music was exquisitely performed, and the military display was very imposing. All the authorities were present ; and each lady, gracefully enveloped in the lace mantilla, sat in her own chair, or knelt on her own little square of exclusive carpet. A quiet gallery was appropriated to the Bishop, from whence he watched the service with painful interest ; and when it was over proceeded to the examination of the building. It was immense in size, and superb in design ; but the most interesting feature, and one rarely seen to such advantage, was the chapel dedicated to St. Francis, and containing his body. The authentic records of his life are wonderful. Descended from the noblest of the land, he fraternised with the poorest ; and, in the prime of life, left all to promulgate the faith in India. He was the first Jesuit missionary. Shrinking from self-indulgence, and courting sufferings, he lived a dedicated life, and died a martyr’s death. So far as the number of his converts were concerned, his success was marvellous. By his own account, he baptised ten thousand heathens of the province of Travancore in a single month, so that at length his lips were unable to pronounce the formula, and his hands to perform the office. Thence he visited the Straits of Malacca ; and after ten years’ labour in those parts, he formed the grand design of entering and evangelising the Chinese Empire. On his way thither, and in the island of Sancian, as it is said, he met his death, and closed a course of unwearied labours and entire self-renunciation, unparalleled in the annals of his Church. Would that it had been for the promulgation of a purer faith !

In his mortuary chapel, the Bishop now stood, gazing upon

its lofty arches, and admiring its beautiful proportions. The walls were covered with exquisite Italian paintings, and the chapel was brilliantly illuminated with wax candles. The tomb itself so nearly fills the chapel, that but one spectator can pass round at a time. Its pedestal is formed of variegated marbles, finely wrought and polished. At the height of about six feet, four bronze sculptures are inserted in the four sides, depicting various scenes in Xavier's life.

In the first, he is preaching : his attitude is that of St. Paul at Athens ; the audience are wrapped in attention, and exhibit all the varied expressions of interest, curiosity, and anger. In the second, crowds of all ages—the old man leaning on his staff—the young child led by its parent—press forward as candidates for baptism, whilst fervour, reverence, and devotion, pervade the scene. In the third, his martyrdom is portrayed : the fury of the murderers finely contrasting with the meek patience and resignation of the martyr. The fourth compartment exhibits a scene of heavenly blessedness, in which everything is suggestive of calm repose and holy joy. The figures in each case are in high relief, the countenances full of expression, the attitudes most graceful. Above are rich ornaments, and sculptured niches, beautiful both in design and execution. The whole is surmounted, at the height of about twenty feet, by a silver coffin in which the body of the saint reposes. There was a time when it was exhibited to the people on this festal day, but the exhibition led to tumults, and has long since been discontinued. The coffin is now secured by three locks, the diverse keys of which are kept—one by the King of Portugal, one by the Archbishop of Goa, and one by the Viceroy ; and all must agree ere it can be unclosed. The utmost skill and cunning of the silversmith is lavished upon its exterior ; and when each figure, scroll, and flower chased upon the pure and glittering metal, reflects the light of a hundred tapers, the triumph of Italian art is indeed complete.

Many of the other churches were also examined. With Buchanan's "Christian Researches" in his hands, the Bishop wandered over the magnificent cathedral, stood upon the ruins of the Palace of the Inquisition, endeavoured to get access to the interior of a nunnery on the plea of age and office, lingered

long in the Church of S. Gaetano, and finally rested in the Monastery of St. Augustine. The following entry was there made in his journal-letter. It conveys his first impressions whilst yet fresh and vivid.

‘ OLD GOA, CONVENT OF THE AUGUSTINES,

‘ *Thursday, December 3rd, 1835.*

‘ Here, in the very building where Dr. Buchanan in 1808 wrote those touching memoranda about Goa, which filled England afterwards with indignation at the Inquisition, I am sitting with mixed feelings of admiration, grief, and joy. I see some effects of that eminent man’s labours. A few years after he wrote, the Inquisition, by the interference of England, was abolished; and in 1830, the entire building was levelled with the ground. I have been walking over the ruins, and it was with difficulty I was pulled up the mounds of overgrown fragments. I looked round on the vast masses with wonder at the mysteries of Providence in the overthrow of this monstrous usurpation. The dungeons were inaccessible, and indeed, the long, lank, wild herbage springing up all about, rendered the separate divisions of the building indistinct. It seems to have been a quadrangle, with an interior court and cloisters. It adjoined the Cathedral and Archbishopal Palace; and is an emblem now, as I hope, of the fall of the kindred establishments of an Apostate Church in Europe.

‘ This was, as Dr. Buchanan well expresses it, the City of Churches. In 1590, there were one hundred and fifty thousand Christians in communion with the Church of Rome. Now the number of communicants in the cathedral and different parish churches are about two hundred. As the power of Portugal sunk before the Dutch in 1660, and was at length annihilated by the British supremacy, Goa gradually lost its influence. It then became, and was discovered to be unhealthy. Thus it was deserted, and so remains.

‘ I have been breakfasting in the cloisters on provisions brought by Archdeacon Carr of Bombay, who has joined us, and Captain Le Mesurer, who is appointed to command our escort. On either side I had a monk: one held office in the convent, and spoke a little French. I told him how I admired

St. Austin, and had read only a few days since an abridgment of his "Confessions." I said, we Protestants believe in Jesus Christ as St. Austin did, though you think we are Atheists. No: we know we are sinners, and we humbly trust in the merits and death of the Son of God. "Je ne suis pas Jesuite, moi: mais je suis, Jesus. Non sum Jesuita: sed ego sequor Jesum." They assented.'

The public entertainment given by the authorities concluded the day, and afforded the Bishop an opportunity of returning his acknowledgments for the courtesy with which he had been received.

Friday, December 5th, was fixed on for leaving Goa, and paying a hasty visit of seventy miles, to Belgaum, a large and important military station, which the Bishop was unwilling to pass by. The journey was attended with much inconvenience, but no accident; and on Sunday morning, December 6th, he addressed nearly one thousand European troops in the Station Church. The change of climate was wonderful, and within the walls of the Fort, English flowers and fruit were thriving beautifully—a sight rarely, if ever, seen elsewhere in India. The Sunday services were followed by a Confirmation and Holy Communion on the Monday, and then, from the dinner table of H. M. 20th Reg. all the party entered their palanquins to return to the coast, and reimbark in the *Hattrass*, which was lying off Vingorla. In five more days the anchor was cast in the harbour of Bombay, and the Bishop was received by his old friend, Sir Robert Grant, the Governor. He landed quietly and early on the Sunday morning, and drove at once to church, preaching from Luke iv. 18. The Church of St. Thomas (now the cathedral) presented a venerable and ecclesiastical appearance, and the congregation was very large. The Bishop was invited by Sir Robert and Lady Grant to take up his abode with them, and the sixteen days of his stay were divided between Malabar Point and Parell, the two Government houses. He greatly enjoyed the familiar intercourse thus obtained, but the distance from Bombay itself was considerable in either case, and the effect was rather that of a visit to the Governor than to the clergy. The intercourse with them,

though most friendly, was casual, and rather hasty. Here, however, under the thoughtful and prudent administration of Sir Robert Grant, and the amiable and gentle discipline of the Archdeacon, there were no disputes to settle, nor any embarrassing questions to discuss. Bombay was at peace, and all that was done tended to edification. The usual sermons, confirmations, school examinations, public and committee meetings took place. The morning ride began, and the evening party closed each day. Twice every week, the Governor gave a public breakfast (such was his custom), and this enabled each one who had the entrée, to pay his respects to the Governor, and at the same time leave a card for the Bishop.

The superior natives also gathered much about him, and had free access. One day a Greek of high repute in Bombay came to pay his respects and to beg a blessing. After much converse, he knelt down, whilst the Bishop laid his hands upon, and blessed him.

Two Parsees and a Hindoo also, of great wealth, and speaking English admirably, came for religious converse, and endeavoured to identify their faith with his:—

“There is one, and but one omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent God,” said the Bishop. “Exactly so,” was the reply, “that is our religion: that we believe.” “God has made a revelation of himself to man,” added the Bishop. “He has: we fully believe it,” was the ready assent. “God has himself become incarnate in our nature, and manifested himself in the flesh.” “Quite true: he has.” Thus these grave men claimed agreement with Christians as to the unity, revelation, and incarnation of God; and when pressed upon the subject of idolatry, declared that they only worshipped God through the figure of fire, or imagery. To the Bishop’s remarks on Jesus Christ being the light of the world and the only Saviour, they listened in silence.

One wealthy Parsee gentleman invited him to visit his house, and he found it fitted with all the conveniences and luxuries of European life. Valuable paintings, large mirrors, luxurious couches, were in profusion in the reception rooms. A wedding was going on. It had already lasted ten days, and was to last

twenty more. During the whole time, the house was open, the feast spread, and loose garments provided for each invited guest, which courtesy and custom required them to wear. The little bridegroom was a clumsy boy of fourteen years; the little bride a pretty girl of ten, covered with ornaments. The marriage was real; but the establishment would not be set up for some time to come. The whole was a striking illustration of the Scripture parable.

A place where the Byraggies, or religious mendicants, resort in crowds, and which was accounted most holy, was also visited. An immense tank was surrounded by low open buildings, abounding with idols. Huts of mat, scattered here and there, sheltered such devotees as made the place their home; whilst crowds who paid merely a passing visit to the place, were bathing in the tank or worshipping the favourite idol. One man of peculiar sanctity was pointed out. After travelling all over India, and visiting every sacred shrine, he had settled here for life. Attracted by the sound of visitors, he crawled from his hut, and presented a hideous spectacle. He was quite naked, with the exception of a filthy blanket thrown over his shoulders, and a rope tied round his loins. His body was covered with white ashes, and his face smeared with cow-dung. Blood-shot eyes glittered, as it were, in deep dark caverns; a long beard and moustache were twisted up and fixed to his chin and cheeks by cakes of mud; one arm was stiffened by long retention in the same position; to the upturned palm of the hand was tied a flower-pot with flowers in full bloom; whilst from each finger, in spirals of five or six inches long, hung down nails the growth of many years. Pride shone through all his filth. Joseph Woolff had been to see this man as he passed through Bombay on one occasion. "Who are you?" he asked. "I am a God." "You look much more like a devil!" was the quick response. "Begone," said the devotee with scorn, "take yourself out of my sight."

Whilst gazing on this piteous spectacle, a large party of worshippers entered the quadrangle. "Whence come you?" was enquired. "From Rajpootana," was the reply. Such is India! so hard the bondage; so strong the delusion; so wearisome the service.

The temple of Elephanta was examined, and subsequently the still more famous caves of Karlee, Ellora, and Ajuntah; but these are too well known to need description, and when the usual portion of correspondence has been introduced, this chapter, so full of busy and of varied scenes, must close.

TO SIR BENJAMIN MALKIN.

'At sea, 1835.

'You will find one of the works I have lent you, "Knox's Correspondence" intermixed with a good deal of doubtful matter. It is very interesting, clever, ably written, with many fine criticisms and remarks upon life and manners; but there seems a new school of divinity opened, which I do not like, because it is not scriptural, and, therefore, can never work well in the long run. It is all very well with Mr. Knox and Bishop Jebb; but what will the mass of our clergy do with a Justification borrowed from the Council of Trent, and set up against Luther's notion, and, as I verily believe, St. Paul's? What is to be said of a scheme of Providence which represents error and idolatry as a guardian and casket for truth—popery, for example, the casket and protection for evangelical doctrine, and suited better than protestantism for a rude age?

'My dear friend, we must beware of the danger of new-fangled doctrines, however plausibly recommended by the association of much truth and piety in their inventors. So in our station in society: we are ever in danger. Calcutta presents a strange admixture of good and evil. The scientific spirit which passes by Christianity in its philosophical schemes, is afloat. Men are ashamed of the Gospel. The pleasure-hunting spirit which swallows up all our leisure in vanity, and would generate in India the theatrical contamination of England, is also abroad. Public persons, like Lady Malkin and yourself, must make your stand. A Bishop is allowed of course to be a little particular. But a Judge will have a battle to fight.'

TO LADY MALKIN.

‘CHINGLEPUT, 1835.

‘How deeply I feel your tenderness to my poor sick daughter. May it please God to crown your kindness with the success it so amply deserves. I wish I could be present to hear your discussions. Two knotty points I threw out some thoughts upon. Two more are now sent me, I suppose to try my hand upon.

‘I am quite of opinion that there is a preceding, intermediate, and lower state of bliss for the righteous, between death and the resurrection. Instantly upon the soul’s entering the separate state, a private judgment passes upon it, and happiness or misery succeeds. But both of these will be consummated when the body is reunited to the soul, and the entire man appears before God at the solemn tribunal of the last day, and is adjudged to the eternal happiness or woe of both body and soul, of which we have an account in 25th St. Matthew.

‘What the happiness is, we cannot even conceive—we have no positive ideas—we can only remove all present known and unknown inconveniences, and add all that is involved in absolute felicity in the presence and enjoyment of God; and this we call heaven: as the awful contrary, hell! But as both judgments depend on our conduct in this present state of probation, and as the eternal and final state is such as to swallow up in our contemplation all intermediate ones, we generally and very properly speak of judgment as following death, and heaven or hell directly succeeding. But I suppose purgatory, merits of saints, and indulgencies, were hammered out of the Scriptural doctrine of the intermediate state.

‘Upon the second question, as to degrees of happiness in heaven—there has never been any doubt. It may be answered in a word. There are the same degrees of happiness in the state of reward, as there are degrees of misery in the state of torment. The faithful servant was placed over two, five, or ten cities, according as he had discharged his previous trust. The parables of the Talents and Pounds settle this. In the case of the righteous, all is owing to the grace and favour of God, and all is subordinate to the merits and death of Christ.

But in that subordination the proportion of reward is governed by the proportion of service. The numerous passages which declare we are to be judged according to our works, include this idea. The Apostle's account of one Star differing from another Star in glory, does the same. As twenty vessels of capacity differing one from another, would be all filled if cast into the sea, and would all have the measure they severally could contain, and no more—not because the ocean could supply no more, but because they could not receive it: so the Saints, according to their attainments in grace, are like different vessels of different capacities, cast into the ocean of bliss. They are filled each to the very utmost reciprocity, and admit only certain measures, not because God is unable to give, but because they are unable to contain more.

‘Not only is this so: but we have reason to think that the two states of happiness and misery go on increasing and augmenting by what we now call habit and exercise, through eternity. Satan, we may imagine, has been increasing in malignity, artifices, hatred of God and goodness; and Gabriel in benevolence, obedience, love of God and holiness, since the fall of one, and the confirmation in bliss of the other. The joy of the Saints, is, we know, augmented by the repentance of one sinner, and the misery of the lost increased by seeing Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom.

‘But I check myself. We are soon out of our depth when we try to swim in this undiscovered and untracked ocean.

‘Here again the mass of happiness and of misery so infinitely surpasses in importance all the subordinate questions of their degrees, that it is common and most safe to speak of them—the one as a state of unutterable bliss—the other a state of unutterable misery: everlasting Life, and everlasting Death.’

TO THE REV. F. CUNNINGHAM.

‘CALCUTTA, July, 1835.

‘Such is India! Sorrow, separation, grief, exhausted spirits and strength, unaided solitary effort, with the trying climate and anomalous position. But to THEE, I turn, O Thou Saviour of men. All plenitude is in Thee, all happiness in

Thee, all grace, all consolation, all support, all triumph, all sanctification in Thee! Nor are creatures withdrawn except that Thou mayest be duly known, estimated, loved—and fill the vast void.

‘I am greatly obliged to you for all the information you give me, and all the hints you drop. Rely upon it the reports you hear about my extreme Churchmanship are all unfounded. I am precisely the same in my principles and way of going on, as when I wrote against Archdeacon Thomas in 1818. But of course no one believes this. The tax we pay for any station of moment is the misrepresentations and prejudices we have to encounter, and which are various as the passions of men. It is necessary for me, now I have the care of doctrine and discipline, to stand forward in my duty amongst my pastors, and bear the consequences. God must judge between the Bishop and his oaths of sacred duty to Christ and the Church. But I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kind suggestions. It is the truest exercise of friendship. I profit by it as much as I can.’

TO THE SAME.

‘TITTAGHUR, August 10, 1815.

‘All the tidings you send me are most welcome. I love to see your handwriting. I love your affection and your dear wife’s. I love your honesty. I love your disinterested determination to write whether I can answer or not. Yes, dear Brother, my dangers and temptations are great indeed. Break down I must, if my friends, like Aaron and Hur, do not uphold me by their prayers. Well do I understand the remark of Fénelon, “I cannot control the diocese of my own heart; how then can I manage the hearts of the clergy and flocks committed to me?” Well, we must struggle on, “looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.” Depend upon it, you know little of the difficulty of the Christian life in England, compared to what we do in India. Faith here has no earthly props. She stands alone amidst the waves.’

*Decision on an Appeal to him as Metropolitan, from the
Archdeacon of Colombo.*

‘The main points of your appeal appear to be these two :—

‘First. Has an Archdeacon the right to perform divine services in the church where his official seat is fixed, in preference to every other clergyman except the Chaplain, at such times as the Bishop has not expressly directed.

‘Second. Has the Bishop of Madras, as your diocesan, a right to direct that any other clergyman than the Archdeacon, should give occasional assistance to the Chaplain of the church where his seat is fixed.

‘With regard to the first point, I am decidedly of opinion that the Archdeacon has not the right; and on the whole, I conclude that the venerable Archdeacons, in the Indian dioceses, have not a right to perform divine services in the church where their seat is fixed, in preference to any other clergyman whom the Chaplain may occasionally ask to render him assistance at such times as the Bishop has not expressly directed.

‘The second division of the case proposed admits of a very brief consideration.

‘Nothing can be more clear than that the Bishop of Madras had the fullest right to permit the Chaplain to call in the assistance of the Rev. Mr. — in the church where your official seat is placed. The instant the episcopal power interfered, all the points of the previous divisions of the case became unnecessary or inapplicable. It is inherent in the Bishop’s high office, that his pastoral, as well as his corrective and judicial power extends over his whole diocese, and that no place of public worship can claim to belong to the Church from which his presence and doctrine are excluded. A Bishop therefore, *in India*, (where there are no benefices, no freeholds, no vested rights) is surely competent to give permission to whatever clergyman he pleases for an occasional entrance into any pulpit in his diocese, in agreement with all the ancient and modern canons, decrees, and usages of the Christian Church.’

TO TWO CHAPLAINS,

On the recurrence of a disagreement between them.

‘CALCUTTA, 1835.

‘It is with very serious distress of mind I have received a letter from the junior Chaplain of your church, dated April 6th, complaining of an irregular observance of the rules I took the liberty of suggesting nine months since.

‘The chief thought that occurs to me from a very long past experience of my brethren at home, if I may venture to intimate it, is, to avoid the interference and meddling of any third person between you. Two brother clergymen can scarcely fail of understanding one another; but if relatives or friends are allowed to come in, with whatever good intentions, mischief is almost sure to ensue. Understand each other, explain to each other, open your apprehensions to each other; but shun the representations and feelings which any third party may interpose.

‘This is the chief thought that occurs to me, on a general view of the cases of joint ministers, and without the least knowledge that the slightest occasion for it exists, or ever has existed in your own.

‘A subordinate suggestion, if I were called upon to make one, would be, that when any occasion of apparent misunderstanding occurs, you should wait till it has been fairly and fully explained: you should just allow, that is, a week or two of calm to intervene, in order that a friendly correspondence may be established, and precipitation avoided.

‘To attend to little things, which fall under the rules I suggested, trifling as they may be—inconsiderable, microscopic—is a third still more subordinate point of wisdom. Little things had better be done right, as well as large things: and, if little things are neglected, they often swell to large ones.

‘But I am ashamed to offer these reflections to brethren of such piety and standing as those whom I now address. I would only say, it is impossible for me, and would be obviously improper to attempt again to enter into the details of duties between my reverend brethren. I cannot, however, avoid suggesting to them the prodigious evils that bickerings and

misunderstandings create in their large and important flock, the certain diminution of their own comfort and usefulness, and the fearful scandal given to the worldly-minded and unbelieving. The Apostle Paul's holy example—his patience and forbearance, especially to the Corinthian Christians—together with his readiness to bear everything for the Gospel's sake, may well be studied by myself and you, my honoured brethren.

‘I am unwilling to intimate to you, which yet I must do after this second appeal to me as Bishop, that it will, I fear, become my duty to consider, should disagreements continue, how far I can recommend the removal of one of you to a new and therefore less irritating sphere of duty.’

CHAPTER XV.

PRIMARY VISITATION—(*Concluded*).

1836—38.

Bombay Charge—The March—The Escort—The Camp—Ahmednuggur—European Troops—Aurangabad—Little group of Christians—Mhow—Durbar at Indore—Neemuch—Nusseerabad—Ajmere—Jyepoor—Day at the Palace—Thugs—Delhi—Meerut—Mussooree—New Church—Journey across the Himalayah Mountains—Simlah—“Sermons preached in India”—Return to the plains—On the Sutlej—Lodianah—Kurnaul—The city of Delhi—Visit to the King—Agra—Taj Mahal—Bareilly—Cawnpore—Church Building—Futtehpore—Allahabad—The Pilgrims—Pilgrim tax—On the Ganges—Arrival at Calcutta—Krishnaghur—Burdwán—Departure of Dr. Mill and Bishop's Chaplain—Death of Sir Benjamin Malkin—Journal—Correspondence.

THE Bishop had intended to make his primary Charge suffice for the Archdeaconry of Bombay; but it had been printed, and the official delivery of an address, already well known, was manifestly inexpedient. Hence the preparation of a second (or if the missionary Charge at Tanjore be reckoned, a third,) Charge became necessary, and, as an addition to multifarious duties, it was attended with much anxiety and labour.

The clergy were summoned for the 23rd December, and on that day the Charge was delivered. The topics were to a considerable extent local, but the state of the Syrian Churches was described in a graphic and forcible manner, and a series of valuable thoughts were suggested for the encouragement and guidance of the clergy. It was afterwards printed at their request.

This duty performed; immediate preparations were made for a long journey through the upper provinces of India. It was of importance to reach the Himalayah Mountains, and obtain shelter there, before the hot weather set in, and this

involved a succession of one hundred marches, and a distance of fifteen hundred miles, through countries in many parts unsettled, and by no means safe. From the Commissariat stores of the Government, elephants, camels, hackeries or country carts, and tents, with their attendants, were furnished willingly; but each one of the party had to provide for himself servants, bearers, palanquins, horses, and all the many contrivances essential to comfort, and indeed to health, upon a long land journey in India.

The camp was gradually formed and sent forward, whilst the Bishop, bidding farewell to Bombay and the many kind friends who had ministered to him there, paid a rapid visit to the great military stations of Poonah and Kirkee. Both these were renowned in the history of India. At Kirkee, two thousand British soldiers discomfited a host of thirty thousand Mahrattas. An isolated and lofty hill rises from the plain, forming a magnificent pedestal for two temples, the one ornamented with black marble, the other glittering with gold. On the parapet of one of these, the Peishwah sat, and saw his last hopes vanish with his beaten troops.

These stations now formed the head quarters of a military division; and three English regiments, some artillery, and a large body of native troops, were cantoned there. The number of Christians was nearly four thousand, and two chaplains ministered to them.

Here the last day of the old year, and the first of the new, were passed, and the following were the Bishop's reflections:—

‘POONAH, *December 31, 1835.*

‘We arrived at this ancient seat of the Mahratta empire at five o'clock this morning. It is an immense cantonment. It has been quite fearfully cold. At eight o'clock yesterday morning, the thermometer was 54°. The fine old Mahratta commander of the thirty horsemen who form my escort, and ride peaceably beside my palanquin, was a celebrated officer under the Peishwah's government, and fought most fiercely against the English only eighteen years since. The tremendous character of these Mahrattas remains, though they are subdued. My commander came to be introduced to me this morning,

bedizened with gold. He had a dark jutting countenance, eyes fierce and prominent, moustache black as jet, sword sheathed by his side. This Poonah, with Ahmedabad, was one of the scenes of the acute negotiations of the Duke of Wellington in 1803. Even at present, no Mahratta is allowed to go to Bombay without special licence.'

' January 1, 1836.

'A happy, happy new year to my dearest family! A Bishop's and a Father's blessing rest upon you all! Be encouraged in the good ways of the Lord. Let us grow in grace, and in the knowledge (which includes in inspired language, faith and love) of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let deep, unaffected, heartfelt humility before God, silence, dread of human applause, a willingness to be unknown, a sole reference to the approbation of God the great final Judge, an independence of the frown or flattery of the religious world, be our constant aim. May all this increase in us this new year; immensely difficult as each part of it is.'

Divine service was performed at Kirkee this day: and five hundred soldiers crowded the inconvenient room used for a church, and heard the Bishop preach from Romans xii. 1. Regimental schools and libraries were then inspected; hospitals visited; and the sick comforted. A site for a church was also selected, and plans suggested for the building. An evening drive to Dapoorie, a country-house much valued by the Governor at Bombay, and much deprecated by the Government at home, and a small evening party, closed the second day.

The third was given to Poonah, where a church stands well, and looks handsome. When first erected it was wondered at by the natives of Central India. "What," they said, "have the English really a religion! This is the first outward sign of it that has yet reached our eyes." The Bishop preached in it to an overflowing congregation. Other sermons followed day by day, and the impression made upon all classes was very striking. The confirmation followed, and put the seal to it. But what most delighted the Bishop was the effect produced upon the two valuable men, who, at this time, filled the

office of chaplains. He held earnest converse with them on some things which he thought might be improved in the exercise of their spiritual functions, and his affectionate exhortations met with a grateful response, and produced a lasting effect.

Meanwhile the camp had been pitched in the neighbourhood, and all was now ready for the march to Simlah. On January 4th, the Bishop, accompanied by Archdeacon Carr, his chaplain, captain, and doctor (and for a few days by Sir John Awdry and the Rev. Mr. Jackson), commenced his patriarchal life. Two hundred and seventy persons accompanied him, and formed a motley group of all ranks and callings. First came the soldiers, horse and foot—the former as a guard of honour, but still calculated to render good service—the latter as a defence in a district full of thieves. The commander of the horsemen has been already described. The men were in strict accord with him—wild and undisciplined Mahrattas, full of fire and pride. They received British pay, but each wore his own dress, provided his own horse, and chose his own weapons. The dress was fanciful, and composed of mingled colours of red, yellow, blue, and white, with a small turban set jauntily upon the head: the horse was active, but full of vice, and incapable of long-continued service: the weapons consisted of a long gun, a spear, several swords, and pistols *ad libitum*. These troopers served to carry messages and procure guides.

The Sepoys, on the other hand, guarded the camp at night. Without such precautions in this part of India few could escape being pillaged. A naked man, with hair shaved close, and skin dark as the night, would glide beneath the cords, cut an opening in the canvas, and strip the tent. All would be conveyed away so silently and imperceptibly, that the inmates, however numerous, would be unconscious of the wrong till the morning light revealed it. Nay, instances were common, of the very sheets of the bed being taken from under the sleeper. A tickling feather sufficed, without awaking, to cause a restless movement, and this admitted of a pull. Then came a pause; after which the process was repeated again and again, till the

object was attained. And if from any sudden cause the sleeper awakened, and discovering, attempted to seize the thief, a greased body, and a sharp dagger fixed outside the elbow, ensured escape. A party who came across the Bishop's route afforded an illustration of all this. They asked to be allowed to pitch their tents close to his guard of soldiers for the better security. They were willingly allowed to do so: but in the morning there came a message to beg for clothes, since husband, wife, child, and nurse, had been robbed of almost all.

But besides the troops thus needed for honour and for safety, each individual of the Bishop's party was provided with a full set of bearers (for no relays were to be met with in these parts) for carrying the palanquin, and running into stations for the Sundays: whilst each hackery, elephant, camel, bullock, and pony, had one or more attendants, with wives and families accompanying them.

Soon all things fell into order. Each person in the encampment found his proper place, and moved on, day by day, without friction. Long before dawn the summons to arise and depart was heard; and if the sleeper hesitated, the tapping at his tent-pegs, and the collapse of the canvas covering, presaged a catastrophe. A cup of coffee was ready at his call; his horse stood at the tent-door; one after another joined the single file, following the troopers and the guide, and keeping close together, lest, from the high jungle on either side, a tiger should make his spring. Five or six miles were thus slowly passed; and when the sun arose, the Bishop finished the march of ten or twelve miles in his palanquin, and the others on the gallop. Arrived at the new encampment—a second set of tents, fac-similes of those just left, stood pitched in the same external order as on the day before; whilst the proper occupant, on entering, found his table, chair, book, writing-case, and pencil arranged precisely as when sleep had closed his eyes on the previous night. All remained the same, but in another scene, and under another sky. Some hours after, the elephants, camels, and carts came up, bringing the tents and baggage. Then daily food was sought; followed by the morning's quiet, the midday meal, the evening stroll.

Thus the Bishop marched through this part of India. It

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will not be necessary to follow him step by step ; but only to mark points of interest and importance as they occurred.

The first large station reached was Ahmednuggur, interesting, as still showing the breach made in its strong walls by Wellington's great guns. As Colonel Wellesley, he took both fort and town ; and from thence went and fought the battle of Assaye. Handsome cantonments for troops, chiefly artillery ; bungalows pleasantly situated, and bright with flowers ; were arranged outside the fort. The chaplain, Rev. J. Goode, was absent ; but Mr. Jackson had hastened forward to act on his behalf. Schools, hospitals, libraries were at once examined ; two sermons were preached in the only room available, on the Sunday ; and a confirmation was held with divine service on the Monday. The claims of the Temperance Society were also strongly urged. The necessity of the case compelled it in this, and every other military station. Spirits, fiery in themselves, and inflamed still more by spices, are so cheap and so easily obtained in India, that the temptation to many proves irresistible. In vain noble reading-rooms are built, in vain large and interesting collections of books are made : these suffice not to stay the plague. The midday sun forbids (for the most part) exercise in the open air, the long hours pass slowly to the idle man, the authorised allowance of spirits begets the taste and suggests the resource, and the habit once begun—the noble British soldier soon becomes a wreck. The Temperance Society offered itself as a palliative or remedy : the Bishop generally found Commanding officers anxious to secure his recommendation of it to their troops : and, henceforth, it was one subject borne in mind during all his visits. At Ahmednuggur his appeal was very successful ; and many at once came forward and took the required pledge.

Thus, having done his best, during four days, to leave a blessing behind him ; he passed on, and soon entered the territories of the Nizam.

He was met by a large body of troops sent to the frontier to do him honour ; and was escorted by them to Aurungabad. This was the famous city of Aurungzebe, a place of great renown and extensive commerce. It was especially celebrated

for the manufacture of rich brocade, and beetle-wing muslin : and was seven miles in circumference. But the space is greatly contracted, and the glory all departed. Amidst heaps of grass-grown ruins, and fragments of fallen temples, one building of exceeding beauty remains intact. It is the mausoleum of white marble, erected by Aurungzebe to the memory of his favourite daughter. In its tapering minarets, its faultless domes, its noble arches, its exquisite proportions, its rich surrounding foliage varied with running water, and its ornamental interior, it rivals the Taj Mahal at Agra. The cantonments of the British Contingent were at some distance from the town ; and here the Bishop was received by Captain Twemlow and his amiable lady. The number of Europeans did not exceed thirty. There was a neat church and burial-ground ; but no chaplain, no divine service, no observance of the Sabbath, nor any other Christian ordinance.

Before Divine service commenced on Sunday morning an interesting circumstance occurred. A little group of natives stood within the camp, seeking permission to join the Christian congregation on its assembling, and asking baptism for their little ones. They recalled the memory of the few in Israel, who had not bowed the knee to Baal ; for though the single missionary station in the presidency of Bombay (Nassuck) was not far distant, and its Church Missionary (Mr. Farrar) had recently visited the camp, yet in his work he had found little encouragement, and made no converts. Whence, then, this little company, consisting of four men, six women, and five children, all professing and calling themselves Christians ? They had journeyed from the South of India, and had been originally Roman Catholics. But meeting an old Dutch woman from Ceylon, she had taught them a more excellent way. They separated themselves at once from what they were convinced was unscriptural and erroneous, and now held fast the faithful word. Two of them were servants to a military officer just appointed to Aurungabad ; and being all related, and with a common bond of union, they had refused to part, and had journeyed in company. Each Sunday their custom was to meet and edify one another. They had an Hindustâni prayer-

book, and the nature of its services was singularly well-known. Hearing of the Bishop's arrival, they sought baptism for their children. Questioned on the subject of the Eucharist, they said, with much modesty, that whatever change took place at consecration, they thought the elements retained their substance of bread and wine. Inquired of as to their mode of performing divine service amongst themselves, they described a perfectly correct practice, which left out the Absolution and the Benediction, as appertaining, they said, to a minister.

The Bishop was delighted when this little group of respectable, well dressed, and well instructed Christians were brought to his tent. He welcomed them to church, admitted them to Holy Communion, and baptised their children.

About seventy persons were assembled at the time of divine service, as previously announced : amongst whom were mingled some Roman Catholics and a few heathen. The effects produced by the Bishop's strong and faithful words upon minds totally unaccustomed to hear the Gospel, and isolated from all Christian communion, were diverse and curious. Some were quite alarmed at hearing idolatry denounced and Christianity proclaimed :—"What will the Nizam say, when he hears of it?" Such was their uneasy inquiry. The old Colonel commandant had no such fears. But he had not heard a sermon for twenty years, and was perfectly certain that all the Bishop said (the text was "Walk in love," and the sermon had been often preached in India) was directed personally against himself; he consequently refused to attend church again, or to bid the Bishop farewell. Another officer, in authority, but of a different cast of mind, expressed the utmost astonishment. "I came out," he said, "as a boy of fifteen. I have been many years in India, and have been tossed hither and thither. I have been stationed here some years and have not heard a sermon preached. I never heard such words delivered with such power. I had no idea in my mind of such manly eloquence. I cannot express my feelings."

Whilst the Holy Sacrament was administered, it was painful to see the effect of long disuse. When the sentences were read and the usual alms solicited, none knew what was wanted, none were prepared; and though a noble sum was afterwards

sent, the whispered explanation, made necessary at the time, could meet with no response.

This total forgetfulness of Church customs and Christian duties, was not a singular instance. Another may be mentioned here, though not occurring at this time or place. The Bishop, whilst continuing his visitation, had halted, and pitched his tents near the open house of a civilian. He was an Englishman of high family and good repute, but far separated, by his location, from all Christian associations, and Christian usages. By the Bishop's side at breakfast, his Bible and a few other books, were always placed; and, as was his wont, he asked permission to have family prayers, when the meal was ended. Receiving a tacit, though somewhat wondering assent, he began to read and to expound: but whilst doing so, the hookah in his host's mouth was not withdrawn: the vigorous smoking still went on. The Bishop said nothing and took no notice; but when the reading was concluded, and all knelt down for prayer, and the drawing of the smoke and gurgling of the water still continued, he was obliged to stop and say that they were praying to God, and that such conduct was irreverent and improper. Then, with unfeigned surprise, the hookah was laid aside, and the knees bent. The young man evidently thought the Bishop was doing some strange thing, in which he had no concern. Such is the effect of a total suspension of Christian ordinances! How important then the effect of a visitation such as this, to keep alive the flickering flame, and feed it with pure oil.

When the Bishop left Aurungabad, he earnestly exhorted the residents to meet each Sunday in God's house, to offer up the prayers he marked, and read the sermons he provided. He also memorialised the Government that an application should be made to the Nizam to defray the expenses of an occasional visit from a chaplain to the Christian officers in his employ. When this was referred, however, to the Governor-General, the answer was that "it would form an inconvenient precedent." "Ah," said the Bishop, when he heard it, "our Government is un-Christian, and anti-Christian still." And thus those few sheep were left alone in the wilderness.

Proceeding northwards, the fortresses of Dowlatabad and

Asseerghur were visited with wonder, and no spot of interest was passed unnoticed. The Emperor Aurungzebe's tomb, at Rowsas, beautiful in its simplicity : the Ajunteh Pass, with its marvellous fresco caves : Boorhampoor, on the river Taptee : Itnairah, with its terrible jungle, breathing pestilence, and harbouring tigers : Mundlaisar, eight degrees hotter than any other part of India, with orangeries yielding fruit of concentrated sweetness, and peas growing eleven feet high :—all these and many other famous spots were visited in passing ; and on Saturday morning, Feb. 6th, after leaving the camp, and making a dâk run of thirty miles with his chaplain, the Bishop entered the large frontier military station of Mhow.

The Presidency of Bombay was now changed for the Presidency of Bengal. Archdeacon Carr returned. The regulations of the service required that the captain of the escort should be superseded. Many of the Bombay servants also begged their dismissal. So that a "fresh departure" had to be taken, and a country, manifestly unpopular, to be entered on. Here also a letter from Bishop Corrie was received, deprecating any further progress in advance, hinting at serious dangers, and recommending a return. But if there was an unsettled country before, there was the unhealthy jungle behind, where several of the camp followers had mysteriously disappeared, and all the party, except the Bishop, had seriously suffered from repeated fevers ; there seemed also no reason why a plan deliberately arranged and undertaken should be changed : the Bishop was in perfect health : he was where he had proposed to be, and at the time appointed ; if the visit round this part of India could not be accomplished now, it never could. On the whole, it was determined to persevere in the original design ; modifying it only so far that by a rapid dâk run, in and out, more time might be given to the successive stations, and the progress of the camp be uninterrupted. The Bishop's own comment is as follows :—

'The Bishop of Madras has sent me an earnest entreaty to return to Calcutta by sea from Bombay, and not venture the journey to Delhi and the hills. But by this I lose all the

advantage of the last three months. I turn back upon my steps before any adequate cause appears. I leave the Upper Provinces to be visited some other time with increased risk and inconvenience. All here, however, with whom I consult, so fully agree, that I am quite at ease *in foro conscientiæ*, and have resolved to go on, whatever Providence may appoint for me. I am with God.'

At Mhow, the Bishop was entertained in the house of the Rev. J. Bell, the chaplain. Two sermons were preached in the church on Sunday. Visits were received; and hospitals, schools, libraries inspected on Monday. The consecration of the church, and another sermon, occupied the Tuesday:—the offered service of a body of Freemasons being willingly admitted. The confirmation was held on Wednesday morning: and in the evening, the Bishop and his party paid a short visit to Indore, the residence of the Holkar of the day:—the term Holkar, being a designation, like that of Pharaoh in the olden time, and signifying that the seat upon the musnud appertained to one whose family were of "Hol," a village in the Deccan. In the noble house appropriated for the Residency, the Bishop was most agreeably entertained by Mr. Bax and his lady; and enjoyed his intercourse with hosts so cheerful, able, and experienced. On the Friday, English service was arranged for a little company of eight, and the Holy Sacrament was administered to all kneeling round the same table, and joining in the post-communion. The service was sweetened by its rarity.

Hurry Holkar held a Durbar to receive the Bishop with due honour. A little before sunset, the party proceeded to the town and palace, on five huge elephants, covered with most gorgeous trappings, which had been sent for them. Swarms of Mahratta cavalry were in attendance, commanded by one of Holkar's sons. The procession was characterised by all sorts of frantic demonstrations—the shouts of the people, the galloping of horses, firing of pistols, and clouds of dust. The armed camels formed a striking feature in it. On the back of each, a swivel gun is mounted, and when calm, they march in ranks. But now, whether partaking of the excitement or

frightened at it, they defied alike their riders and their nose-bits, and were galloping wildly over the plain. A galloping camel is a strange sight. In vain the rider pulls back the head and lays it on the hump; the animal still pursues his headlong, or rather headless career. Nothing brings him to his senses but fierce blows upon the nostrils thus brought within the reach of the rider. Long avenues led into the town. Wild peacocks were grouped upon the trees, and hunting leopards chained to many of the doors; the populace poured out into streets strait and wide, from houses handsome and well-built, by thousands and tens of thousands. At length the Palace was reached, and at the top of a narrow and somewhat shabby staircase, Holkar received his guests, shook hands, and led them to the Durbar. In this case no seats were provided, and all were obliged to sit as best they could. Conversation was rapid; and was enlivened, but not interrupted by music and dancing. In about half an hour, all rose to leave. Then followed the bedizenment with flowery wreaths around the head, neck, and wrists; which was smiled at and submitted to, as a matter of etiquette. But the Bishop winced when Holkar rubbed a whole handful of oily attar over the front of his best dress-coat, and was evidently in despair when the anointing was followed by a shower of rose-water. In vain he afterwards rubbed, and was rubbed: the visit to Holkar cost him a suit of clothes. The Vizier was more merciful to his suite; and a little persuasion averted the compliment. But all alike bore off the wreaths of flowers; and on arriving at the Residency presented anything but a clerical appearance.

The next day, bidding farewell to his kind friends, and, speaking a word on behalf of the "Lord's day," and the "not forsaking the assembling of themselves together;" the Bishop returned to Mhow, and after preaching again on the Sunday, and addressing the assembled station on various important topics, concluded his visit on the Monday, and rejoined the camp, amidst a fierce storm that permitted no further movement for two days.

The young Nawaub of Jowrah, came out to the camp to call upon the Bishop and pay his respects. He was a child of about eight years old, and the Bishop gave him sententiously

some good advice. "My Lord," said the old prime minister sitting by, "the words you speak are pearls and diamonds dropping from your mouth."

After several marches, a forced run was made for Neemuch, the second large station on this frontier. A great danger was incurred, and but just escaped. A band of two hundred marauders had attacked the bazaar at Neemuch the day before, carried off eight thousand rupees, and after a fierce fight, left many dead behind them. As they rushed from Neemuch maddened with rage, they missed the Bishop, unaccompanied by any one except his chaplain, by three hours only. The troops of the Nawaub had accompanied him for the first half of the journey as being dangerous, but had left him for the last half as being safe. He was "with God" however; and was preserved.

The course pursued at Neemuch and Nusseerabad, the next station visited, did not materially differ from that pursued at Mhow, and need not be narrated. As the Bishop advanced he obtained a better insight into the real state of morals amongst the Europeans. He did not know all; but he knew enough to give him pain; and to put an edge to his discourses. He endeavoured to raise the tone of religion and morality everywhere; and to find employment for those who were well-disposed. Old plans of usefulness were revived, and new ones suggested. The hands of the Chaplains were strengthened, and irregularities checked. At one of these distant stations he found the Chaplain just preparing to read prayers for a Presbyterian minister, who had announced his arrival and expressed a willingness to preach. It was not in this case the result of an advanced liberality; but sprang from ignorance, and an inability to say "No." This was not an isolated instance; and the recurrence of it was checked by a general circular to the clergy.

The Deccan, Malwa, and Candeish, had now been passed through, and Rajpootana was entered on. The countenances and general bearing of the natives were entirely changed. All wore an air of complete independence. Each chief dwelt in his own castle, leant on his own arm, and carried his own sword. Nothing but England's power kept the peace. Many

a stronghold was passed where stores of arms were kept, and long rows of horses stood tethered. Yet all professed innocence and honesty. One Killedar, to whose castle the evening walk had led, came out and saluted the Bishop, and accompanied him back to the camp, holding his hand. A crowd of followers came behind, and a bard went before, singing his master's praises. The Killedar was bewailing his past bad fortune: "I have had no luck in life; but now that I have touched and held the Lord Sahib's hand, I shall be prosperous." He was a true Rajpoot; stout and tall, with an immense black beard and moustache, trained upwards. He went on recounting his good deeds and his good repute. "Yes," said one of the Suwars, who walked close to the Bishop:—"Oh yes; no doubt you are a very innocent, and a very honest man; but there are many sad rogues about these parts, and they give it a bad repute." "That is exactly it," said the Killedar; "there are sad rogues about, and through them, I, though a good man, get a bad name. I do not deserve it. But what can I do? The outside of the fort is not mine." "True;" said the Suwar, "what can you do?" and then showed his own private opinion by refusing to admit any soul into the camp. The bard alone was kept for his music's sake; but he caused weariness, and was soon dismissed.

The magnificent remains of Chittore had been thoroughly examined; also Dunaira and Dablah; and now Ajmere was visited—a city clinging to the mountain side, and flourishing under British protection. It is supplied with most sweet water from a noble tank or lake, on the banks of which a hundred ghâts, mosques, and country palaces, produce a most superb effect. One of the holiest spots in India, to which Ackbar in the height of his glory, paid thirteen pilgrimages from Agra, is at Ajmere; but certain conditions, such as putting off the shoes, being insisted on, the Bishop refused to visit it. A singular Jain Temple however:—the interior full of lofty slender columns, elaborately wrought, and supporting graceful arches:—the exterior carved and enriched with Arabic inscriptions from the Koran, inspired admiration, though standing in the jungle, and falling into ruins. Such are the wonders of India when the beaten track is left!

The Bishop next approached Jyepore. It was a powerful and independent state, rendered notorious by a tragedy then rare in India, but now, alas, only too familiar. One day the Resident, whilst in the act of mounting his elephant, after attending the Durbar, was cut down, and three severe wounds inflicted on him. Before the foul purpose could be accomplished however, deliverance came. The murderer was seized, and the Resident, Major Alves, was hidden in a palanquin, and hurried off by his staff; but one gallant young civilian, foremost in the rescue, who had imprudently lingered behind, was surrounded by an ignorant and excited mob, and killed. Troops from Nusseerabad were summoned on the instant; and the anger of the British Government hung like a dark thunder-cloud over the city for many months, whilst the matter was investigated. The Rajah was but a child, and the Ma-jee, or Queen-mother, was supposed to be guiltless. The Prime Minister was the person accused and arrested; for how could such an attempt be made in the very precincts of the palace, where he was supreme, without his cognisance? And yet the inquiry proved him to be innocent. The whole was the plot of an ex-minister to displace and ruin a successful rival. The attack was planned by him, and the assassin hired, in order that his rival might be implicated and removed, and he himself restored. Such are the means for bringing about a change of Ministers in India !

This being satisfactorily proved, it was necessary to reinstate the accused but innocent Rawul in office; and the presentation of the Bishop to the Ma-jee, in Durbar, was deemed a fitting occasion.

On March 18th, the Bishop and his suite were conducted to the Durbar on elephants and horses. One eighth part of the city, full of noble buildings, was covered by the palace, which on this occasion was thrown open for inspection and refreshment. Court after court, and chamber after chamber, were examined. All was painting, mosaic-work, and marble. One court was devoted to astronomical observations, and was filled with huge erections and transit instruments. In the gardens were temples, fountains, and summer houses of all descriptions, shaded with trees, and gay with flowering shrubs. Inclined

planes (no stairs) led up from story to story of the principal building, till the summit was reached, and a view of the whole city obtained. Even the Harem was opened for inspection, the inmates having for the moment been removed elsewhere. Their rooms were small, but adorned with talc, stained glass, and gilding. The usual attendants accompanied the party, and led them finally to a garden-house where breakfast was prepared. Tables were spread near a small reservoir of water, round which arched cloisters ran, and in which fountains of red water played. After breakfast the Bishop began to read Heber's account of his visit to Jyepore, and as he read, each place was recognised. The palace and scenery were still the same; the figures in the foreground only had been changed. For now a group of women gathered in the cloisters; and whilst the sun glittered on their spangled dresses, the tinkling of little silver bells upon their feet harmonised with the clear voice and sweet notes of a singing child, and mingled with the falling waters of the fountain. The whole constituted a fairy scene, widely diverse from past life and its realities!

Soon in another apartment of the same garden-house, huge bearded men, the lords of Jyepoor, with sword and shield, began to assemble, and were introduced by turns to the Bishop.

'They were,' he says, describing what passed, 'in most splendid dresses, each with his round shield, sword, and dagger. I begged to look at one of their shields; they made me a present of it instantly. I replied that I was a minister of peace; and, taking out my Greek Testament, and handing it to them, said, "that is my shield." They turned over the sacred pages with curiosity and surprise. I then showed them the pictures in one of Heber's Journals (vol. 2nd), and my little book of maps. They wished to see London. I opened the "World," and placed my pencil on it. I then spread out a map of India, and pointed out Jyepore. I then gave them a sheet of paper filled with texts from the New Testament, written in Hindustâni, but they could not read the character.'

The Durbar opened about noon. It was held in a large

room, hung round with silk purdahs of rich colours and divers patterns. A thick carpet overspread the floor, on which all sat cross-legged and covered.

The Ma-jee, as a female, did not appear, but conversed through some small circular holes in the wall of separation. Her voice was low, but clearly heard, as she expressed to Major Alves her joy at his recovery, and her gratitude to the British people for saving her country from confusion. She also, with many complimentary expressions, congratulated the Bishop on his safe arrival, and bade him welcome.

The Durbar now began to fill; for, heretofore, it had been a private audience. As the Rajpoot chiefs appeared one by one, their names were called out by the master of the ceremonies, who greeted each in the sovereign's name with a "Maharajah, salaam!" All were splendidly attired. About fifty of the highest rank were seated, and about two hundred stood behind. The Ma-jee now spoke only to an eunuch; whispering compliments, which were repeated in her name. Suddenly a file of men appeared, bearing large trays full of rich presents of jewellery, cashmere shawls, rare muslins, and Indian curiosities. Five were laid before the Bishop, three before his chaplain, and two before the doctor and captain; and it was announced, in addition, that an elephant waited the Bishop's acceptance at the gate. It need scarcely be said that eyes sparkled somewhat at the sight, and that there would have been very little difficulty in accepting these offerings of good will on the part of those at whose feet they were laid. But the Resident interposed, and in their names begged to decline the gifts. "Such was the custom," he said, "amongst the English. The Honourable Company declined all gifts." The Ma-jee was hurt; and instantly replied, with reasoning which seemed remarkably cogent to all concerned, that the Bishop was not a servant of the Company, and not, therefore, bound by their rules; and that it was an offering to him simply as a holy man. But the Resident was firm: tray after tray was removed out of sight: and the elephant never carried a Bishop!

The installation of the Rawul followed. Jewels were suspended from his turban, an unkar, or sharp instrument used to drive elephants, was placed upon his shoulder, and a sword

was girded to his side. A long list of presents made to him were enumerated; and he himself presented in return, a nuzzur or offering of gold mohurs—retiring from the presence after having done so with low salaams. The Durbar then broke up, and all retired to the garden-temple, till the setting sun allowed of movements homewards.

The next day the Bishop was called to see a body of Thugs—those Indian murderers, once hidden in darkness, but now brought to light. Out of a large body in custody, four were called forth, and the Bishop questioned one of them, a mild looking aged man. “I have been a Thug,” he said, “for thirty years. It was my kismut—my fate. Had I been born a carpenter, I should have built houses and made tables: but being born a Thug, I robbed and murdered. I had no idea of its being wrong, though I think so now. It was my profession, and I followed it as soldiers do. Our goddess guides and protects us. She tells us when and where to act. Sometimes we kill seventy at a time; sometimes ten or twenty. The bodies are plundered, and then buried. It is a sorrowful thing to us when we happen to kill people who have no money. Formerly, we used to plunder first, and kill after. But we found it more quiet, and comfortable, and safe, to kill first, and run the risk of plunder. I have killed about three hundred men, women, and children myself. Women and children are all the same. If I was set free now, I should not resume the practice. I have done with it.”

Some of the party were anxious to see the process; and when the Bishop had retired, one Thug was asked to exhibit it upon another. But their principles forbade this. A Hindoo servant therefore was sent for, and consented to the experiment. He sat down on the floor, and one of the Thugs sat opposite, holding him in conversation. After a while, when he appeared interested, his attention was directed to the window by some remark upon the weather. He looked up. In an instant the Thug standing behind him, twisted a cloth tight round his neck, threw him prostrate on his face, knelt on his back, and was strangling him! Every one present involuntarily rushed forward to the rescue: and the man arose, shaking himself, and grinning

a very ghastly smile ! He was black in the face, and evidently thought the matter had been carried quite far enough.

Under the vigilance of the British Government, the whole of this atrocious system, grafted upon a religion once called innocent and moral, was dying out. Hundreds of Thugs, proved guilty of murder, had been already executed. Hundreds more, where proof had failed, were held in custody. The names of hundreds more, undetected and at large, were accurately known and registered. Colonel Sleeman, to whom the suppression was intrusted, never slept. Every movement was watched and every suspicious circumstance noted. To leave one Thug at liberty, was to perpetuate the system ; for it had the power of self-production everywhere, and one Thug could initiate hundreds. So secret, so stealthy was the system, that the servant waiting upon his European master, obedient, gentle, courteous, might be a Thug in disguise. A rising inclination, or a call from a companion, would bring him to his master to ask for leave of absence for a while—his “ wife was sick ”—or his “ father was dead ; ” any excuse would serve for the predatory and murderous excursion. And then when the time for his return had arrived, he would appear again as obedient, gentle, courteous, as before, with the blood of hundreds perhaps on his hands and heart. Surely the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty ! The more heathenism is known, the worse it appears ; and the louder is the call upon Christians to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

It is easier to relate these incidents of travel, than to convey a correct impression of the powerful influence produced by the visits of the Bishop to these distant and isolated spots. The daily morning and evening prayers, with expositions of the Scriptures—the conversation always directed with a view to edification—the earnest discourses in the pulpit or the chair, never more tender, simple, and impressive, than when two or three only were gathered together—the sanction given to the performance of divine service by some one in every station who feared God and eschewed evil—the suggestions made for the continuance of family devotions after he had left—the present of books, either his own works or some others calculated to

impress the mind or raise the tone of piety :—all these were the results following each visit. The impression in many cases may have been transient; but in many it was abiding, and all knew and confessed that there had been a prophet amongst them. When the tone of piety throughout the land was low, it was raised; when error entered and began to spread, it was checked. The silent influence of twenty-five years of service such as this, is incalculable. The “day” alone can declare it.

After performing divine service both in the Residency at Jyepore, and in the cantonments, on Sunday March 20th, the Bishop hastened to join the camp, which had come up and passed on. The season was advancing, the heat was increasing, and forced marches were adopted; so that on Saturday, March 26th, Delhi was in sight. “After a journey” says the Bishop “of eighty-nine days, of which fifty-one were, in part, spent at the different stations, and thirty-eight wholly in travelling, I came this morning within sight of the domes and minarets of Delhi. The distant view very much resembled that of Oxford from the Banbury road. A near approach, however, dissipated the delusion, as it displayed the lofty city walls, in excellent repair, stretching as far as the eye could reach. We entered the fortifications at about seven o’clock after fifteen hours *dāk*; and most imposing was the grandeur of the mosques, palaces, and mansions of the ancient monarchy of the world. The red stone of which many of the buildings are constructed, is very beautiful. The wide streets, the ample bazaars, the shops with every kind of elegant wares, the prodigious elephants used for all purposes, the numerous native carriages with noble oxen, the children bedizened with finery, the vast elevation of the mosques, fountains and caravanserais for travellers, the canals full of running water raised in the midst of the streets; all gave me an impression of the magnificence of a city which was once twenty miles square, and counted two millions of inhabitants. May God bless the hundred and thirty Christians, out of the hundred and thirty thousand Hindoos and Mahometans now constituting the population.”

But the plan marked out for the Bishop did not contemplate any stay at Delhi on this occasion. It was to be visited on the

return journey from the hills ; and there was only a halt now on the Sunday before Easter, and an address to the few Christians residing at the civil station some miles without the city walls. That halt gave rise to the following reflections :—

‘ DELHI. *Sunday in Passion week, March 27th, 1836.*

‘It was on this day in 1832, that I became Bishop-elect of this awfully responsible See. As I enter on the fifth year of my sacred office, I would desire to humble myself before my God and Saviour for his unnumbered mercies. The very fact of having performed a land journey of twelve hundred miles through the most disturbed native provinces, with changes of temperature often exceeding 40° within twenty-four hours, and exposure in tents unavoidably perilous, speaks the goodness of God. I have been reading over, as is my annual custom, my notes made in 1832, and subsequent years, and the Consecration Service, in order to affect my mind with these mercies ; and in order also to learn penitential sorrow and shame for my countless defects, sins and provocations, and that I may seek for more GRACE for the short and uncertain period of remaining service, that “Christ may be glorified in my body” somewhat more this year “whether it be by life or by death.”

‘Publicity, external duties, talk, misrepresentation, reliance on an arm of flesh, the opinions of men, party spirit, divisions, fear of human judgment, secularity, worldly mindedness, are amongst the evils I would most desire to shun. And I would learn retirement, internal duties, silence, reliance on the approbation of God, frankness, truth, integrity, simplicity, spirituality, deadness of heart to the world and the creature, submission under the cross, union with Christ, preparation for “that day.” Amen, Amen.’

To spend the remainder of Passion Week, Good Friday, and Easter, with the four thousand Christians at Meerut was now earnestly desired ; but a heavy storm of rain on the Sunday night made the attempt perilous. The whole country was under water, and the contents of the palanquins, carried through the swollen streams on the bearers’ heads, were saturated with water. Meerut, however, was reached at ten

o'clock on Tuesday morning, and the excellent Chaplains were at once called to conference. Two fine regiments of European Cavalry, the 11th Dragoons, and the Buffs, besides infantry regiments and a large body of native troops, were stationed at Meerut. Their parade grounds, the barracks consisting of long rows of bungalows with verandahs, the schools, hospitals, and libraries were most complete. Sir David Ximenes was in command, and the Rev. Mr. Proby and Mr. Whiting were chaplains. A noble church, with deep galleries, erected in 1821, and consecrated by Bishop Heber in 1824, was capable of accommodating nearly two thousand persons. The Bishop longed to communicate to them some "spiritual gift," and he spared no labour. The programme of the Visitation was soon arranged. Each day the church was opened for morning prayers; each day the Bishop expounded the Holy Gospel, with much tenderness; and each day more than two hundred persons assembled to receive the word at his mouth. On Good Friday and Easter Day, the whole body of the military thronged the spacious church. Such a sight called forth all the Bishop's powers. To arrive in time, he had far outstripped the camp, and his sermons were all left behind; but he made fresh ones on each occasion, more suitable, perhaps, because written under present impressions. Meerut was full of sickness and full of sad hearts, and deep sympathy had been aroused for one of the chaplains into whose house death had again and again entered. As three dear children were in quick succession carried to their burial, the hearts of all were moved, and prepared to receive the word when the Bishop on Easter Day addressed his crowded audience from 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14, and spoke of the "Child of sorrow consoled by the fact, the benefits, and the prospects of the Resurrection." It was hard to decide which was the most affecting sight:—when hundreds were melted into tears in the great congregation under the power of his appeals; or when, the public service ended, he went into the house of mourning, and read his sermon once again to the bereaved and weeping mother!

The number presented for confirmation on Easter Eve had been one hundred and twenty-two: the number of communi-

cants on Easter Day was one hundred and twenty. The evening services, though voluntary as it respected the attendance of the troops, and though the Bishop did not preach, were largely attended; and on Easter Monday and Tuesday the interest continued unabated.

On Wednesday the Bishop preached in a pretty missionary chapel, built by the Begum Sumroo, and under the charge of a catechist named Richards. On this occasion seventy natives were baptised and confirmed.

On Thursday divine service was celebrated on occasion of the consecration of a new burial-ground; and on Friday one hundred sick soldiers were visited in hospital, addressed tenderly, and prayed for. The fine schools of the Dragoons and Buffs were also examined.

On Saturday, two hours were spent amongst the native Christians, and two hours more in earnest and anxious conference with the chaplains—the mind of one having been long harassed with conscientious scruples on various Church questions.

Every interval of time between these public duties was filled up with receiving visitors and returning visits: amongst the former appeared, to the Bishop's great pleasure, Captain Thomas, the son of his old controversial adversary, Archdeacon Thomas, of Bath.

This accumulation of duty proved too much, and when the following Sunday morning's sermon had been preached to, if possible, a larger audience than ever, and the Sunday afternoon's sermon to the natives in their Missionary Chapel, the Bishop fell ill.

His skilful doctor was happily at hand, and by his directions every engagement was relinquished, the day of departure postponed, and perfect quiet enjoined. By God's blessing, the illness proved temporary and passed away, but nothing more was done. Nor was it necessary. The desired impression was produced, and his labour had not been in vain in the Lord. The prayers with which everything had been begun, continued, and ended, seemed to be at once heard and answered. The whole tone of religion was raised, and its influence seemed to pervade all minds. Even in the social intercourse of every day much

kindly feeling was elicited; and the splendid entertainments given by the Buffs and Dragoons at their respective mess-rooms were rendered subservient to edification by the addresses delivered. At no station hitherto visited, had a larger blessing been vouchsafed.

‘I look back,’ the Bishop says himself, ‘on the fifteen Meerut days with peculiar thankfulness, from the vast extent of the population, the time falling in Passion and Easter weeks, the amazing opportunities for extensive usefulness, and the tranquillity restored to the mind of a most amiable, pious, simple-hearted chaplain.’

He had been too much occupied at Meerut to turn aside to any sight. He only made what he called “a pilgrimage” to Sirdhana, the residence of the Begum Sumroo, who had died about a month before. Being now restored by rest, he bade farewell to his kind entertainers, Mr. Glyn, the judge, and Mr. Whiting, the chaplain, and pressed on to the camp at Deyrah Dhoon. He was then on the foot of the Himalayah mountains, and on April 16th, 1836, the very day fixed in the plan arranged for him by Captain Garden nine months before, he ascended them and halted at Mussooree, wondering at the goodness and mercy which had followed him and made the crooked places so straight, and the rough places so smooth.

Mussooree was only a halting-place on the way to Simlah, and the Bishop was welcomed and entertained by Captain and Mrs. Brace, two cherished friends and companions of his voyage from England. On April 22nd, he writes as follows:—

‘We spend our days most pleasantly, and, as I hope, profitably. How good is God, to interpose seasons of calm and reflection between hurried successions of duty. Now we have time for thought, prayer, meditation, preparation. Now the soul retires into itself, instead of acting perpetually in external things. It heals itself as well as others. I am sure when my camp came up, and I got re-possession of my Thomas à Kempis, one interior sentiment of that remarkable saint-like writer

recalled me to myself more than a hundred conversations with men:—"It is good for me, O Lord, that Thou hast humbled me, that I might learn Thy righteousness, and might cast away all elation and presumption of heart. It is profitable for me that confusion hath covered my face, that I might seek Thee for my consolation rather than men. There is no one who can console me of all who are under the heavens, except Thou, O Lord my God, the heavenly Physician of souls, who smitest and healest, bringest down to hell and liftest up. To Thee I commend myself, and all that relates to me, that Thou mayest chasten me. Better is it to be punished here than in a future world." (Lib. iii. c. 50.) I close my letter with a cheerful humble trust in my Almighty Saviour. My life hangs by a thread. The Hills which are life to others, may be death to me. "Christ is all" to D. C.'

There was neither chaplain nor church when the Bishop entered Mussooree, but he seldom left a place as he found it. Divine service was performed twice each Sunday at Landour, the sanatorium for sick soldiers; and as soon as the overcrowded room gave significance to the appeal, he announced his intention to build a church, and called a public meeting to make the necessary arrangements. The result is thus described by himself:—

‘MUSSOURER, *Tuesday, April 26, 1836, 6:30 A.M.*

‘Very chilly morning; thermometer 44°; driven in from my walk by the wintry cold. Yesterday also was cold, with a cloudy sky and rain. My poor torrifed frame, accustomed for four years to excessive heat, is shrivelled up with this English January weather. But what a blessing such hills are! There were twelve new houses built last season (April to October), and there will be more this. Nor are we without hopes of an English-like country church being built. I was sitting, about eleven o'clock, with two or three gentlemen who had called, amongst whom was Captain Blair, just returned along the hills from Simlah, when the two leading persons at Meerut, Hamilton and Hutchinson, came in to talk with me about the church of which I gave notice on Sunday. We soon warmed. Plans, sites, architects, means of supply, were arranged in

about two hours. I promised one thousand rupees from the Church Building Fund, two hundred rupees from the Christian Knowledge Society, and two hundred rupees myself. Three gentlemen each subscribed two hundred and one hundred. We ordered our ponies and johnpons (commonly so called, but properly char-palkee; a four-legged chair, carried on two poles by two or more men, and usual on the hills), on the instant, to go and see the three or four places pronounced eligible for sites. The heavens were cloudy; and no sun to dread. We were on the grounds from two to four o'clock, and selected the best spot. Before night Mr. Bateman, my chaplain, had sketched an elevation for a church, fifty feet by twenty-five, to hold two hundred people; and I had finished my letter to Mr. Whiting, the owner of the land. On Monday we hope to be ready for the public meeting. My church-building experience at home comes in, and enables me to speak with decision. *Deo gratias.*'

'*May 4th.*—We shall have a church here presently. The beautiful plan was entirely approved by the Committee here on Monday, as well as by a scientific officer at Saharunpore to whom it was submitted. The estimate is three thousand two hundred rupees; and the subscriptions already raised, amount to three thousand three hundred rupees. A little hesitation remains about the exact site, because the habitations ramble over a space of four or five miles; but we have two in view, and I hope before we leave, on May 16th, to lay the first stone.'

'*May 10th.*—God be thanked, I have just returned from measuring out the site for our new church, to be called Christ-Church, which Mr. Proby has given us out of his own garden, about one hundred feet by sixty. This will be the first church built in India after the pattern of an English parish church. It will stand on a mountain like Zion, "beautiful for situation." The tower is eighteen feet square, and thirty-five feet high: the body of the church is fifty-five by twenty-three.'

'*Monday, May 16th.*—On Saturday we laid the foundation-stone of Christ-Church, Mussooree. The whole Christian population poured out; I suppose four or five hundred persons. The scene on the gently sloping side of the hill was exquisite:



NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE HIMALAYAH MOUNTAINS.

and the entire ground around the circuit of the foundations was crowded. The Himalayah mountains never witnessed such a sight. I began with some prayers from the service for consecrating churches, slightly varied. Then my chaplain read Psalm lxxxvii. Mr. Proby read Haggai 1st.; and the whole assembly sung the hundredth psalm. I made a short address. The senior civilian, Mr. Hutchinson, next read the deed of gift. Colonel Young, Political Agent (the King in fact of the Dhoon) read a copy of the inscription. All was now ready, and I descended into the deep cavity in the mountain and laid the stone in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The Lord's Prayer and Benediction closed the service. As we were departing, the band of the Ghoorka regiment struck up the National Anthem, which echoing and re-echoing amongst the mountains, was the finest thing I ever heard. Afterwards I entertained the Committee at dinner. We sat down, twenty-one, in camp fashion—each one sending his own chair, knives, forks, plates, and spoons. God be magnified! The whole celebration was unique. It will be the first church raised amidst the eternal snows of Upper India, and all planned, executed, and money raised in a single month. Nine months will finish it.'

This was the Bishop's last public act in this place; and after writing the above lines he commenced his journey, and plunged into the sea of mountains intervening between Mussooree and Simlah. Nothing could be more sublime than the scenery. Now one huge mass standing forth in its naked majesty of rock and precipice; now a second clothed in the beauty of the flowering rhododendron; and now a third, varied with plantations of the fir and pine. The summits of the whole range presented a continually changing outline; each deep ravine, or khûd, was a bed of wild flowers; and every little patch of soil spared by the mountain torrent, was formed into terraces for the growth of grain, and the site of a native village. Narrow paths winding round the mountain sides, connected these villages together, formed the route for travellers, and led to each day's resting-place. Often from the resting-place the goal was in full view, and apparently close at hand; but such was the projection of the

mountain spurs, and such the depth of the ravines, that generally hour after hour would pass away, and ten or twelve miles be passed, ere it was fairly reached, and the day's work done. This was no route for elephants, camels, palanquins, or comfortable tents; and these were accordingly exchanged for experienced ponies, stout sticks, hill tents, and johnpons. The main camp was sent round by the lower route of Nahun, all the heavy baggage; whilst indispensable things were carried on the back of Puharries, or Hill-men, hired for the purpose, and accustomed to the duty. They perfectly understood the philosophy of a division of labour, and a company of two hundred and fifty barely sufficed. The attempt to cross the mountains was a serious matter in those days, and not free from danger. No mountains in the world are more precipitous; no alternations of heat and cold more trying. And there was no way of escape. The route once entered, Bishop and Puharrie must tread the same track, shiver under the same cold, faint under the same heat, and incur the same risk. No one could succour his neighbour. Colonel Young, who was well acquainted with the route, and gave the Bishop the great advantage of his society and protection, was wont to announce beforehand the dangers of the day. But he never offered help; knowing well that to attempt to aid, was to increase the peril. One day he forewarned all that the most critical part of the journey was to be encountered; and recommended caution. The reason soon became apparent. At one spot, the path, meeting with a rock cropping out of the mountain side, too hard to be cut through, and too large to be removed, rose over it, steep as the roof of a house, barely three feet wide, and with an ascent and descent of twenty feet; whilst on one side the mountain stood up like a perpendicular wall, and on the other sunk sheer down, at least three thousand feet, without a tree or shrub to break the fall. The Colonel alighted, and bade his mule go on; she passed safely over; he followed, and walked on, never stopping even to look back, till he reached the next encampment. "What would have been the use?" he said. The Bishop followed in his johnpon, borne carefully by his Hill-men; but it made the breath come short, to see his feet suspended, as they necessarily were, over the dizzy

height. One pony, when it reached the ridge, was seized with a sudden panic, and stood still, trembling violently. An instant more, and it would have fallen headlong, and been dashed to pieces; but its master covered its eyes, and led it gently and safely down, instinct serving better than sight.

Colonel Young was making his annual tour of inspection, and his presence was a singular advantage to those desirous of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the mountaineers. They gathered round him at every village, and he held "cutchery," listening to complaints, dispensing justice, and enforcing moral obligations. Thus, their religion, amusements, prejudices, oaths, marriages, laws of inheritance, and manner of settling disputes gradually became familiar, and afforded data for their improvement.

Their religion seemed simple enough. Some few temples there were in deep ravines, but these were reserved for great occasions. A little heap of stones, or any single stone of unusual size or shape, adorned with a few flags, and sprinkled with red powder, on the mountain side, was the place of worship and object of adoration. They had none of the varied idolatry of the Hindoo, nor the fierce bigotry of the Mahometans, but they knew no more excellent way. A species of soothsayer was met with who pretended to foretell things to come. He put himself into violent and voluntary agitation, and what he said, whilst brain and intellect were alike confused, was taken to be the word of God. Witchcraft was also a part of their belief, and, as a test, a waterfall of tremendous height was used. If the accused, on being thrown down, escaped alive, she was put to death as being guilty of witchcraft: if killed by the fall, she was pronounced to have been innocent. One day loud screams for justice were heard outside the Bishop's tent, and all ran out to learn the cause. An old Hill-woman lay prostrate on the ground; her story was that her son, weary of keeping her any longer, had accused her of witchcraft; and her prayer was that she might be thrown down the waterfall to prove her innocence. A better way, however, was found than this. She had dressed herself in all the finery of the hills: the doctor took paper and paint, and as her marked features and fantastic head-dress came before the sight of a crowd of natives

assembled round, their astonishment and delight were inexpressible. The old lady rose in a moment to the height of popularity. No more was heard of the accusation. The son came forward, and, with a low salaam, expressed his resolution to take her home and keep her. And she left, with a few words from the Bishop, bidding her keep her tongue (which had never for one moment stayed) in subjection. So simple-minded were they, that, in connection with this incident, the Colonel mentioned that when he first came amongst them, and was about to punish some offence, they, knowing that cows were sacred animals, and never beaten, prostrated themselves on the ground, eat grass, and called themselves cows, that they also might escape unbeaten.

Their marriage customs were very bad, and the cause of endless strife and misery. When a female married, she married the whole family; however many brothers there might be, they all claimed an equal right in her. This unnatural usage made everything else unnatural; and in some domestic establishments one husband would be nursing the child, another spinning the wool, a third sweeping the floor, whilst the woman herself was working in the fields. A still worse custom was perceptible also; and either as a cause or a consequence, female infanticide prevailed, so that one of the first acts of the Colonel on entering a village was to call for all the female children and compare them with his list, to see that none had been destroyed. The effect of this vigilance was good. The number of females had much increased, and now and then a stout villager would draw near with a broad smile on his face, and say, "Colonel, sahib, I have got a wife all to myself."

The administration of justice was prompt and primitive. A punchayat, or native court, accompanied the Colonel in his tour. It was composed of five old men, chiefs by hereditary right, and to it all questions involving old customs or matters of fact were referred. Most interesting was it to see these men at the close of day, sitting under the shade of a spreading tree, with long white beards, grave faces, and rough blankets, whilst around them sat or stood hundreds of Hill-men, listening to the cause in hand or giving testimony concerning it. One amongst the crowd would rise up or press forward, and with



THE HIMALAYAH WITCH.

rapid speech and earnest gesture give his opinion. All were silent whilst he spoke the truth, but the instant he overstepped it or distorted any fact, loud noises arose on every hand to correct or contradict him. When one side was fully heard, the other side replied; and then the Punchayut decided and reported. An oath for confirmation was considered amongst them as an end of strife. A man once came urging a claim against another for twenty-five rupees (a very large sum, for in these disputes the amount seldom exceeds a single rupee), which he said he had lent him. The fact was strenuously denied. The plaintiff was asked whether he would swear to the truth of his statement in a certain temple. "No, he would not take the oath in that temple, but he would in another." Now, a false oath in this last temple only brought a curse upon the land; but a false oath in the other brought a curse also upon the person. This looked suspicious; and the decision was, "Withdraw the claim, or take the oath." He withdrew the claim. In another case, four brothers came to complain. They had given thirteen rupees for a wife, but she did not like them, and would not complete the bargain which her father had thus made. The father, for his part, wished not to constrain her. "Let her have her own way," he said. He was bidden to return the money, and he did. The brothers took it; three were glad, one sad.

It is impossible to give each day's proceedings, though they were recorded fully. Before the Colonel, who had come to the limits of his jurisdiction, took his leave and returned to Mussooree, a meeting of the Hill-men was summoned, and the Bishop addressed them at some length. His own account is as follows :—

'I begged the Colonel to ask them whether they would like schools to be set up in their chief villages; and whether they would send their children to them, and countenance the masters. They all declared they would. I took the names of eleven, besides the head-man, here called, the Chountron, and wrote them down as engaged to welcome my Missionary Schools, if I could set them up. I told them that our

ancestors, fourteen centuries ago, were in a far worse state than the mountaineers of the Himalayahs. But Almighty God had sent us teachers, and so we had risen to our present power. I wished them to follow our example. They clapped their hands with joy, and promised to do all I desired. I said I should correspond with them through the Colonel, and hoped they would candidly consider the Christian religion, which was the only true light of the world. They said they would; but at present they did not know what it was. They had lived like the animals only, but now they were beginning to get on.

‘Ah! what shall I do for this simple, but ignorant and unhappy country of the mountains.’

The Bishop and his party now journeyed on alone; and it was necessary to hasten, for supplies began to fail. Several petty Rajahs came out to pay compliments, as their respective territories were entered; and amongst them one, who brought, as a present, some honey and a sheep. This last was particularly acceptable, for the small flock which had accompanied the camp from Mussooree was eaten up; and only a few ducks and fowls, carried on men’s backs, remained. The present being accepted, however, a return was necessary, and it was difficult to find anything suitable. At length the sight of two or three ponds of water in the mountain hollows brought the ducks to mind, and having ascertained that they would be accounted most precious, since they had seen no such birds before, two ducks and a drake were at once presented, and carried off, loudly vociferating, in the arms of the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They were liberated at the ponds, and their noisy acknowledgments contrasted ludicrously enough with the silent astonishment of the assembled crowds. When the New Zealander stands on the ruins of London Bridge, and reads that ducks are indigenous in the Himalayah Mountains, may this book live to correct the statement and solve the mystery!

The rains now set in: and heavy storms, with thunder and lightning, disquieted the camp. Trenches were required to carry off the water. The tents were saturated, and became heavy to carry in the day, and dangerous to sleep in at night.

It was, therefore, with great delight that on June 3rd, after much discomfort, the whole party straggled into Simlah, and found shelter in a comfortable home. The journey had occupied eighteen days. All suffered except the Bishop: his health and spirits happily remained firm. Three extracts from his journal-letters will express his grateful feelings:—

‘SIMLAH, 7200 feet above the level of the sea,
Friday, June 3, 1836; Thermometer 73°
at four P.M.

‘We arrived here this morning after a march of four hours. Judge of my delight, when a packet of seventy-one letters and papers were placed on my table; and this in addition to forty-three sent out to me, on the preceding day. But I am too much fatigued to enter on them. My spirits also are overwhelmed. The impression on a first reading is thankfulness to the God and Father of all grace, for his goodness to the most unworthy of his creatures.

‘*Saturday, June 4th.* A calm delightful repose of eight hours in our nice bungalow; perfect quiet; no jabbering tongues of three or four hundred natives at half-past two o’clock in the morning; no bugle sounding at four o’clock; no exhausting march of three or four hours! When our camp from below has come up with my books, papers, and implements of business, I hope to sit down for four months’ diligent work in this charming climate. But one hundred and fourteen letters rather overwhelm me. I have been at present only able to take them, like Hezekiah, and spread them before the Lord. I have twice done so—expanded them on my desk—turned them over—and prayed for each individual who has written them, especially for the sixty-six brethren assembled in Islington, who signed the letter of January 5th.

‘*First Sunday after Trinity, June 5th.* Blessed be this holy morn! All calm, all inspiring peace and gratitude. I am sitting at six o’clock in the morning in my room, with its windows open all round, and the sun just making its way over the eastern hills. There is not a sound to interrupt the moments of communion with the Author and Preserver of my blessings. But something more is wanting than external repose

and opportunities—even THY GRACE, O Blessed Saviour, or the soul cleaves to the dust still, nor rises ever towards Thyself. Quicken Thou me according to Thy word !

‘ Three of our party are likely to be confined from church from over-fatigue upon the march, and sleeping for nine days in damp tents. They have smart fevers. I owe my own exemption, under God, to the better tents provided for me, and the less fatigue I underwent.

‘ But I must break off. I have no books, no robes, no sermons, and am waiting for their coming up before the time for service.’

Thus the rest at Simlah commenced; and it continued without any serious interruption for four months. It was a pleasant respite from “the burden and heat of the day” both in a natural and spiritual sense. The weather was for a time uncertain: sun and clouds alternately bore rule. The mid-day sun was neither trustworthy nor pleasant. The clouds were too familiar. For days together they enveloped the whole station, and filled the house, so that doors would not shut, nor windows open. The small rains, already mentioned, were followed in due course by the great rains; and then communication was often difficult, congregations could not assemble, divine services were put off, and dâks, never very rapid, were delayed. “Great sir,” exclaimed an old native woman, starting up from sleep upon the mountains, with the dâk bag by her side: “great sir, be not angry, I am not the dâk, I am only the express.”

The society upon the hills this year was very agreeable; and the Bishop did everything to promote kindly feeling by social intercourse and small weekly parties.

There was no chaplain in charge of the station; but divine service was performed twice each Sunday in a small room given for the purpose by Lady William Bentinck. Here the Bishop and his own chaplain officiated; and arrangements were soon set on foot for giving an ecclesiastical appearance to the building by the erection of a tower and chancel, and for promoting the comfort of the congregation by the addition of a clock and bell. Prayer-books were supplied; singing commenced; and the

Sundays were the happiest days in the week, and worthy to be held in lasting remembrance.

But the Bishop's leisure was employed chiefly in the preparation of a volume of sermons, and in carrying them through the press. They were, what the title-page professed, "Sermons preached in India;" and by their publication he fulfilled many promises made during the course of the Visitation. The judges at Madras had joined the Archdeacon and clergy in requesting the publication of several sermons preached in that Presidency. The authorities at Bombay, and at Ceylon had done the same. The Bishop had promised to print the sermons preached at the Syrian Churches, and at Meerut: and the congregations at several other places also held his pledge. All these were now remembered and fulfilled; and after his return to Calcutta in May 1837, the volume appeared. The sermons were arranged into a series in order to show the "Tendency of Christianity;" but this was scarcely an improvement, for the connecting links were heavy. Each sermon as it stood alone, was admirable. The first sermon the Bishop ever preached was introduced into the series, from the text, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," (John vi. 37); and when the volume was presented to old Dr. Marshman before his death, he said it was "the best." The funeral sermon for Bishop Corrie, tidings of whose death were received before the Visitation ended, was also included. The volume was handsomely reprinted in England, and met with much acceptance.

In these employments, and in much important correspondence, the summer at Simlah passed away; and as October drew near, the camp was re-organised at the foot of the hills and the Bishop prepared to descend and resume his visitation. Early in the morning of October 10th, each one of the party who had straggled wearily into Simlah, on June 3rd, took up his staff, and prepared to quit it. Converging at the same time from different points, friend after friend—Colonel Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Captain and Mrs. Curtis, Mr. Raikes, Captain Simpson, Mr. Wake, and others,—joined the company, so that when the boundary of Simlah was reached, they had become "two bands." After having partaken of the coffee and refreshments kindly provided, every one stood up uncovered on

the mountain brow, and the Bishop commended all to God, rendering thanks for the past, and entreating grace and guidance for the future. Then with a blessing, and a cordial farewell, Simlah and Simlah friends disappeared from sight. A steep descent and a journey of ten miles led to a bungalow where the heat of the day was passed; and then a further journey of fifteen miles led to the resting-place of Sabbathoo. It was pleasant to see a piece of level ground, and to tread upon it. A week was spent amongst friends at Sabbathoo, in order to get accustomed gradually to the atmosphere in the plains: and arrangements were made that the children of the hills, educated in the Government school there, should be trained to act as schoolmasters, in fulfilment of the pledge given by the Bishop.

The journey was resumed on the 17th, and the route led, not directly, but obliquely downwards. The track still clung to the mountain side, the scenery continued very grand, the air felt fresh and pure; when suddenly the path sunk out of sight, a curtain seemed to be withdrawn on either side, and the plains of India lay stretched before the eyes, misty with heat, and boundless in extent. The first feeling was to start back and return; but duty said "go forward," and it was obeyed. In one half hour all were enveloped once more in the heat of India. The foot of the mountains is most unhealthy: and it was necessary to remove the camp from the place where it was pitched, and to hasten on. In two days, Roopur on the river Sutlej was reached, and the Bishop was welcomed by Captain (now Sir Claude) Wade, the King of the country. But this was not accomplished without a terrible accident. The roads were most treacherous. They were covered with sand, so that the surface was smooth, but beneath, all was rough, rocky, and most dangerous for equestrians. The Bishop continued to use his johnpon: but all the rest were mounted: and in the freshness of the morning the Captain and Doctor were tempted to a gallop. In a moment both horses fell: and their riders were dashed to the ground. Dr. Webb happily was unhurt: but Captain Gillanders, a most valuable and excellent man, apparently lay dead. It was a terrible moment: but the first apprehensions were not realised. Consciousness returned. The Bishop resigned his

conveyance; and the Captain was borne to a neighbouring Rajah's house. He was attended with the greatest care and skill; and was ere long enabled to resume the command of the escort: but some serious and secret mischief had been wrought, and in a few months he died, deeply regretted, on his voyage to England.

It was at Roopur that Lord William Bentinck met Runjeet Singh: so that the place had some historical interest: but the object of visiting it was to drop down the river Sutlej to Lodianah. Subsequent events have made the territory familiar: but it was then little known. Huge boats, built upon the Indus, were in readiness: and the stream bore them down forty miles within ten hours. This was the very stream (the Hyphasis) which Alexander's soldiers refused to cross. He had passed the Indus at Attock—the Jhalum (Hydaspes) at Jhelum, where he conquered and behaved so nobly to Porus—the Chenab (Akesines)—and the Ranee (Hydraotes). But from the Sutlej he was compelled to turn back and retrace his steps. Whilst gliding down it, the Bishop rose upon the deck, and looking towards the territory of the Punjab, then scarcely known, exclaimed aloud,—“I take possession of this land in the name of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.” It seemed little likely at the time that we should have any inheritance to put our foot on. But this incident is surely very remarkable, when connected with our speedy possession of the whole territory, the favourable prospects of our missions there, and the help and deliverance Christian England drew from thence in her extreme necessity. It seems to show how faith has power with God, and still prevails.

Lodianah was then the watch-house for Lahore, and the frontier station on our side the river. About one hundred Christians resided there, and the Bishop at once began his ministrations amongst them. The erection of a church was the first object: and towards it, liberal contributions were made. A committee was appointed: the sketch of a Gothic church to hold one hundred persons was drawn and approved: a site was selected: and an application made for a grant to Government. Christ-Church, Lodianah, was the result of these efforts: and till a chaplain could be appointed, the

Bishop made arrangements, as in other cases, for a Sunday assembling, and the reading of prayers and a sermon. On the single Sunday assigned to this station, two services were performed, and confirmation with the Holy Sacrament administered. All was interesting and impressive. The influence of Captain Wade was very great, and all for good: and his hospitality and kindness were without bounds. He had charge, not only of the communications with Runjeet Singh, (who had sent to the Bishop, vakeels with his compliments, and forty pots of sweetmeats, as a nuzzur,) but of the two ex-Kings of Caubul, who afterwards figured so prominently in the Affghan war. They were now pensioners on the British Government, and lived in a garden-house near Lodianah. The Bishop was allowed to visit them: but no sort of ceremony was permitted, and every one was strictly enjoined to wear both hats and boots.

Shah Soojah, who was afterwards conducted by the British army to Caubul, and placed upon the throne, was first visited. He was a stout, middle-aged, good-looking man, respectably, but not richly, dressed. He sat upon an ottoman: and the Bishop on a chair close by. After the usual compliments, he said,—“Does your lordship know the Governor-General? I want to be brought to his notice. One word from him would seat me on the throne of my ancestors: and then the English and their Government would have in me a firm friend. With only four thousand rupees I lately made an attempt myself, and it was very nearly successful. My children are asking me what sort of a place Caubul is: and unless some aid is given, they will live and die without seeing their inheritance. I wish these things to be pleaded before the Governor-General.”

The Bishop assured him that he would remember and report what he had said; but urged that in his present state, he was exempt from many of the troubles pressing upon kings. Would it not be better to remain contented and peaceful? “True,” he rejoined, with some shrewdness, “but your lordship, for instance, fills a high and important post: you can do much good: you have much influence: many depend on you: would you wish to retire from all this, and be banished from the world and forgotten?”

The Bishop confessed he should not. "Neither do I, my lord."

The other brother, Šah Zemaun, was blind and fretful. His eyes had been put out when driven from Caubul: and he was now helpless and hopeless. His converse was chiefly on religious subjects, and the interview was brief.

It was from these kings that Runjeet Singh extorted the famous Koh-i-noor which now graces the regalia of our Queen: and it is at Lodianah that some of the most magnificent shawls are manufactured. The ladies of England little know from what poor mud huts these costly fabrics issue.

Through Sirhind and Rajpoorah the camp now moved towards Umballah, then a small, now a large station, where Mr. Edgeworth courteously received the Bishop. The usual divine services were performed in his house on Sunday, October 29th. A marriage was also performed here by his chaplain.

Pressing on towards Kurnaul, the camp was pitched for one night at Thanesir, a very celebrated place in Eastern story, abounding with magnificent temples, immense tanks, and very holy Brahmins. The latter found out the Bishop's pundit, and taking him from the camp at night, inquired about his master's "faith and duty"—What were his plans? What his religion? What his habits? What his reasons for travelling? What his teaching? The pundit was a Christian, a son of Anund Musseeh, going down to Calcutta to complete his education at Bishop's College, and as the best answer to some of these questions, he went and fetched from the tent Dr. Mill's Sanscrit work, called the *Christa Sangita*. It is scarcely necessary to say that this is an epic poem in Sanscrit verse, containing the history of Christianity and the evidences on which it rests. It is a wonderful proof of genius and learning, and a most valuable gift and legacy to India. So much were these learned Brahmins struck with the poem, as the pundit read it, that they continually asked for more and more; and it was not till day dawned, and the camp began to move, that they released him, saying, that "The Bishop himself must be an angel;"

and that "no mere mortal man could have written such a book."

Kurnaul was at this time a very large and important station under the spiritual charge of the Rev. W. Parish, who received the Bishop into his house. There was a large church; and much time and thought were devoted to adding a tower to it. No result followed at the time, but eventually the tower rose, a tall Roman structure, only to be removed elsewhere, when Kurnaul, as a military station, was abandoned. The church, however, as it stood, was consecrated, and a little building was also licensed for divine service, to which some interest attached. It was called "the soldiers' meeting-house," and was built entirely at the cost of the soldiers of an English regiment, by whom, on leaving the station, it was handed over to the chaplain for the use of their successors. It was a neat inclosed bungalow. The middle part was fitted up for divine service, and the exterior verandah was partitioned into little chambers, where soldiers might singly "shut the door, and pray" to their Father in secret. In the hands of the chaplain, and watched over by him, its tendency was truly to edification. It was named St. John's Chapel.

A flourishing Temperance Society existed at Kurnaul, patronised and chiefly supported by one excellent officer whose history was singular. Originally gay and worldly, to say no worse, his change of mind, and conversion to God, were very marked. He was in a company where reckless gambling was going on, and on a very large stake being proposed, one of the players took from his bosom a small hideous black figure, intended to represent the devil. He addressed himself to it; called it his best and only friend; coaxed, pleaded, threatened, and prayed for success in terms of fearful blasphemy. The Captain was horror-struck. He left the company at once, and that night found him prostrate in tears of penitence before God. Nor did he join the world again till his prayers were heard, his eyes opened, and his soul had found peace. He was now a believer in Christ, and ready to every good word and work. This temperance society had originated with him, and he was present when the Bishop addressed the members with great power and effect. Colonel Sale, afterwards so distinguished at

Jellalabad and elsewhere, was also present. He had joined the society himself as an example to the troops.

The congregations on the two Sundays given to Kurnaul were very large, and the impression was very great. A deputation of the Roman Catholics even waited on the Bishop, to thank him for his sermons, which they had almost all attended. So great, indeed, was the effect, that the few alarmists sent down an earnest application to Calcutta for a priest "to stay the plague."

Upwards of a hundred soldiers and others were confirmed with the usual addresses; and the next day two fine men of the 16th Light Infantry, came up to the chaplain—"Please sir, will you give us our seven duties."

The next day an Ordination was held, and Anund Musseeh, a Brahmin convert of fifteen years standing, and known to Bishop Heber, was admitted to Holy Orders. He had been called to Simlah, and spent some time in familiar intercourse there, which had proved highly satisfactory. To himself there was no objection; but his wife remained a heathen, and her influence was sinister. In primitive times no convert was admitted to Holy Orders, unless he had won over his whole family to the faith of Christ; and there was much wisdom in the rule. It was not, however, insisted on in the present case, but all due inquiries having been made, Anund Musseeh was ordained upon the title of the Church Missionary Society, and appointed, with a stipend of eighty rupees a month, to labour at Kurnaul, under the direction of the chaplain. He was the first native the Bishop had ordained, and the first Brahmin (for Abdool Musseeh was a Mahometan), admitted to Holy Orders in our Church. The usual questions proposed to the candidate were read by the Bishop himself in Hindustâni, and Ordination was conferred in the same language—though the pronunciation of the words was somewhat imperfect. Years past—and then regret mingled with the recollections of the day.

On Monday, November 14th, the march was resumed, and the camp halted at Paniput, Sumalka, Soniput, Alipore:—places full of traditions, and historical reminiscences, and abounding with game of all descriptions; and on November 18th entered

Delhi. The impression of magnificence, splendour, activity, and, alas ! flagrant immorality, made on the mind by a former hasty visit, were abundantly confirmed by a longer stay and more accurate observation.

The Bishop's arrival was notified to Colonel Skinner, who at once drove down to the chaplain's house, and repeated his earnest request that he might be favoured with a visit, preparatory to the consecration of his church. This Colonel Skinner was a man of much celebrity, and the commander of a famous body of light horse called by his name. His "Life" has recently been published, and possesses great interest ; but at Delhi it was listened to from his own lips. His father held a command in the Mahratta army, and introduced his son into it at a very early age. He soon saw hard service, and to use his own words, was engaged in fighting every morning before breakfast for months together. He entered our service about the year 1806, and distinguished himself greatly by his sagacity and personal bravery. He raised, and commanded a body of Irregular Cavalry, and was made a full Colonel of the English army by George the Fourth, who himself put his name at the head of the list, and overruled all questions of etiquette in his favour. Entering into Delhi with a conquering army, twenty years ago, and gazing on its countless domes and minarets, he made a vow that if ever he was able, he would erect an English church which should rear the cross amongst them. The time came when he was enabled to commence the work ; and he persevered, although the cost far surpassed the estimate, and he lost the bulk of his fortune by the failure of Calcutta agency houses. The church rose slowly notwithstanding. Government offered to relieve him, and complete the work, but he declined the offer. His vow might be delayed, but must still be kept. And now he stood before the Bishop, a tall, stout, dark man, of fifty-six, clad in a military dress of blue, silver, and steel, with a heavy helmet on his head, a broadsword at his side, and a red ribbon on his breast, to say that the church was finished, and to beg that it might be consecrated. His sons were Christians, as he was, but his wife remained a Mahometan, though, as he said with tears, "a better wife for more than thirty years no man ever had."

The Bishop instantly drove with him down to the church. It was a beautiful Grecian building in the form of a cross, with handsome porticoes at each extremity ; three of them forming entrances with flights of steps ; the fourth closed in and appropriated for the chancel. The body of the building was circular, and surmounted by an ornamented dome, cupola, and cross. The flooring was marble, and a temporary desk and pulpit served for the present occasion. The whole effect was very chaste and beautiful. The Bishop was delighted, and, mindful of the founder, called it St. James, and fixed November 22nd for the consecration.

On that day, a large congregation assembled, and a very striking and impressive sermon, going a good deal into detail, was preached.

After the consecration, the whole European society of Delhi met at Colonel Skinner's hospitable abode, and expressed their deep gratitude to him. They also requested the publication of the Bishop's sermon as commemorative of the day. A most kindly feeling pervaded every mind.

A confirmation followed, and the Colonel, with his three sons, knelt at the altar to dedicate himself, as he had previously dedicated his church, to the service of God. The scene was very impressive, and the Bishop's address moved all to tears. At the conclusion, the Colonel himself attempted to express his acknowledgments, but words failed, and he wept silently whilst the Bishop prayed that the kindness shown to the house of his God might be returned sevenfold into his own bosom. Alas ! that a church, so beautiful in its design, and so interesting in its early annals, should, before many years had passed, have been " riddled with balls, filled with dying men, and made a magazine for shot and shells ! "

It will readily be believed, that on this occasion, all the wonders of Delhi were inspected, but only a state visit to the old king, and an attendance at the Jumma Musjeed, can be described.

The visit to the old king of Delhi was arranged by the Resident, and all matters of etiquette were settled by him. The Bishop objected to taking off his shoes, and to having a turban placed upon his head. A pair of overshoes, to be put

off at the entrance of the king's court, presented an easy solution of the first dilemma, and the second was not insisted on.

A long vaulted archway leads to the outer court of the palace. This is the king's entrance. The gateway terminates the noblest street in Delhi, down the centre of which, and between avenues of trees, a channel of bright and sparkling water is ever flowing. On state occasions, the procession passes down this street, hundreds of pigeons circling around the king, until the entrance gate being opened, they dart through it before him, and cleave the vaulted and echoing passage like a rushing wind. To train these birds, and make them the instruments of enticing the unwary from other flocks, is in Delhi a king's amusement, varied by flying kites, and attempting to cross a neighbour's, and to cut its string.

Through the gateway thus mentioned, and along the vaulted passage, the Bishop and his party entered the palace. All India's splendours are marred by dirt and decay, and it was so here. It was soon necessary to leave the carriages, and the way had to be picked through dark passages, and buildings filled with dirt and rubbish, in order to gain the king's court. Then all was magnificence. The door opened upon a large quadrangle, in the front of which was the Hall of Audience, supported by immense square pillars of white marble, inlaid with scrolls and flowery patterns of cornelian, jasper, and other precious stones. *Purdahs* or curtains of all colours and designs hung from the crenated arches. Persian inscriptions on the walls declared, "If there is a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this." Whilst in the centre stood the Peacock throne, once a fabric of pure gold and jewels, and valued at a million sterling; and even now, though but a shadow of what it was, yet a bright shadow still. Upon it, supported by cushions, and surrounded by his sons and courtiers, sat the old king—worn, fretful, peevish.

The usual ceremonies took place. The usual compliments were exchanged. The specified gold mohurs were presented and eagerly accepted. The accustomed head-dresses, scarfs, robes of honour, and garlands of flowers were given in return:—until, any one glancing at the Bishop, would no longer have recognised him. A long red robe, wrought with gold embroidery,



THE PEACOCK THRONE, DELHI.

enveloped his person. A brilliant shawl was wrapt around his breast. Emeralds and rubies, mingled with strings of pearls, encircled his neck. The only thing which marked the Bishop was the old square college cap, deliberately worn, and determinately retained. None of the party could smile at the other : for all were disguised, after a similar though less gorgeous fashion. Much of all this was mere show : and whatever might have been the intrinsic value of the jewels and dresses, as well as of the horse and elephants at the gate which for a time called the Bishop master, nothing was carried out of the palace. Government had paid the gold mohurs, and now claimed the presents : and in the next court, after making salaams and leaving the king, the borrowed plumes were all stripped off, and the party entered the carriages precisely as they left them. The hall itself however, was allowed to remain, with all its decorations and its throne unmoved, for a few hours ; and whilst a sketch was being made of the interior, the king's little sons, or grandsons, princes of the House of Delhi, without a particle of clothing, came peeping at the process, or playing their childish games in the shade. All this is now a tale of the past—a pageant that passeth by—a dream when one awaketh !

On Friday, the sacred day amongst the Mahometans, the magnificent Jumma Musjeed, the largest mosque in Delhi, was visited. It stands in the very heart of the city, and its lofty domes and minarets rise above a thousand others. Through the main entrances, reached by flights of many steps, thousands of Mussulmen were hurrying to and fro, whilst elephants, camels, horses, carriages, and hackeries, each surrounded by a few followers gaily clothed, waited in the street below. Within the immense quadrangle, surrounded by what may be called cloisters, on three sides, the worshippers were assembled, joining in the service which was going on, for a short time, and then retiring—exhibiting some of the appearance of devotion, but none of the reality. Now all would stand erect, careless, and unconcerned ; now every head would be bent in lowly reverence ; and now at the sacred name all would fall prostrate on the ground. A number of the dead, wrapped in white linen, and laid upon their biers amongst the living throng, waited the funeral service and interment. After a time the

discourse or sermon for the day commenced, and the Bishop drew near to hear. A free passage was instantly and courteously made for him and all his party, and they listened to a Moulavie reading in a sonorous and regulated voice the history of Zacharias and Elizabeth, as given in the Koran, and expounding the meaning "sentence by sentence. It soon, however, became monotonous and wearisome, and all left.

During the Bishop's sojourn at Delhi much intercourse took place with the higher class of natives. Many princes, gentry, and learned men, called upon him, and held discussions of all kinds upon all subjects. If they got no good, they gratified their curiosity, showed their courtesy, and obtained presents of books.

And now came the closing Sunday, and the last of these most interesting services, with the administration of the Lord's Supper; and on Monday, December 3rd, the camp moved on. It passed through Chattah, Jeyt, and Muttra. The temples at Bindrabund, and the tomb of Ackbar were examined; and then the Bishop entered the carriage sent for him by Sir Charles Metcalfe, and drove into Agra.

Events had marched on during the Bishop's absence from the Presidency, and Sir Charles, who was left temporary Governor-General of India, was met again as permanent Governor of Agra. It rejoiced the Bishop to meet so good a friend; and three weeks were spent happily and profitably in his company. The church was consecrated, and a fund raised for adding a tower, spire, and bell. A soldier's chapel was also licensed, as at Kurnaul. Divine services were celebrated twice each Sunday, and morning and evening prayers with the Governor and his household were duly offered and appreciated. The general conversation ran much upon religion and religious topics; and it may well be hoped that the intercourse of these few weeks produced a lasting good effect upon the calm mind of the great statesman—for such, indeed, was Sir Charles Metcalfe.

The Church Missionary premises in the town itself were visited with much interest. Here Daniel Corrie, when chaplain, and after him Abdool Musseeh, were wont to sit, reading from a verandah overlooking the public street, the Hindustâni scriptures. Ostensibly there were but few hearers; but in every

closed verandah, and behind every purdah, near at hand, men sat listening to the words of life; and in many cases the seed thus cast upon the waters was visible after many days. The whole Mission, however, was now nearly extinct. The old Catechist, who was longing to see the Bishop, had lingered on till within the last few days, and then entered into rest, leaving none to supply his place. Better times, however, have since dawned on Agra. May an abundant harvest reward the labourers who have entered in!

Of the fairy Taj Mahal, the strong-walled Fort, and the wilderness of ruins stretching for miles around, it needs not that anything be said. The Bishop was now in the beaten track of India, and it will be better, with him, to hasten on. He had been prevailed on to stay one week beyond his time, and he had now to make it up by rapid journeys. He began to feel less dread of the sun. He grew tired of the monotony of the camp. He shrunk from the disturbed nights in the palanquin. Hence, as far as possible, he resorted to wheeled carriages, and relays of horses: by which means, seventy miles could be traversed in a day, the camp outstripped, the station reached, and the Sunday saved. But then it was necessary to drive all kinds of horses, and to pass over all manner of roads—roads so bad, that Heber, who traversed the same route, compares them to a farm-yard first trodden into deep holes, and then frozen hard; and says, that “though a buggy can go over them, since it can go anywhere, yet they were never meant for buggies nor buggies for them.”

Thus driven by his chaplain, the Bishop, after leaving Agra, pressed on to Allyghur: and after performing all duties there, and examining the wonderful Fort, made for Bareilly. Eighty miles had to be traversed. Elephants and buggies were exhausted by turns, and when at last all traces of a road had disappeared, and no means of further progress appeared, bearers and palanquins, sent out by an admirable man, a Major Smythe, were discovered under a tope of trees, and bore the Bishop to his journey's end. Nothing daunted him in those days. He had to make up for a lost week: and it was made up.

Bareilly however was an important station, and a halt was

made, and the new year (1837) welcomed. There was a chaplain, and in his house divine services were performed. But there was no church, and immediate steps were taken to raise one. An unexpected obstacle, however, appeared in the person of the Brigadier in command. He not only passively declined contributing, but actively opposed the project. He declared that it was the duty of Government to build churches; that individual interference was uncalled for and unwise; and that he was not only determined to sit still himself, but hoped nobody else would move. These arguments were urged loudly and unreservedly at his own table, and before a large party, whom he had invited to meet the Bishop. With hopes all sanguine, and plans matured, the Bishop was not prepared for such an outbreak—his nerves failed—he shed tears as the only reply. No one at the moment could interfere, however painful the scene; but no sooner had the party left the dinner table than a fine old civilian, of fifty years standing, quietly put down his name for a subscription of one thousand rupees. Major Smythe joined him, and put down his for two hundred; another gave one hundred; all gave something, and in two days, four thousand rupees were raised, a committee formed, and an application forwarded for aid from Government. Thus were the inspired words proved true—that they who “sow in tears, shall reap in joy.” There is now a Christ-Church, Bareilly; the result of that appeal, which at first looked so unpromising.

Another rapid run of forty-eight miles through Furreedpore and Futtehgunge, to Jellalabad, on January 5th; followed by another of equal distance, varied by a passage across the mighty Ganges, on January 6th, brought the Bishop safely to Futtyghur, where he found an excellent chaplain, a good church, and all things in order. Much pleasant intercourse took place here with friends, who were gradually passing down the country from Simlah; the germs of missionary work were watched and encouraged; the church and burial-grounds were consecrated; divine services were performed; the Holy Sacrament and confirmation administered;—and then the Bishop rejoined the camp for a few days’ quiet march. The sportsmen went out, and provided the table with wild geese, as on the

other side of India it had been provided with wild peacocks. On January 14th, the Bishop entered the large station of Cawnpore and rested in the chaplain's house. He seemed himself to be no worse for the efforts he had made; but all his company suffered greatly, and over some of them the shadow of death for a time had passed. It requires a certain knowledge of India to understand the effect of these forced marches, hurried journeys, and constant exposure.

Cawnpore was an immense station even in 1837. It stretched out seven miles in length, contained three thousand Christian inhabitants, and presented, at first sight, almost an English aspect. To enter it was like entering the outskirts of London. "T. Harman, Tailor," and "Thomas Brookes, General Dealer." over the shop doors, were new sights, and strange to Indian eyes.

It was an anxious thought with the Bishop how best he might move and benefit this station. For a long period much in it had been adverse to true religion and piety. An officer had been in command, whose influence was very great and very injurious. A regiment of cavalry had been in cantonments, as conspicuous for its bravery, as for its immorality. These things had gone far to neutralise the labours of two most excellent chaplains, and had made their duty difficult. One of them, in fact, had been very recently removed, and in a manner which may serve to show the delicacy of a chaplain's position in India, and the constant prudence it requires.

He had long been on bad terms with the Commanding Officer; but there had been no positive outbreak. One day, however, he received from him a letter, enquiring officially, on the supposition of a church being built in the station, how many persons it should be constructed to hold. The answer should have been official also. But the chaplain forgot himself. He wrote and said that the number of attendants in church would depend much on the character of those who held authority in the station. If they were God-fearing, and church-frequenting men; then the congregation would be large. But if they were profane and ungodly men, who despised religion, and neglected church, then the congregation would be small. This

brought a second official letter from the Commanding Officer, requiring a more explicit statement: to which the reply was that the Chaplain had no other statement to make. This correspondence, before the ink was well dry, was sent up to be communicated privately to the Bishop. The message returned on the instant was—"You are wrong. You have fatally committed yourself. If a complaint is made, you cannot be defended." The complaint was made. Sir Henry Fane, the Commander-in-Chief, communicated with the Bishop on the subject: and the matter went through the regular routine. The Bishop did what he could. But the result was the triumph of the officer, and the removal of the chaplain to another station. Great heart-burnings followed. The chaplain was deeply regretted, and by those who were unacquainted with the circumstances, the Bishop was blamed. One consequence was, that a single chaplain only now remained to perform the duties of the extensive station, and there was no church. Happily, however, some changes had taken place just before the Bishop arrived. An admirable man, Colonel Oglander, was now commanding officer: and a new regiment had replaced the old. Still the visit was looked to with apprehension, for prejudices were strong, the society was scattered, the stream was adverse, the station seemed unmanageable, and to have been gentle and tender as at Meerut, would have been out of place at Cawnpore. The Bishop finally decided on a totally different course. He dropped suddenly as it were, into the station on a Saturday night: and on the Sunday morning he rose up in the pulpit and said all that was in his heart. First, he mourned over the "cruel" removal of one of their excellent chaplains. Secondly, he openly denounced the irreligious conduct of those who had been recently removed from the station. Thirdly, he announced his purpose of laying the foundation stones of two new churches before he left. And lastly, he intimated his resolution of discovering whether there was "any grace and good feeling in Cawnpore or not." Nothing less than this, or something like this, could have produced the desired effect. As it was, the station was effectually aroused.

Having arranged all needful plans, found all required helpers, and issued all necessary circulars, the Bishop left

matters to work their way for a few days, and set off on a visit to Lucknow—over the route since trodden by Havelock and his gallant troops.

Having first stopped at one of the king's summer palaces, called Dilkosha, or "Heart's Delight," he was afterwards entertained by Colonel Lowe at the Residency. From thence he visited the King in state, was entertained at a sumptuous royal breakfast, mourned over the unblushing licentiousness which an examination of the palace unveiled, greatly admired the extraordinary beauty of the city, stood beside the tomb of General Martin of "La Martinière," performed divine service both in the Residency and cantonments, arranged so effectually for the building, that Christ-Church, Lucknow, at once arose, and then, after an absence of one week, returned to his great work at Cawnpore.

All his instrumentality had worked well: and his church-building plans were progressing satisfactorily. He turned at once, therefore, to the spiritual duties of the Visitation. Two sermons were preached each Sunday. Two large Temperance Societies were addressed. Three regimental schools and hospitals were visited. Four hundred children of the Free School were examined. The native orphan asylum was inspected. Two numerous confirmations were held, after divine service, on week days. The Holy Sacrament was administered. Four burial-grounds were consecrated. Twice he addressed the Native Christians in Hindustâni, the sermons having cost him two hours a day for a whole week in preparation. An Ordination was held with the usual preliminaries. A translation society for Upper India was formed. Committees of all the leading religious societies were attended and strengthened. And all this, whilst visitors were calling every morning, and large social parties filled up every evening. The bare enumeration will suffice to show how thoroughly he threw himself into his work. But it must be filled up with the earnestness, and power, and prayer so natural to him, and so necessary always, in order to give an adequate idea of the effect produced.

Finally, he accomplished his great object; and before he left the station, the foundation stones of two churches were laid. The Bishop himself gave two thousand rupees; the Christian

Knowledge Society, five hundred; Sir Charles Metcalfe, five hundred; Sir Henry Fane, five hundred; the subscription paper showed seven thousand; the collections yielded two thousand; the proceeds of the old building were reckoned at two thousand five hundred; and the Church Building Fund was pledged for twelve thousand. Altogether, twenty-seven thousand rupees were available. This would very nearly suffice to build a single church at one extremity of the station; in which case Government was pledged to build a second church at the other extremity. The design, therefore, was accomplished; and to the astonishment of all, Saturday, February 4th, was fixed upon for laying the foundation stones. On that day, accordingly, the troops were paraded, large crowds assembled, the Freemasons assisted, military music gave life and animation to the scene, and with solemn prayers and the usual ceremonies the foundation stones of Christ-Church and St. John's were laid by Mr. Wemyss the senior civilian, and Colonel Oglander the Brigadier in command.

The Visitation was now ended, and after farewell services on the Sunday, the Bishop left with a heart relieved from care and filled with gratitude to God:—

‘Never did I enter a station,’ he says, ‘with such despondency, and never did we leave one with such joy. Three years of irritation between the clergy and the military authorities had led the senior chaplain, in an ill-omened hour, to write an offensive letter. The chaplain was removed, and all was in a flame. His large circle of friends were up in arms. The design for building churches (which had been taken up and laid down more than once or twice since 1827, when materials were collected,) had been almost abandoned in despair. Well, in three short weeks God has cleared up the sky. The station is friendly; they submit to their loss; they have come forward nobly to subscribe; the engineer officer has worked cordially; two Gothic designs are determined on; and a capital committee is appointed with rules laid down for their guidance. You should have seen the ceremony yesterday of laying the first stones. The immense throng of people—all the soldiers drawn out—all the officers—all the gentry—and

thousands of natives ! It would have done your heart good. A numerous masonic lodge assisted. The senior Civilian laid the stone at the church, and the Brigadier at the chapel. I was almost killed with the exertion of addressing, perhaps, three thousand people in the open air. I contrived, however, to make them hear. To God only be glory in Christ Jesus ! Amen.'

The Bishop's donation to the building of this church may have been noticed ; but it cannot be known how constantly similar donations were given. His charities at this time were broad-cast over India. He rejoiced when the first heavy expenses attendant on his outfit and furniture were liquidated, because "it would enable him to give to India." He gave without stint at every station. It is not known whether he ever kept an account of his charities himself ; but a few memoranda made by his chaplain show that from the time he left Simlah, that is, in less than four months, he had given away eight thousand three hundred rupees ; or, for the time, half his income. These were merely occasional and passing charities, and apart from his regular subscriptions to every good work, and his large benefactions to public objects. He delighted in thus helping good designs, and furthering God's work.

On February 6th he left Cawnpore, and after spending Ash Wednesday with Mr. Rivaz and Dr. Madden at Futtehpoore, and performing divine service there, he joined the camp. The roads were now magnificent—one hundred feet wide, raised, with handsome bridges, and comfortable bungalows for travellers. A thousand miles had been traversed since leaving Simlah, and the weather began to be very warm, so that the end of the land route at Allahabad was looked to with some eagerness.

It was reached on Feb. 11th, and the Bishop was welcomed by the Rev. Henry Pratt, the chaplain, and hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lowther. This was the scene of the pilgrim tax ; and the grand annual fair, or Mēla, was just concluding. Immense crowds of pilgrims still remained, from each of whom, the tax of one rupee, was to be collected. The Bishop stood for a long time in the strongly barricaded office,

where by a Christian hand this tax was taken, and a corresponding ticket issued, admitting the bearer to the margin of the sacred stream. Upon the production of the ticket, another Christian hand stamped a red signet on the devotee's right arm, which authorised him to bathe, and realise its supposed beatitudes. The Bishop looked upon the frenzied multitude, the hideous assemblage of idols, the town of straw huts raised on the river banks, the countless flags indicating separate Brahminical establishments, and the pilgrim, now shaved, bathed, marked, and penniless, retiring from the scene with a little vessel of the sacred water to be carried home—if, indeed, he ever reached his home. In the contemplation of all this, he says that “he was never so affected since, two years before, he had stood at Juggernaut.”

He soon however roused himself to effort. He first sought out the dispatch of the Home Government in Feb., 1833, absolutely prohibiting the collection of the tax. He then obtained one of the tickets which was really issued, and is still preserved, numbered 76902, and bearing a stamp and an inscription in Sanscrit, Persian, and English, for the admission of one Jattree, or Pilgrim, to the stream. He gathered up all the statistics also, casting the balance between profits and loss, and inquiring from the best authorities the probable expenditure of human life. And upon all this, as a foundation, he raised the superstructure of a strong personal appeal to the Governor-General. He wrote, moreover, to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and his strong statements obtained immediate publicity and the widest circulation in England and India. Private letters were also written to Fowell Buxton, the Rev. F. Cunningham, and other influential and philanthropic friends; and thus he did his part to overthrow the evil which had been so long and so ably denounced by others. How far his representations may have been effectual in India, does not appear. But before the year was ended, the tax was abolished.

The station at Allahabad was very handsome, the situation very agreeable, the class of residents superior. A church was rising effectually, though amidst some strife and dissension. A long stay was not required. The usual services were rendered on the one hand, and fully appreciated on the other; and then

the Bishop took his passage in the steamer, and dropped down the river on his way to Calcutta. Two days afterwards he heard of the death of Bishop Corrie, of Madras:—

‘How can I describe my feelings?’ he says. ‘I have this morning heard of the sickness and death of my honoured and beloved brother, Bishop Corrie. Oh! what will become of India! Here I am again left alone, with three dioceses on my single hands. Dearest, dear Corrie! Only one year and a quarter in his diocese! It was on the 5th February that the lamented event took place. Blessed man! he has entered into rest. Never was there a more exalted, meek, consistent Christian. No one, not even Bishop Heber, has filled a more important station in the general propagation of the Gospel in India. All Hindustan loved him. He inspired universal confidence. There was a gentleness of character, a quietness of spirit, and a boldness in the profession of Christ which are rarely combined. Well, it is the Lord! His ways are in the deep, and his judgments past finding out. He can raise up instruments at his pleasure. May he be graciously present with his widowed Church.’

Mirzapoor, and Chunar, the scene of Bishop Corrie’s earlier labours were next visited. Four days were given to the wonders of Benares, and the interesting labours of the Church Missionaries. Ghazeepore, Buxar, Dinapore, Monghir, Bhaugulpore and Rampore Beauleah were successively touched at. “Of all these scenes,” the Bishop says, “Heber’s description is perfect and most lively. He was then new to them. They met him early. We come to them with minds satiated with sights, and bodies exhausted with heat.”

On March 13th, the steamer worked round and anchored off Saugor, at the entrance of the Hooghly. On the following morning, Archdeacon Dealtry and Dr. Mill came on board: in the afternoon the Bishop landed, drove round to Government House to pay his respects to Lord Auckland, the new Governor-General, and the Misses Eden, and reached his own home at four o’clock, in health and safety.

And thus ended the longest Visitation, perhaps, on record. The outlines of British India had been well nigh traced. The confines of Burmah, China, Thibet, Caubul, had been nearly touched. The Ganges, Sutlej, Brahmapootra, Cavery, and Nerbudda rivers had been crossed or navigated. Commenced on August 25th, 1834, it concluded (with two intervals rendered necessary by the climate) on March 14th, 1837. Two years and a half were thus occupied, and more than thirteen thousand miles traversed by sea and land.

‘I cannot enter upon any one duty this first morning after my arrival in Calcutta,’ says the Bishop, ‘without humbly offering my praises to the great Giver of all good, for the preservation vouchsafed to his unworthy servant. Thirteen thousand five hundred miles have been traversed, and the whole diocese of India visited, though not in all parts; and now I return in safety, and I can thankfully add, in perfect health. I feel in truth far better this morning than when last I left Calcutta. Oh! for internal, spiritual, ecclesiastical, domestic, personal peace in Christ Jesus, amidst the changes and trials which I must, and do, and ought to expect.’

And now he entered once more upon the duties of Calcutta. Lent was far advanced: but he availed himself of the last Friday evening’s service, to preach a most affecting funeral sermon for Bishop Corrie. “All India mourns:”—thus it commenced; “We have lost one of the gentlest, meekest, most exalted Christians that our Church has ever known. We have been deprived for the fifth time of a chief pastor of our flocks, after a brief though most honourable and useful episcopate. We have lost him at the very instant when his presence was required for the solemn office of consecrating a brother bishop, and thus settling for the first time our Anglican Apostolic Church in India with her appointed pastors.” The largest congregation ever collected together in St. John’s Cathedral, listened to these and many such-like words, with deep emotion and full assent; and the sermon was afterwards inserted in the printed volume as already mentioned. It was followed by the usual services of Passion Week and Easter; by addresses delivered successively

in all the Calcutta churches; by the resumption of the clerical conferences; by a confirmation of five hundred young persons; by a public and private ordination; and by committee meetings of the Church Building Fund, the Infant Schools, and all the other religious societies in Calcutta. Thus the reins were taken up once more, and a fresh impulse given to every good work.

From the new Governor-General and his sisters, the Misses Eden, the Bishop received every courtesy; and his return was celebrated by a state dinner party, which included all the heads of departments in Calcutta. The Bishop himself also resumed his intercourse with society, and small friendly parties were varied occasionally by large official ones. The season proved intensely hot. All Calcutta was one huge vapour bath, and the Bishop in vain sought refuge in a country-house across the river, called Shalimar. In July he projected a short missionary tour to fill up a few gaps left in the hasty conclusion of his Visitation. Chinsurah, Bancoorah, Burdwân and Krishnaghur (where no religious movement had as yet taken place) were thus visited. Extracts from letters written by him at the two last-named stations may find here a fitting place.

‘KRISHNAGHUR, 130 miles from CALCUTTA, July 24, 1837.

‘We arrived on Saturday at this bigotted centre of Hindoo idolatry—the city of Krishna. Two pious missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, have made a little beginning. I have visited their schools, and examined the children in the Gospels, surrounded by hundreds of heathen spectators, full of curiosity. The children are not Christians, but they replied to my questions with a quickness and decision quite delightful, so that all the crowd heard the word of the Gospel. Besides the schools, the missionaries have small chapels, where they confer daily with the people and preach. Sometimes two or three hundred are collected. The “lewd people of the baser sort” at times disturb, but none dare injure them. They have no adult converts as yet. We are doing all we can to encourage Christianity and help on this blessed cause.’

‘BURDWÂN, *August 6th*, 1837.

‘There is a little church here, very neat and appropriate. Yesterday we spent four or five hours at the Mission House, which is about a mile from the town. I have examined an hundred and fifty native scholars from the villages around. Nothing could be more delightful. Indeed, what I have seen of Mr. and Mrs Weitbrecht gives me the highest impression of their talents, character, exalted piety, excellent sense, and simplicity of heart. I am charmed and edified. There is a little Christian village, attached to the Mission premises, of about eighty souls. I visited it. A neat row of cottages raised a little from the earth, gardens for each family in front, (Mr. Weitbrecht is gardener, architect, and everything,) a fine tank before the gardens, three rooms in each cottage, a little nice furniture, beds, tables, chairs, and writing-desk. A picture of Robert Hall adorned one of the walls. The men and women came out as we passed, and I asked, What is this child’s name? Theophilus. And this? Abraham. And this? Sarah. What are your several occupations? I am a carpenter. I am a tailor. I am an Hurkaru.

‘Thus the cleanliness, comfort, purity, diligence, and honest employments of English villages begin to appear. I do not of course speak too confidently; but if life is spared, and instead of six years Mr. Weitbrecht continues forty, there is nothing I should not hope. I confirmed nine baptised adults yesterday—all hopeful, and most of them decided Christians.

‘Tell my grandchildren that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Doctor Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The huge animal was ordered to lie down; and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was, in a manner, restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day when he was brought, and heard the doctor’s voice, he laid down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk,

drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gestures, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!

This interesting missionary excursion terminated on August 18th, when the Bishop returned to Calcutta for a season, intending to resume it in October.

During the interval, he was called to bid farewell to Dr. Mill, who, having completed his term of service, and suffered much in health, was about to retire from the Principalship of his College. The Bishop had always admired his superior talents, his great learning, his prodigious memory, his simplicity of character, and consistency of conduct; and was glad to have an opportunity of publicly acknowledging the good service he had rendered to the Church in India. "I have been giving," he says, on September 3rd, "a dinner of fifty persons to Dr. Mill on his departure, and have delivered him an address from the clergy. This was on Friday last, and most affecting. His pupils present him with a silver inkstand. The Asiatic Society make an address, and his friends found a fellowship at Bishop's College. He sails about the 1st October."

The Bishop's first chaplain, also, the writer of this work, was compelled to leave India about the same time, from repeated and serious attacks of illness. The Medical Board forbade all further duty, and admitted of no delay, and the Bishop, on resuming his Visitation, was compelled to go alone.

A far more serious and irreparable loss to the Bishop occurred at the same time. Sir Benjamin Malkin, who had been promoted from the Recordership of the Straits, to the Supreme Court at Calcutta, fell a sacrifice to his arduous duties and the treacherous climate, in the very prime of life, and full career of usefulness. The Bishop's original acquaintance with him and his excellent lady, had ripened into the most sincere friendship, and during his late residence in Calcutta, one day in each week had been set apart for an interchange of social visits. He was just the character the Bishop loved—learned, honourable, unassuming, attached to

the Church, regular in all religious duties, gentle in manner, with a touch of humour, a happy temper, and a handsome person.

‘My heart is broken,’ he says, on hearing of his death on October 21st. ‘The amiable, pious, learned, honoured, Sir B. Malkin is no more. I have as yet received no particulars, but the fact is certain. I never had such a blow in the way of the loss of a friend:—the very man to whose wise, firm, and friendly counsel, together with the sympathy of his most excellent lady, I looked forward on my return to Calcutta, to supply the loss of my chaplain and Dr. Mill. And oh! the dear widow, and fatherless children! Thank God for his religious character, his inward piety (which I doubt not far exceeded what his modest and silent carriage allowed him to speak of), his constant attendance twice on the Sunday at church, his delight in religious conversation and family prayer. Yes, I doubt not he is now in the presence of his Redeemer, a glorified and happy spirit. But we are indeed left desolate. Calcutta is desolate; his family and circle of friends are desolate; the many religious and benevolent institutions he nourished, are bereaved of one of their purest, ablest, sweetest, and most valuable members. Oh! that I may “hear the rod, and who hath appointed it.” My daughter gone—my son and chaplain gone—Dr. Mill gone—my most intimate friend now gone! Blessed Jesus, be Thou ALL to me: daughter, son, chaplain, adviser, friend! Thou all-sufficient Saviour, whose self-existence, and infinite fulness for the supply of those that trust in Thee, is declared in Thy name, “I AM THAT I AM,”—be Thou my refuge.’

When the year 1838 opened, the Bishop had returned from his short visitation, (during which he had suffered a good deal from indisposition), and was residing in Calcutta. The rough work of the diocese was done. The characters of the clergy, and the wants of the stations, were generally known. The Caste question was at least quiescent, and seventeen missionaries were labouring in the field where the Bishop had found but two. The Church Missionary discussion caused no further

anxiety. The senior presidency chaplain had retired from the service. The Governor-General was in the Upper Provinces. Sir Charles Metcalfe had thrown up the government of Agra, and was returning home. No special matter caused uneasiness: no urgent duty pressed. Under such circumstances, quotations from the Bishop's journal-letters may supersede for the present all other records, and give variety and interest to this period of his Indian life.

'CALCUTTA, Sept. 1837. I am endeavouring to enter more into the interior of religion, and treat everything in God and with God. The real spirituality and simplicity of Christ are soon lost, and with great difficulty regained; and yet upon them, all depends. What is a minister of the Gospel with doctrine only? Salt, that has lost its savour! What power to pray, to read, to instruct, to preach, has the secular worldly-minded clergyman or bishop? All is dead, formal, repulsive. Christianity is a heavenly principle—a life—a communion of soul with God in Christ—the participation of a divine nature—an inhabitation of the Holy Spirit—a sacred sympathy.

'I am disgusted to indignation at the folly, the "noodleism," of some at home, in swallowing the gross popery of — and his coadjutors. Why, the foot of Satan is not even concealed. That "tradition sermon" ought to be burnt. Such drivelling, such magnifying of uncertain petty matters, such evaporating of the authority of Scripture, such nibbling at all the baits of Popery! Mark my words, if *some of these men do not leave our Church, and join the Apostasy of Rome.*'

'December, 1837. I have been running through Newman and Griffith, and it delights me to see how common sense has carried the latter, though inferior in natural and acquired endowments, beyond, far beyond, the learned Oxford divine in real theology and ecclesiastical knowledge. I really am charmed with parts of Griffith's work; and here and there he has hit off the truth with marvellous discernment. And the man is right on the whole. Whereas, Newman's *Prophetical Disquisitions* are, as a whole, wrong; grossly, glaringly, dangerously, inconsistently wrong. "An enemy hath done this," may be written over the title of his volume. Was ever

anything so impudent as the condemnation he passes on Hooker, Jewell, and all the leaders of the Reformation, till he comes down to Laud! "My soul, come not thou into their secret; into their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." No: if we cannot stand against the reproduction of these school subtleties, we are unworthy of the name of Protestants. If no one brother will unite with me, I am ready to protest alone against this egregious drivelling FATUITY.'

'SHALIMAR. *Epiphany, January 6th, 1838.* On Thursday evening I had the singular delight of hearing Krishna Mohun Banerjea, my Brahmin convert, preach for the second time in English in the Old Church. It is an extraordinary thing surely, that a Hindoo-College student, only five or six years ago rescued from the gulf of infidel metaphysical Pantheism, should not only have embraced, but be able to expound and teach in a very competent manner, the Christian religion. His amazing extent of English knowledge, his good style, and propriety of accent, augment the surprise. May God preserve him steady, humble, diligent! I tremble.'

'CALCUTTA, *Jan. 24th.* You will be surprised to hear that I have been obliged to give up Shalimar. The owner was so loose and exorbitant, that I could make nothing of her. Everything is removed; all the servants discharged; the boat returned; and my beautiful retreat, like Jonah's gourd, withered. But only conceive the kindness of Professor Withers of Bishop's College. I had ordered my furniture to be replaced in my "visitor's room," and the rest brought here. But no, he will insist on my occupying the Principal's vacant lodge. Nothing that I could say would prevail! And lo, four charming rooms are fitted up with my Shalimar goods, and ready for me as soon as the gout will allow me to move. Still I am determined not to remain there long, but to move into my own "Prophet's Chamber." Indeed, nothing can exceed the promising state of the College. Everything is studiously done to please me. A spirit of missionary zeal and evangelical piety is increasing. The native students are going on admirably. Dr. Mill's visit to Bombay has won all hearts there, and restored the reputation of the College. Dr. Mill is delighted with the plan of sending out Mr. Malan; and the more I

think of it, the more I think it is likely to be successful. It gives us a capital Oriental scholar full of youth and energy: and it leaves unimpaired Mr. Withers' influence for good over the whole Society. If God is graciously pleased to bless, all will do. The Church Missionaries up the country are applying for admission for their converts. Two lads are coming from Bombay. At Madras, Archdeacon Harper has arranged that the Vepery Seminary shall work in with the College. And all this is owing, under God, to the uniform determination I have held of doing all I could to bring the College into a good state, and not to abandon it in despair.'

'CALCUTTA, *Feb.* 1st.—Amongst other books, I have been reading the "Lost Church Found," which proceeds on a very good idea, and has taught me something concerning the first British Churches, the century of Saxon heathenism, and the re-conversion by Augustine, which is valuable. My "Oxford Memorials" delight me. I can never satisfy myself with looking over the long-known scenes of my youth. I hope the "London Churches," and the "Cambridge Memorials," will be equally good. But after all my new authors, I turn back to my old commentator, Scott, with a fresh zest. I am now in Ezekiel in my annual course: and I sit with astonishment at many of his grave and deep remarks; and I hope turn them into prayers. That book is not yet sufficiently valued. I have now been reading him for forty years, and my judgment is that he surpasses all other commentators by far; with the single exception of the incomparable John Calvin, who, considering the age when he wrote, stands a prodigy of sound interpretation of inspired Scripture, and of real learning. In speaking of comments, I may say that nothing has annoyed me more than the loss of my own comments in the shape of sermons. Perhaps five hundred manuscripts were purloined by Sir Henry Fane's servants during my absence on the Hills in 1836. I left, of course, my books, furniture, maps, pictures, everything under the care of Sir Henry, when he took my furnished house in September, 1835. My sermons were arranged in order on a separate shelf for the Duftry's easier access. On my return my eye instantly caught the contracted row. The

loss is indescribable, because I have not the time nor health for the laborious preparation which I made in younger life : and the twenty-six, just published, have narrowed my stock of suitable discourses for India yet more. Positively, I have no course ready for the ensuing Lent, and know not what I shall do. They were all in short-hand, so they must have been stolen merely for sale as waste paper.'

'BISHOP'S COLLEGE, *Feb. 10th.*—Sir Charles Metcalfe arrived on his way home on Feb. 1st. He retires because of the displeasure expressed by the Court at his liberation of the Press. He is a truly great man, and much advancing in religion. I received him to dinner. We sat down sixty-two. The most perfect order prevailed, and all were delighted with Sir Charles' affability.'

'BISHOP'S COLLEGE, *Feb. 15th.*—Sir Charles embarked this morning at seven o'clock, after thirty-eight years of uninterrupted residence in India, and after occupying, during the whole of that period, a succession of the highest and most confidential situations—Private Secretary to Marquis Wellesley—Resident at Gwalior, at Delhi, at Allahabad—then in Council for seven years, for one year Governor-General, and for two years Governor of Agra. During this long period, three things have distinguished him. First, a calm, firm, silent, immovable, and yet tender and meek habit of mind, in which he resembled Mountstewart Elphinstone, the celebrated Governor of Bombay. Secondly, unbounded liberality in his hospitable entertainments, and acts of charity so large that he retires with scarcely any fortune. Thirdly, unimpeached integrity and public spirit. He had also shown an increased regard to religion of late years, and has preferred the most faithful and energetic ministers.'

'CALCUTTA, *Feb. 21st.*—It appears that three things grievously offended the Court of Directors in Sir Charles. First, his Press law. Secondly, his change of the mint and equalisation of the coinage, with the profile of George the Fourth substituted for the name of Shah Aulum. Thirdly, a hasty report home of a fearful decline in the finances, which he had to retract a fortnight after, as a blunder of some hundred lacs in the accounts had been detected. The gentlemen, however, who

told me this, seemed to doubt Sir Charles' prudence in taking offence, and writing home for an explanation. Had he just quietly waited for a year or two, the Court would have recovered their good humour. Nothing is more common, it appears, than the reproaches sent out by the Leadenhall Sovereigns to Governors-General, Councillors, and Commanders-in-Chief, on all sorts of topics, both grave and trifling. They are laughed at here, and the previous measures quietly pursued. And then, after three or four years, when the final plans are reported home, the new Directors generally observe "that, on the whole, they approve of such and such a regulation," contradictory as it may be to their previous orders.

'But, if the Court concurs with the Governor-General, then the case is different—then the first hints are interpreted as commands, and the Governor-General tells the Bishop (for instance) that such and such a thing is expressly and absolutely forbidden, and that the recal of the allowance made to missionaries is inevitable! India is advancing rapidly, however, under the British rule, complicated and ponderous as it is. Lord William Bentinck first put the lever under the mass, and fairly loosened the coherent parts. It was a rude concussion; but it has done its work. Lord Auckland is reaping the fruit. We only want a religious Churchman at the head to have all things go right.'

'CALCUTTA, *March 17th.*—Last evening I drove with the Archdeacon to Mrs. Wilson's, to lay the first stone of an additional building for the Female Orphan Refuge. She has obtained land for a Mission church and house from a Brahmin, for a quarter of the sum any one else could have done. There is a current impression on the people's minds that she is a "Holy Woman." "We know," said the Brahmin who owned the land, "who you are: you are a holy woman: we holy persons always like to get on the borders of the Ganges if we can. You do the same. This is very good, You and I are growing old, and it is good to be near the sacred river. Yes; all right: you shall have it." Nor could Mrs. Wilson make him distinguish between residing near the Ganges for air, exercise, boats, convenience of bathing, receiving provisions, &c., and residing for religious worship, and for the benefit of

dying with its sacred mud in her nostrils. This confusion of ideas cannot be avoided.'

'BISHOP'S COLLEGE, *March 29th*. A week of such incessant hurry I think I have scarcely passed since I came to India; partly owing to my Lent Lectures, which, as the people so much attend, I take the utmost care with. Three out of the four I have written out, and indeed composed anew. Last Friday's, on the Doctrine of Reconciliation, took me an hour and a quarter to preach: and I copied out into my notes seventeen or eighteen authors. If you had seen me in my back study with the folios covering the large committee table; Augustine, Chrysostom, Poole, Owen, Calvin, Scott, Doddridge, Whitby, Hooker, Melancthon, Beza, Henry, Burkitt, Bloomfield, Quesnel, Beveridge, Simeon, you would have been reminded of old times. In fact, I never took more pains in all my life: and what is the consequence? What I have always found, that in proportion to the pains you take is the blessing which follows, because the sermons are better worth attending to. You must not wonder if I continue to send out for more books. You will find a formidable list coming. But I will tell you one thing; I have just bought volumes to the amount of a thousand rupees at the sale of dear Sir B. Malkin's library, and I chose as many as I could to spare those left at home. I shall ever regret that I was so ill-advised as not to bring out my whole library. But never mind; no one really values or uses a library unless he collects it himself. So that in truth I am the only one who can really take advantage of my own stores. You never look at them I know compared with your own purchases.'

'BISHOP'S COLLEGE, *April 5th*. Last evening I attended our Asiatic Society, where Lieut. Kittoe made a report of his antiquarian researches at Juggernaut and Cuttack. Vestiges of decayed temples, inscriptions, curious usages, illustrations of history (India cannot trace anything distinctly before B.C. 300), and beds of coal. This last point is astonishing every one. Extensive beds of coal intersect the entire peninsular of Hindustan. Iron also is abundant. And these are two grand sources of commerce.

'Dr. Richardson, of Moulmein, dined with me on Saturday. All is going on well. The church is crowded in the morning;

a Burmese war is inevitable ; a third regiment is ordered from Madras ; trade flourishing ; American Missions active. I hear from Lord Auckland once a month or so. They were at Mussooree Church on March 18th, which they term “ beautiful,” and say was well attended, considering the early season.’

‘CALCUTTA, EASTER EVE, *April 14th.* I have just had three officers of the fleet with me, to beg me to patronise a play to be got up for the famine fund. “No, gentlemen,” I said, “that is impossible. You could not wish me to undo all I have been doing my whole life ;” and I bowed them out. What a profound ignorance even of decorum.’

‘EASTER DAY, *April 15th.* May we rise to greater newness of life with our triumphant Lord ! This is my sixth Easter in India. Soon will it be said “his bishopric let another take.” Oh ! to END WELL. I am jealous over myself. (1) I would examine my heart. (2) I would search into my administration of this vast diocese. (3) I would suspect myself, especially on two points—where the natural selfishness of man blinds his judgment of his own actions—and as to spiritual affections where decays of grace begin. Lord raise me up with Christ.’

‘CALCUTTA, *April 18th.* After the hurries of Lent and Easter, I am turning my thoughts towards my second visitation, which ought to have begun in August, 1837. I propose to deliver my Charge on Friday, July 6th, and then embark for the Straits. Ten weeks spent there, and in going and returning, will bring me back to Calcutta the end of November. As I have no prospect of a chaplain at present, I take the Archdeacon, with Mrs. and Miss Dealtry. I suppose I shall, the following winter, push on for Simlah, so as to descend the Ganges again in the autumn of 1839, three years from my last Visitation. Bombay will demand me in 1840 and 1841. But “who shall live when God doeth this ?” My hand trembles at writing even the words.’

‘CALCUTTA, *April 23rd.* Captain Lewis is come down from Moorshedabad, after being engaged for two years in the suppression of the dreadful Thug system, especially on the river. This is the more fearful, because the more mysterious branch of it. He says it will occupy six or seven years more to extirpate the entire body. He has never discovered a trace of

compunction in any of the murderers' minds. The horrid attempts sometimes fail from the unexpected approach of strangers. One terrific instance occurred of a man whom they strangled, as they supposed, and buried in the sand, after having scooped out, in wanton barbarity, one of his eyes. The victim revived however, laid his information, and the whole gang was discovered. The expense to Government for the suppression of the system is 25,000 rupees a month. A party of Sepoys suffered for their own injustice. They seized a country boat, and insisted on being conveyed gratuitously to Patna. The boatmen (Thugs) affected to remonstrate; pleaded their poverty, and the loss they should sustain. The Sepoys, however, forced them to proceed, and were all murdered.'

'CALCUTTA, *July 1st*. I close to-day the sixtieth—and enter, please God, to-morrow the sixty-first year of my age. My sermon at the Cathedral is from Gen. xxxv. 1, 3. I am, as it were, about to go up with Jacob, and build an altar to the God that appeared to me in the day of my distress, and kept me in the way which I went. How important are the denunciations of Scripture against the world, worldliness, secularity, the name to live when we are dead, the leaving our first love, the being neither cold nor hot, under the highest professions of knowledge and faith! These are the dangers I feel, because they creep insensibly on the unconscious heart, and because public life now for forty years has been wearing away the gloss and bloom of internal piety, and rendering the revival of them more difficult. Simplicity once gone, how hard to restore! In this view I look upon the trials sent me, as memorials of mercy, warnings, voices, compensating dispensations, needful medicines for the soul, the chastisements of a Heavenly Father.'

A few extracts from the Correspondence spreading over the two years embraced in this chapter will now conclude it.

TO THE REV. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM.

‘JYEPORE, *March 19th, 1836.*’

‘Distance from England is the least of the sorrows of an Indian residence. It is separation from Christian brethren, the want of advice in exigencies, the groundless suspicions raised about one’s motives, the rash judgments formed by those who know only half of a case, the impossibility of setting things straight when they have once become involved.

‘But from all these trials, I turn to the SUPREME MASTER, who knows the hearts of His servants, and will at length make their righteousness as clear as the light, and their just dealing as the noon-day. To bear the Cross for His sake is sweet. The world and the Church are equally sources of difficulty when he is pleased to appoint. So Cecil found it—so Robinson—so Walker of Truro—so Claudius Buchanan—so the two Milners—and so Scott, father and son. All we can do, is to watch and wait, to examine our hearts and motives with more jealousy, to lean on the safe side, and to suffer rather than sin.

‘The future is entirely with God, and I shrink from sending you the sketch of my designs. India is the region of the shadow of death. Disappointed projects are strewn on all hands. Life slips away in a moment, like a stream, gliding down an unseen fall: now it is flowing gently along, the next instant it dashes down—down—down the declivity, and is heard of no more. What a comfort it is that an Omniscient, Omnipotent hand is with us—a God of love—a Saviour full of grace—a Spirit of consolation and power. The sacrifice of the Cross is the nucleus of all comfort and hope. My earnest desire is to use so the talent committed to me, that I may receive the plaudit, “Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”’

TO DR. PEARSON, DEAN OF SALISBURY.

‘SIMLAH, *June, 1836.*

‘You were always the faithful friend. How few of them I have! I especially thank you for hints for spiritual vigilance,

and concerning the dangers to which I am most subject. The charge of assumption, which you tell me, is commonly advanced, I am not surprised at. You know my faults on the side of excessive energy and overstrong expressions. I suppose these have given occasion for the charge.

‘Watch for me, and over me. Admonish, suggest, aid. It is impossible to be in the glare I am in without peril to the soul. Plain truths, kindly put, by dear friends like you, are amongst the most valuable and consoling supports to a poor sinful creature. Oh! for St. Paul’s spirit, or Quesnel’s, or Pascal’s, or Thomas à Kempis’. God help us by His grace, free favour, and undeserved communication of His Holy Spirit.’

TO LADY MALKIN.

‘GHAZNEPORE, *October 1837.*

“I commend you to Him, who is the ALL SUFFICIENT God : and who places his chief glory in sustaining and consoling the weak and destitute.

‘His ways are indeed mysterious, afflictive, sudden, overwhelming, desolating at times. But He is in Himself, and His dealings with us, the same. His name is “I AM THAT I AM.” He knows His designs and His purposes of grace.

‘There is no reasoning with an INFINITE BEING. It is utterly in vain for us feeble, ignorant mortals. But we may cling to the skirts of His raiment, as it were—we may hang upon His gracious promises—we may trust His power, wisdom, and love. Eternity annihilates the few years which may intervene between our own dismissal and that of those we most tenderly love. They are not lost, but only gone before in the procession of mortality!’

TO CAPTAIN WADE, THE RESIDENT AT LODIANAH.

‘CALCUTTA, *February, 1838.*

‘I trust you are able to keep up the regular reading of prayers, and a sermon on Sundays in your station, by the pious

zeal of some lay officer or gentleman, when a chaplain is not with you. However admirable the piety and labours of ministers of other bodies of Christians (the excellent and devoted American Presbyterian missionaries, to whom I beg to present my love), yet our own stable and fixed Liturgy, our primitive order of Church government, and our union as Churchmen in our own sacramental offices, are adequate grounds of just and decisive preference, feeble as our churches in this country are at present. Nor will the manifestations of the divine grace be wanting to the devout performance of the services which the same grace has been pleased to ordain. We urge the claims of the Anglican Church, not to exclude, but to magnify the glory of the grace of God in Christ Jesus. We urge them, also, not to pass any judgment whatever on other Churches and other forms of discipline, but to express our attachment to our own.

‘Never can we too frequently remember that no Church can save a wicked or a worldly man, remaining such. Individual penitence, individual faith in the atonement of the Son of God, individual holiness implanted and nourished by the life-giving Spirit of God, individual morality and righteousness in the conduct and behaviour, are the ends in view in all Church government and ecclesiastical offices. And unless these ends are sought for by the individual prayers for grace which burst from the awakened heart, we call ourselves Churchmen in vain. The internal work of personal piety once begun, the Church continues to build up, to nourish, to admonish, to console, to strengthen into everlasting life.

‘I do not apologise, dear Sir, for these plain hints, because it is my office to exhort on all occasions, and because I know the simplicity of your faith and love in Christ Jesus.’

TO A CHAPLAIN.

February 5th, 1838.

‘Some of your questions I can only answer as a private friend.

‘I should advise you to shun all conversation with any military officer which borders on infidelity. No clergyman

should allow language hostile to Christianity to be uttered in his presence twice. A respectful remonstrance should follow the first invasion on the rules of decency in this way; and if repeated, the minister of Christ must abstain from the society where he is thus insulted in the person of his divine Master.'

TO ANOTHER CHAPLAIN.

'CALCUTTA, February, 1838.

'Let me suggest to you what I am sure I feel myself daily, that the growth of heart-felt religion is the spring of all ministerial peace and usefulness. We are what our hearts are. Let us feel an interest in our work, a care for souls, and a sense of the inestimable love of God "in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ" (as our Liturgy expresses it), and our public duties will become more and more our joy.'

TO ANOTHER CHAPLAIN.

'CALCUTTA, January 17th, 1838.

'The two dioceses of Madras and Bombay still pressing on my attention, and having no chaplain, I am much overwhelmed and harassed. But I cast myself on the affection of all the clergy in my earnest endeavour to do my best. God pardon my mistakes, and supply my large omissions. Christ is the HEAD of the Church.

'My general rule in matters of Church discipline is, to do enough to secure the interests of the Church, and then to embrace as widely as possible the pious and devout of other communions. Thus I act, when I feel myself called upon to decide abstractedly upon different matters, on my own judgment. But when the opinions of my Rev. Presbyters in their several churches and districts, take a somewhat different direction from my own, I leave them most fully, as a Protestant Bishop should, to the unembarrassed decision of their own minds. A Bishop is the centre of Christianity to his diocese, not by assuming to bring all subordinate questions to one

uniform model of feeling and sentiment, but by conciliating all hearts, sustaining the main features and life of Christianity in the comprehensive articles and Liturgy of our Church, and upholding our broad defences of discipline according to the Rubric and Canons, so far as they are not necessarily modified by circumstances.'

CHAPTER XVI.

SECOND VISITATION.

1838—1842.

The Bishop's Second Visitation—Important Charge—Voyage to the Straits—Chittagong—Sir William Jones's house—Appointment of Professor Street—Lent Lectures in Calcutta—First idea of the New Cathedral—Awakening at Krishnaghur—Propagation Society Missions—Baptism of Natives—Consecration of Cawnpore Churches—Lucknow—Delhi—Almora—Mussooree—Simlah—Moonlight at Agra—Additional Clergy Society—Gwalior—Jhansi—Saugor—Jubbulpore—Calcutta—Controversy with Propagation Society—Mrs. Wilson and Female Orphan Refuge—Journal-letters—Sylhet and Chirrapoonjee—Ten thousand oranges—Caubul tragedy—Journal-letters—Correspondence.

ON July 6th, 1838, a most important Charge was delivered to the assembled clergy in Calcutta. It was dedicated to the Bishops of Madras and Bombay, who, before the publication of it, had arrived in their respective Dioceses ; and it branched out into four divisions. In the first the Bishop gave some account of the impression made upon his mind during the course of the primary visitation : in the second, he entered into the statistics of the Diocese : in the third, he dwelt upon the state of the Missions : and in the fourth, he pointed out the dangers which threatened the Church, with the corresponding duties.

It was the last part which made the Charge so important. He conceived that the greatest dangers threatening the Church arose from the publication of "The Tracts for the Times," and the movement consequent upon such publication. It will have been observed in the last chapter at how early a period he was aroused to this danger : and how he foretold results some years before they came to pass. "Mark my words," he said, "if some of these men do not leave our Church and join the Apostasy of Rome : " and again—"If no one brother

will unite with me, I am ready to protest alone against this egregious drivelling fatuity." These words were spoken in the year 1838.

This Charge was his protest. 'It is to me,' he said, 'a matter of surprise and shame, that in the nineteenth century we should really have the fundamental position of the whole system of Popery virtually reasserted in the bosom of that very Church, which was reformed so determinately three centuries since from this self-same evil, by the doctrine, and labours, and martyrdom, of Cranmer and his noble fellow-sufferers.

'What! are we to have all the fond tenets which formerly sprung from the traditions of men re-introduced, in however modified a form, amongst us? Are we to have a refined transubstantiation—the sacraments, and not faith, the chief means of salvation—a confused and uncertain mixture of the merits of Christ and inherent grace in the matter of justification—remission of sins and the new creation of Christ Jesus confined, or almost confined, to baptism—perpetual doubt of pardon to the penitent after that sacrament—the duty and advantage of self-imposed austerities, the innocency of prayers for the dead, and similar tenets and usages which generate "a spirit of bondage" again asserted amongst us? And is the paramount authority of the inspired Scriptures, and the doctrine of the grace of God in our justification by the alone merits of Jesus Christ, which reposes on that authority, to be again weakened and obscured by such human superadditions; and a new edifice of "will-worship," and "voluntary humility," and the "rudiments of the world," as the Apostle speaks, to be erected once more in the place of the simple Gospel of a crucified Saviour?

'My language is strong, my Reverend Brethren, but I think you will agree with me that it is not too strong for the occasion. You shall judge for yourselves. I select as a specimen of the whole system, and what forms its basis, so far as I can understand it from the various publications which have reached me, the following passage from the able, learned, and accomplished author of the sermon on "Tradition"—for it is not necessary to disparage in the slightest degree the high endowments of the leaders in this new way.'

He then quotes Professor Keble's Sermon on Tradition as follows :—

“ With relation to the supreme authority of inspired Scripture,” says the Professor of Poetry, “ it stands thus—Catholic tradition teaches revealed truth, Scripture proves it; Scripture is the document of faith, Tradition the witness of it; the true creed is the Catholic interpretation of Scripture, or scripturally proved Tradition; Scripture by itself teaches mediately, and proves decisively; Scripture and Tradition taken together are the joint rule of faith.”

‘ So then, Tradition is the primary, and Holy Scripture the secondary teacher of divine truth; so then, we are to search the inspired Word of God, not as the one authoritative, adequate rule of faith, but as the document of what this Tradition teaches; we are to study the Scriptures, not in order to ascertain simply God's revealed will, but to prove Tradition by Scriptural evidence; and the standard of revelation is no longer the Bible alone, that is, the inspired Word of the Eternal God in its plain and obvious meaning, but “ Scripture and Tradition taken together are the joint rule of faith.”

‘ All this is surely sufficiently alarming; but it becomes incomparably more so, when we learn with what latitude the word Tradition is understood. It includes, as we gather from the other repeated statements of the learned author, “ unwritten as well as written ” traditions, “ certain remains or fragments of the treasure of Apostolical doctrines and Church rules; ” in other words, an oral law, “ independent of, and distinct from the truths which are directly scriptural; ” which traditions are to be received “ apart from all Scripture evidence, as traditionary or common laws ecclesiastical.” So that it appears that SCRIPTURE, AND UNWRITTEN AS WELL AS WRITTEN TRADITION, ARE, TAKEN TOGETHER, THE JOINT RULE OF FAITH.’ (Charge, pp. 61, 62.)

‘ And wherefore,’ the Bishop asks, ‘ this deviation from our old Protestant doctrine and language; why this false principle; why this new school, as it were, of Divinity? Ancient testimony in its proper place, who had undervalued? The

dignity and grace of the Sacraments, who had denied? The study of primitive antiquity, who had renounced? The witness of the early Fathers, who had disparaged? Wherefore weaken, then, by pushing beyond its due bearing, the argument which all writers of credit in our Church had delighted to acknowledge?' (Charge, p. 63.)

He goes on to assign its proper place, and give its due weight, to the testimony from tradition:—

'The testimony of the Apostolical and primitive ages to the genuineness, authenticity, and Divine inspiration of the Canonical Books of the New Testament, as of the Jewish Church to those of the Old, who had called in question? Or who had doubted the incalculable importance of the witness of the universal ancient Church at the Council of Nice to the broad fact of the faith of the whole Christian world, from the days of the Apostles to that hour, in the mysteries of the adorable Trinity and of the Incarnation, as there rehearsed and recognised? Or who had called in question the other matters of fact which are strengthened by Christian antiquity? And we receive such tradition for this one reason: because it deserves the name of **JUST AND PROPER EVIDENCE**. It is authentic testimony. It is a part of the materials from which even the external evidences of Christianity itself are derived. It furnishes the most powerful historical arguments in support of our faith. It is amongst the proofs of our holy religion.

'But evidence is one thing; the rule of belief another. Not for one moment do we, on any or all these grounds, confound the history and evidences of the divinely inspired rule of faith, with that Rule itself. Not for one moment do we place Tradition on the same level with the all-perfect Word of God. Not for one moment do we allow it any share in the standard of revealed truth. Scripture and Tradition taken together are NOT, we venture to assert, "the joint rule of faith;" but "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith." And Tradition is so far

from being of co-ordinate authority, that even the Ecclesiastical writers who approach the nearest to them, and are read in our Churches: which not one of the Fathers is: "for example of life, and instruction of manners;" are still, as being uninspired, not to be applied to establish any one doctrine of our religion.' (Charge, p. 68.)

A caution and a protest follows:—

'Against this whole system, as proceeding upon A MOST FALSE AND DANGEROUS PRINCIPLE, and differing from the generally received Protestant doctrine, I beg, Reverend Brethren, most respectfully to caution you. I enter my solemn protest against the testimony of the Fathers to any number of facts, being constituted a "joint rule of faith." I protest against their witness to the meaning of certain capital series of texts on the fundamental truths of the Gospel being entitled to the reverence only due to the authoritative Revelation itself. I protest against the salutary use made of the testimony of primitive writers by our Church, as a safeguard against heresy, and an expression of her view of the sense of the Holy Scriptures, being placed on a level with the blessed Scriptures themselves—that is, I PROTEST AGAINST A MERE RULE OF COMMUNION BEING MADE A RULE OF FAITH.' (Charge, p. 69.)

The tendency of the system is next pointed out:—

'You may rely upon it, Reverend Brethren, that this "joint rule of faith" will never long consist with the simplicity of the Gospel. I speak with fear and apprehension, lest I should in the least degree overstate the case. I suspect not—I repeat, I suspect not—the reverend and learned leaders of the least intention, or idea, of forwarding the process which I think is, in fact, going on. But the plague is begun. A FALSE PRINCIPLE IS ADMITTED IN THE RULE OF FAITH, AND IS ALREADY AT WORK.

'The whole system, indeed, goes to generate, as I cannot but think, an inadequate and superstitious religion. The mere admission of the inspiration and paramount authority of

Holy Scripture will soon become a dead letter; due humiliation before God, under a sense of the unutterable evil of sin, will be less and less understood; a conviction of the need of the meritorious righteousness of the incarnate Saviour, as the alone ground of justification, will be only faintly inculcated; the operations of the Holy Ghost in creating man anew will be more and more forgotten; the nature of those good works which are acceptable to God in Christ, will be lost sight of; and "another Gospel," framed on the traditions of men, will make way for an apostasy in our own Church, as in that of Rome—unless, indeed, the evangelical piety, the reverence for Holy Scripture, the theological learning, and the forethought and fidelity of our divines of dignified station, and established repute, at home, INTERPOSE BY DISTINCT CAUTIONS TO PREVENT IT—as they are beginning to interpose, and, as I humbly trust, they will still more decisively do; and as their signal success in the instance of the Neological theories, a year or two since, may well encourage them to resolve on.' (Charge, p. 70.)

He then brings the matter home to his own diocese :—

' My duty has led me to submit these remarks to you, my Reverend Brethren, in this diocese. Over our Indian Church I am "jealous with a godly jealousy." Our feeble native converts excite my especial regard. I fear "lest as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so their minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." Let the example of the Jesuits in China and Japan, my missionary brethren—let the immediate proof that lies before you in the degenerating tendency of a religion based on tradition, in the case of our Indo-Portuguese population—or let your own observations on the tenacity with which the traditions of caste, and washings, and petty superstitions, adhere to so many in our native flocks—warn you against entering upon the fatal labyrinth. (Charge, p. 75.)

He then concludes the subject as follows :—

' A JOINT RULE OF FAITH IS NO RULE AT ALL. Give to the
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witnesses and writers of each age all reasonable weight and influence, but yield not to them any part of that paramount authority which appertains only to the revealed Word of God. Use them as advisers, bow not to them as sovereigns. Honour them as attendants around the footstool, but allow them not to obscure the majesty or usurp the throne of Inspired Scripture.' (Charge, p. 77.)

Thus was the warning voice raised in the Indian Church. It struck at the root of the evil. The tract on "Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge," and the still more notorious "No. 90," which appeared in March, 1841, were not needed. The danger was seen afar off, and met openly and determinately. There were many alarmists at the time, but the Bishop of Calcutta was amongst the first speakers. Surely he was sent to India "for such a time as this," and spoke "a word in season." It warned the Clergy, fenced the Missions, and preserved the unity of the Church. Again and again were the seeds of error wafted across the ocean: again and again did they find a fitting soil: but the watchful husbandman was there, and they were never suffered to take root, spring up, and bring forth, as in England, the baneful fruit of family dissension and individual perversion. This biography does not profess to deal in controversy; but it states facts as they occurred, and unveils* opinions without reserve; and whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the points at issue, all will honour One who, having deep convictions, fearlessly and opportunely gave utterance to them. Had all our fathers in the Church spoken as promptly and as earnestly, many of the evils of the present day might have been averted.

The Charge now under consideration was soon after published and widely circulated. "I am delighted," said Dr. Spencer, the new Bishop of Madras, "that your lordship has grappled so manfully with the incense-breathing theorists of Oxford. They are good men, and this makes them the more dangerous. God grant that the malaria may not invade India." "It is the most perfect thing I have seen since I have been in India," said Dr. Charles, the Presbyterian chaplain of Calcutta. "I read part

of my Charge to two of the chaplains on a visit here," says the Bishop himself, "who are avowed advocates of the new theology; and you should have seen their countenances!"

As soon as the Charge was delivered, the Bishop embarked in the pilot brig, the *Hattrass*, which was again assigned to him by Government, and commanded by his good friend Captain Clark. The Archdeacon and his family, and Dr. Webb accompanied him. The companionship was pleasant, but the voyage tedious. Three extracts will convey an idea of its employments:—

“*Hattrass*,” July 22nd, 1838.

‘You would be delighted to hear some of Archdeacon Dealtry’s sermons. We are both now endeavouring to “mend our nets,” after the hurrying labour of fishing “for men,” for so long a time. Our nets have got much out of order. Oh! for restoring, repairing grace. For myself, I feel ashamed and confounded when I think of the disorder and decay of divine principles within me. The Lord keep me in his gracious hands, and bring me to his heavenly kingdom.’

‘August 8th, 1838.

‘I have been reading with singular pleasure Bishop Monk’s “Life of Dr. Bentley.” I wonder how I passed it over when it was published in 1830. I suppose I was waiting for the 8vo edition. It is really one of the most able, impartial, trustworthy, pieces of literary biography which I have read. Bishop Monk must be a prodigy of learning. He writes beautifully, and his equanimity of judgment is admirable. And never had a scholar so fine a subject to treat. Bentley was a man indeed, with all his faults. What energy! What deep and accurate learning! What vivacity of wit! What courage! What sagacity! (Pray send me out my set of the Boyle and Bentley controversy about Phalaris, if it is not come out.) What discoveries did he make! His diagram was a wonderful hit. Then his Epistle to Mill; his Boyle’s Lectures; Phileleutherus; his Horace; his Terence; his collections for Homer, all first-rate. As the Master of a college he was a sad tyrant, I admit; but what fortitude and resources did he display! And he died after all in his nest, in spite of Boyle, Miller, Coldbatch, Bishop of Ely,

House of Lords, Court of King's Bench. I laughed quite heartily when sitting alone and reading the romantic story, at the old hero's tough and indomitable spirit. The worst part of his character is the want of Christian piety and humility, which cannot but lower a clergyman, and that clergyman a professor of divinity.'

“*Hattrass*,” August 26th, 1839.

‘I have been returning grateful thanks to our Redeemer for his answer to our prayers on Friday last. On that morning I commended our ship to the divine mercy, entreating favourable winds, and begging that the judgment of the captain might be guided what to do; for our stores were falling short, and it seemed almost necessary to return upon our track—the wind was so directly and obstinately adverse. Not an hour had passed afterwards, when the wind changed, we ran by the island of Junk Ceylon, and instead of putting back, we have been going on steadily for two days. Surely a more remarkable, and as it were tangible, answer to prayer has seldom occurred to me in the whole course of my life. Accordingly I have composed and delivered a sermon to day on Ps. 116. 1, 2. Subject, “Affectionate gratitude to God, the duty of those who have been delivered in answer to prayer.” The divisions were, First: A state of distress supposed. Secondly: Deliverance in answer to prayer commemorated. Thirdly: Resolutions of grateful love. Application: The *happiness of religion*, which works chiefly by gratitude to God, the fountain of good: The *misery of sin*, which consists of ingratitude and neglect of God, the only source of joy.’

Without dwelling at length upon the details of this second visitation, a short account of what occurred, as station after station was visited, will serve as an interesting supplement to the first.

At Penang the Bishop found in the new Recorder, Sir William Norris, an excellent friend; but the loss of Sir Benjamin Malkin weighed heavily upon his spirits. The *Hattrass* carried down to the island the first news of his death, and the grief was universal. In the Charge recently delivered in Calcutta, the Bishop had publicly borne testimony to his worth; and he attempted to read the extract when addressing the congregation on the first

Sunday morning. But the whole audience were in tears, and his own feelings were so overpowered that he was obliged to call the Archdeacon up into the pulpit to finish the quotation.

At Malacca, he found the Dutch church, which had been resigned to him, fitted up with all suitable conveniences. A reading-desk was provided, the pulpit was removed, the Communion table enclosed, a vestry built, and new pews erected so as to increase the accommodation. Porch and belfry were also added, and everything was prepared for him. Moreover, another of the missionaries connected with the Chinese College and the London Missionary Society, a Mr. Evans, applied to him for admission into Holy Orders. The decision in his case was postponed, as it had been in the case of Mr. Hughes, till the Society had been communicated with, and had bidden him "God-speed." From that quarter there was no difficulty. But it is sad to record, that when all hindrances were removed, and the way made plain for the reception of these two excellent men, and the fulfilment of their conscientious desires, they both died of cholera within a very short period of each other. The Bishop refers to this melancholy bereavement on January 9th, 1841 :—"Conceive my distress at receiving a letter from the Governor of Singapore, dated December 7th, conveying the melancholy account of the death of both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Evans by cholera—the first on November 25th, the second after interring his friend, on November 28th. No particulars. Each seems to have been seized unexpectedly, and to have died within four hours! O my Saviour! how unsearchable are thy judgments. Two of the best men in India cut off in the prime of life and health, and just at the moment when plans of usefulness were opening before them. Never since I have been in India has the Church suffered a greater loss. For themselves the change was blessed, but for survivors, alas! the blow is most severe. Still, it is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth him good."

At Singapore he found the church, which had cost him so much care and pains on his former visit, completed and ready for consecration. But it was claimed by a portion of the

subscribers who were not members of the Church of England, as their own property ; and a protest against its consecration obtained sixteen signatures, and was presented to him. He never had a harder task, than to arrange this matter of common honesty. But he dealt very gently with it. The Governor was firm, and the result good. A public meeting was held to consider the matter, at which the whole case was so clearly explained, that the protest was withdrawn, and the petition for consecration signed by fifty-one persons. All were conciliated. One opponent offered to collect money for an organ : a second undertook to raise a tower ; the Archdeacon gave a bell ; the Resident a clock. " I never saw a whole community come round so well," says the Bishop. " To God be the praise ! "

Moulmein was found greatly increased in population, and improved in religious matters under the zealous chaplain. The Bishop now saw Dr. Judson, the celebrated missionary to the Karens, who explained his former backwardness on the plea of indisposition. He describes him as " a most lovely person—countenance mild, intelligent, penetrating—fine forehead—aquiline nose—gentlemanly address—dark complexion—manner of speaking slow—voice musical." They talked for an hour, and the Bishop was much struck with his spirituality, humility, and " retiredness of mind ; " and this impression was confirmed by a subsequent interview in Calcutta, whither Dr. Judson went for his health's sake some months after, and was most kindly welcomed.

" Never was I more cordially received than here," the Bishop says, when leaving ; " and may the effect of what has been done, be powerful through the grace of the PRIMARY TEACHER, the Lord and giver of Life."

Chittagong was now visited. This was a new station to the Bishop, and the fallow ground had to be broken up. Situated on the coast of Arracan, the novelty of everything, and the exquisite beauty of the scenery charmed him. But there was no church, no divine service, no Sunday observance, no charitable institutions, no exhibition of Christianity. An occasional visit of the chaplain from Dacca, afforded the only

means of grace. Plans were at once set on foot to remedy all this. A public meeting was called, and it was determined to erect a church. Sixteen hundred rupees were contributed on the spot. The Bishop gave five hundred for himself, and five hundred from the Christian Knowledge Society. An application to Government, and a grant from the Church Building Fund, completed the five thousand rupees required; and as in so many other cases, a church was reared in Chittagong.

A house in the immediate neighbourhood, frequented by the celebrated Sir William Jones, was visited with much interest. It stood upon the summit of a hill commanding a magnificent view of the sea on one side, and the mountain range upon the other, and was called Jaffierbad. His study was pointed out, but all was falling into ruins.

The various religious services connected with the Visitation were thoroughly appreciated. Not a soul was absent on any occasion. "Never was there a station," says the Bishop, "which needed a visitation more; and never one where we succeeded more completely in the great ends in view. Our host was Mr. H. T. Raikes, son of the excellent Chancellor of Chester."

On November 21st he left Chittagong, and on the 23rd arrived safely in Calcutta. "I have hardly yet turned round," he says, on entering the Palace, "but gratitude for the divine mercy should swell in my heart, when I consider four months of absence without any one calamity."

Thus closed the year 1838. The following reflections ushered in the year 1839:—

'*Jan. 1st, 1839.*—New Year's Day. I have been delivering my Eben-Ezer sermon, first composed twenty-five years' since. May that God who has helped us hitherto, help us also henceforth, and even to the end. We enter a new year, ignorant of what a day may produce, but leaving everything in the hands of infinite wisdom, love, and power. If we are but found growing in grace, and preparing more and more for heaven, nothing can come amiss to us. To live will be Christ, and to die gain. Oh! for a higher aim, for brighter faith, for more

tender love to souls, for more dedication of heart to my Divine and compassionate Redeemer. Christ is all. I would fain stand with my loins girded, and my lamp burning, waiting for my LORD, my MASTER, my LOVE !'

Wars and rumours of wars marked the commencement of the year 1839 ; but the attention of the reader must be limited to matters in which the Bishop himself was concerned. On January 20th he was cheered by the arrival of his new domestic chaplain, the Rev. John Henry Pratt, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, and son of his old tutor and dear friend, the Rev. Josiah Pratt. No vacancy in the list of Bengal chaplains had occurred, and hence his appointment had been so long delayed.

' It was September 4th, 1837,' writes the Bishop, ' when I took leave of my first chaplain : and it was January 20th, 1839, when I obtained a successor. Thank God for support during the long privation. The prospect of relief is most consoling : but I must name no earthly friend " Noah ; saying this same shall comfort me." '

Bishop's College next engaged his attention, and claimed his aid. Dr. Withers, who presided over it, was seized with fever, and compelled instantly to go to sea : and, after a short interval, Professor Malan's eyesight entirely failed, so that he also left for England. In the emergency the Bishop stepped forward, and once more assumed the office of a college tutor and Vice-Principal. He gave three Divinity Lectures to the students, fifteen in number, every week, and Mr. Pratt took the remaining work. It was a great addition to his labour ; but it seemed to recal pleasantly his earlier days, and to increase his interest in the College. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were not ungrateful for the service rendered. " I cannot conclude," says the Secretary, the Rev. A. M. Campbell, writing in May, 1839, " without once more expressing the universal feeling of gratitude for your lordship's unprecedented kindness in taking charge of the College during the lamented absence of the Professors. We earnestly pray that their health may be restored, and that you may not suffer from

your exertions." And again, in June, when announcing the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Street as the new Professor, he says, "We devoutly pray that the speedy arrival of this promising young man may relieve your lordship from the heavy load of anxiety and labour which you have been kind enough to sustain on our account. It seems almost idle to talk of thanks in connection with such services; but I wish you had witnessed the feeling manifested at Oxford when I informed the public meeting that, during the interregnum occasioned by the sickness of Mr. Withers and Mr. Malan, the duties of Principal and Professor had been discharged by the Bishop of Calcutta."

The Lent Lectures followed. The subject selected for this year was "The Lord's Prayer." The lectures were entirely new; for the former series, as already mentioned, had been stolen; and the Bishop said that he found his old pastoral feelings at St. John's, Bedford Row, revive under their continuous composition and delivery. The attendance, in point of numbers, exceeded any former occasion. Every part of the church was crowded; and numbers of the first civilians, and their ladies, were seated in the aisles. "To God be all the glory," says the Bishop, "and may His grace penetrate many hearts."

And now the great idea of building a cathedral in Calcutta entered his mind. The erection of two new churches had been for some time in contemplation; one from the Evangelical Fund at the disposal of the clergy and managers of the "Old Church," for the Missions; and one on the proprietary plan for the increasing population at Chowringhee. The first was in due time carried into effect; the other fell through, and in its stead it was proposed to enlarge and improve St. John's Cathedral. This pleased the Bishop, and he warmly encouraged the thought. A plan was selected, and the necessary funds were forthcoming, when objections suddenly arose, and new ideas were suggested, which may be best related in the Bishop's own words to his children at home.

'CALCUTTA, March 18th, 1839.

'What do you say, my four children, to your father's attempting to build a cathedral to the name of the Lord his

God in this heathen land? The fact is, everything is beginning to look that way. The new chancel which I proposed is pronounced impracticable. The Military Board has declared against it. The Council asked me for a better plan, and intimated their willingness to make a large grant. The idea of the Chowringhee Church is given up. W. Wilberforce Bird has long wanted me to build a church on the Máidan or Esplanade. The increasing population demands increased accommodation. What say you? What will Government grant? How much the Church Building Fund? How much the Christian Knowledge Society? How much friends in India? How much shall I give myself? How much can I hope to raise? We shall see. The coincidences are curious, and encouraging, to say the least. It would be a noble design. What an honour to build a church for Christ our Lord in some measure corresponding with our secular palaces, and marking our estimate of Christianity. Bishop Middleton's heart was set on this twenty years since, under Lord Hastings' Government. The Lord alone can dispose the wills of men, and grant the blessed success. *Sursum corda!*'

The idea grew, and the plan seemed so promising, that he felt justified in making a public announcement of his intention at the last of his Lent Lectures, when nearly twelve hundred of the *élite* of Calcutta were present.

"I thought," he said, "I should néver have such a favourable opportunity again; and that, to express a firm purpose on my part was one step towards success amidst the timid, vacillating, shifting population of India."

The extracts from his journal-letters, whilst resident this year in Calcutta, will have an almost exclusive bearing upon this one topic, which naturally occupied his mind.

'April 3rd. I have had a long interview with the Governor of Bengal, Colonel Morrison, about my new church; very kind and obliging. He was good enough to compliment me on my public letters, which he said he had had the curiosity to

read from the day of my first arrival. He is warmly in favour of my church. I never did meet with a governor in a kinder and more obliging temper; nor can I be thankful enough to Almighty God for his goodness.'

'*April 21st.* May the calm of the Sabbath pervade all our minds. I have been walking on the roof of my house for a few minutes, and contemplating the site of my intended Cathedral, and the vast surrounding population. Oh! if that glorious building should ever rise to the honour of my God and Saviour. It will be the first Protestant Cathedral ever erected in this land of idolatry and superstition. Of course I must expect great difficulties, oppositions, delays. But if God accepts the design, and is pleased to prosper it—all is well. God grant that many may be "born there." I intend it for natives as well as Europeans.'

'*Friday, May 3rd.* The grant for my site passed Council on Wednesday, and is going up for confirmation to Lord Auckland.'

'*Tuesday, June 4th.* Last evening at five o'clock, just before my forty-sixth clerical meeting, came in Lord Auckland's answer to my application for a site. He GRANTS IT most handsomely. We returned solemn thanks in our little synod to Almighty God. On March 15th, the suggestion was made. On June 3rd, the land is granted. *Gratias Deo in sempiternum!*'

'*Friday, June 14th.* My proposals are printed, and in a few days five hundred copies will be diffused throughout the length and breadth of India. I wish you could have seen me on Wednesday evening, taking possession of the ground made over to me. It was June 12th—a day much to be remembered, as I trust, for India. I wrote in the morning to the Governor of Bengal, Colonel Morrison, and begged him not to resign me to the Military Board, but to put me at once in possession of my ground, and let me mark it out the same evening. He did so. He wrote a note from Council to Colonel Macleod. At six o'clock in the evening of that day, you would have seen me standing on the ground—about one thousand feet by six hundred—and have heard Colonel Macleod telling me "My Lord, it is all yours. Choose whatever part you prefer for your cathedral." I seemed to myself like Moses surveying from Mount Pisgah the promised

land. I figured to myself my beautiful spire, rising up two hundred and twenty feet—the fine deeply-buttressed gothic nave, chancel, and transepts, marking the massive grandeur of the Christian religion—the magnificent organ sounding out, “Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ”—my native Presbyters, in their snow-white vestures, walking down the aisles—the Christian neophytes responding in the choir—and Jesus acknowledged as the Lord of all.

‘But—hush my foolish heart! All future things are with thy God and Saviour, who oft abases human projects, and dashes them to pieces like a potter’s vessel. God’s will be done. I have called the cathedral ST. PAUL’S, to denote the doctrine which I trust will ever be proclaimed by its ministers, and the example of tenderness and fidelity which they will ever exhibit. I have fixed June 18th for issuing my proposals, because it is the anniversary of my leaving England, and completes my seventh year; and because it is the anniversary of the victory of Waterloo, emblematical, I hope, of the spiritual victory of Christ in my cathedral. The next step is to see and get the plans drawn and arranged. I wish I was an architect. But I am not.’

‘*July 5th.* The meeting of my architects to-day was most important. The building cannot cost less than four lacs (40,000*l.*), I fear; and then I shall want two more for endowment. I shall never live to see it complete; but my successor will bless the day when God put it into my heart. I stand overwhelmed at the divine goodness and condescension: and one thing I am perfectly persuaded of, that a greater blessing will repose upon my children and their families, by my devoting the revenues of my See to Christ, than by any selfish greediness to advance them by robbing God, which the natural man would desire. Amen.’

‘*July 12th.* I am beginning to save every rupee for my Missionary Cathedral and endowment fund—the most glorious design formed for India’s civilisation and Christianity since the erection of the three Bishoprics; if the Lord vouchsafe to bless. My subscriptions are coming in beyond my expectation. We have very nearly thirty thousand rupees already promised.’

‘*August 24th.* I am now busy preparing to resume my Visitation. We wait for the cessation of the rains to open our ground

for the foundations of the Cathedral. The working drawings are nearly ready.

'September 5th. It is astonishing how the Cathedral project is favoured. At our monthly committee on Tuesday, we found we had one hundred and fifty-three thousand rupees subscribed altogether for the four years from 1839 to 1843; and nearly sixty thousand of them actually paid into the Bank. My building committee (Colonel Macleod, Major Forbes, and Captain Fitzgerald) have entered on their office. My finance committee (Archdeacon Dealtry, Mr. C. K. Robinson, Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Molloy) have done the same. Everything will go on in case of my death without interruption, please God: and if the grand design should be taken up liberally at home, with rapidity. But with God is favour, grace, success; everything is what He is pleased to make it.'

'Wednesday, October 9th. On Tuesday, at five p.m., our first stone of St. Paul's Cathedral was laid. I will send you a copy of the prayers used, which I altered from the consecration service, and from those adopted by Bishop Middleton on laying the first stone of Bishop's College, on December 15th, 1820. I will also send the address I delivered. I wish I could send you an impression of the SCENE—the crowd, the number of gentry, the clergy, the natives, the whole field covered with people and carriages! But I cannot.'

All these preliminary steps having been successfully taken, and the necessary appeals sent home, the work progressed, and the reader's attention may be drawn for a time to other matters; especially to one, occurring at this time—the awakening at Krishnaghur.

One day, at the close of the year 1838, a native, of courteous address and fine bearing, stood at the gate of the Bishop's Palace, the bearer of a message to him from the missionaries of Krishnaghur. The message was similar to the one spoken to St. Paul in vision, when the man of Macedonia stood by his bedside, saying, "Come over, and help us." It conveyed tidings of a great and general movement amongst the natives towards Christianity. Twelve hundred inquirers had already appeared, and amongst them were many anxious candidates for baptism.

There were but two missionaries on the spot, and advice and help were urgently required. The relations of the Bishop with the Church Missionary Committee at the time were still delicate ; so that he hesitated to go down. But he received the messenger most gladly, presented a donation in money to meet the present necessity, and forwarded a paper of inquiries, which, answered, would enable him to judge better of the reality of the work.

After a little time, Archdeacon Dealtry and the Rev. K. M. Banerjee were sent down to Krishnaghur, and were met there by the Rev. Mr. Weitbrecht from Burdwân, and Rev. Mr. Sandys from Mirzapore. Their report was very striking. Fifty-two villages were in motion ; and the inquirers (including their families) numbered three thousand. It has already been shown how idolatry, as a system, had been undermined by the missionaries ; and now the inquirers after truth were earnest and sincere. The whole population of the district numbered about twelve thousand, and it seemed as if, means being promptly provided, they might all be won to Christ. Immediate steps, therefore, were taken consequent on this report, to strengthen the brethren ; and letters were written home, which produced a great effect, and raised high the hopes of the friends of Missions.

This was not the only cheering prospect at the time. The Rev. Mr. Sandys, Church missionary at Mirzapore, had received an invitation to come and open the "new doctrine" at a place called Tanga ; and at Balasette, a spot just occupied, it was making rapid and unexpected progress.

The Propagation Society's missions also seemed inspired with new life. The Bishop, in February, was called to the baptism of one hundred and thirty-five native converts at Barripore ; and had confirmed sixty who had been previously baptised. And now the Rev. Mr. Driberg came to announce a message from a village of one hundred families, requesting to be taken under instruction.

"What is all this ?" said the Bishop. "What is God about to do for us in India ? Thousands of souls seem to be making their way up from the shadow of death to the fair light of

Christ ; or rather, as we hope, are about to be translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son."

He hastened, therefore, to one of these scenes of labour ; and as soon as the season allowed, left Calcutta in the river steamer the *Experiment*, and made Krishnaghur the first halting-place in his Visitation. "Into thy hands," he says, on the eve of his departure, "I commend my spirit, my body, my soul, my diocese, my flocks with their pastors, my all. O Thou blessed Jesus, keep, I pray Thee, me and mine. Preserve, sanctify, and enlarge Thy Church. Prosper the present design of building a principal church to Thy name in this metropolis of Christian India. Make this Visitation a source of spiritual blessings indeed ! Guide the Archdeacon in his duties during my absence. Bless all the Rev. Clergy, Civil and Military servants, East Indian community, merchants and others. Pardon also, O my God, the unnumbered sins and transgressions committed during the period of my superintending this portion of Thy Church. Pardon especially sins of omission."

He was accompanied by the Rev. John H. Pratt and Doctor Webb ; and proposed, by the upward river route, to reach Mussooree and Simlah before the next hot season, returning to Calcutta about February, 1841.

Now, however, he is in Krishnaghur. That mission had already assumed a distinct form. The machinery had been set up, and a winnowing had taken place. The circle comprised seventy-two villages, and in each of these there were a certain number of inquirers. Seven hundred had been baptised, and some thousands were receiving instruction. A mingling of motives was discernible. There had been a defective harvest, a borrowing of money to pay the rents, and a looking to the missionaries for help ; but still the spirit of inquiry was genuine and sincere. The Bishop went from station to station examining, preaching, encouraging, confirming. He visited Krishnaghur, Solo, Rutténpoor, Anunda Bass, and Ranobunda ; and said he could hardly sleep from agitation, joy, and anxiety to direct everything aright. He describes the baptism of one hundred and fifty converts at Anunda Bass as follows :—

‘Never did I feel the beauty of our Baptismal and Confirmation Services so much as this morning: the prayer of thanksgiving of the first, the laying on of hands and supplications of the second. It was the sign and seal and first day in the eye of others of the new birth by water and the Spirit. It was the descent of the sanctifying grace of the Holy Ghost.

‘We began with examining the candidates for Baptism. “Are you sinners?” “Yes, we are.” “How do you hope to obtain forgiveness?” “By the sacrifice of Christ.” “What was that sacrifice?” “We were sinners, and Christ died in our stead.” “How is your heart to be changed?” “By the Holy Ghost.” “Will you renounce all idolatry, feasts, poojahs, and caste?” “Yes; we renounce them all.” “Will you renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil?” “Yes.” “Will you suffer for Christ’s sake?” “Yes.” “Will you forgive injuries?” “Yes.” In a word I went over all the branches of Christianity with the candidates, and finding from Mr. Deerr that they had for a year or more been under instruction and walking consistently, I begged him to read the Baptismal service. When we came to the questions, I paused to tell them of the seriousness of the engagement, and I asked the whole congregation of the baptised, if they would be witnesses and God-parents to these candidates. They shouted out that they would. The sight was most touching—one hundred and fifty souls about to enter the Christian Church, and the whole of the Christian village standing sponsors for them! Baptism was then administered; and I stood in the midst, and received them into the ark of Christ’s Church. You cannot imagine the intelligent, anxious eyes of the assembly as this was going on.’

At Ranobunda, two hundred and fifty were baptised in the same manner: and these additions to the Church, raised the whole number to above one thousand.

The foundations of the requisite missionary buildings were next laid, a sub-committee was appointed, the four missionaries now on the field were counselled and encouraged: and then, on Nov. 1st, the Bishop went on his way rejoicing. “A good and great work is evidently going on,” he says. “But to oppose this, there is cause to fear.—1. Temporal motives.

2. The effect of the relief granted at the time of the inundation. 3. The countenance and presence of so many Padres and Sahibs. 4. The influence of example and popular movement. 5. The instability of the human heart. 6. Satan's infinite craft. But TIME WILL SHOW WHO ARE TARES AND WHO WHEAT."

A certain measure of re-action followed, as it always does : for in the spiritual as in the natural world, the blossom far exceeds the fruit. It proved so at Krishnaghur. The gathering did not equal the promise : yet a great work had been wrought. A true Church was gathered out of the world of heathenism : and it still stands like a city set upon an hill.

Pursuing his journey, the Bishop passed through Berhampore and stopped at Moorshedabad, where he was most agreeably entertained by Mr. Elliott, of the Civil Service, and breakfasted with the Nizam in great state. From thence he visited Beaulah, Patna, Gyah, and Hazeerabagh. At the latter place, which was a new station, he spent his Advent Sunday. The church was little besides four walls. There was no roof, no floor, no windows, no doors, no communion table. But he determined to perform divine service in it. A tarpaulin was stretched over the rafters of the roof ; mats served for windows and doors ; loose bricks formed a communion table ; the gentry brought their own chairs and carpets. Thus he rebuked, intentionally, the dilatoriness of the executive officers. They had been two years trifling with the building : he left them with a pledge that all should be finished in two months.

Thence he passed on, preaching and performing all the usual services at Ghazeepore, Jaunpore, and Benares. From the latter place he sent down to Krishnaghur, the sum of three thousand rupees, the result of collections made for the Mission. "The languor," he says, "with which I revisit old places—and all are now old to me—is abundantly compensated for by the greater calmness and leisure for spiritual duties, and the better acquaintance with my diocese which I am acquiring : and my dear Mr. Pratt enjoys the novelty."

Christmas Day was spent at Allahabad : and then the river

was left, and the land march began. His former plan was somewhat changed: he had now a strong little phaëton, which he found "an amazing comfort:" and instead of starting at four o'clock in the morning, he started at seven. For horse exercise he had his old white "ghoont," or hill-poney: but at first it was too cold for him to ride. Mr. Pratt was his companion. Dr. Webb with his wife, child, and nurse, had their own palanquin carriage. Captain Hay, a most gentlemanly officer, commanded the camp, which, with the escort, exceeded two hundred souls, and was accompanied by a flock of sheep and goats.

Thus journeying, he reached Cawnpore, on Jan. 4th, 1840: and thanks to the indefatigable, quiet, and able management of Colonel Oglander, who had superintended all the works, kept all the accounts, and transmitted every month all minutes of proceedings in Committee, both churches were completed and ready for consecration. "Nothing can be more beautiful," he says, "than Christ-Church. It is one hundred and thirty-four feet, by seventy-seven—tower one hundred feet—style Gothic, pinnacles and corner towers in admirable proportion; the pulpit of fine mahogany, was made in Calcutta, and cost fifteen hundred rupees. The whole edifice is simple, appropriate, ecclesiastical. The expense is thirty-two thousand four hundred rupees: and the balance of two hundred and seventy rupees due to the architect, will be easily made up.

"But this," he adds, "is only one of God's mercies which I have to record at the commencement of the new year. 2. The Governor-General is in excellent humour. 3. The majority of the Council favourable to religion. 4. The Church Missionary Committee tranquillised. 5. The Presidency Chaplain gone home. 6. The Cathedral begun. 7. The Krishnaghur awakenings. 8. Bishop's College harmonious. 9. Mr. Pratt a first-rate helper. 10. Health continued, and strength to preach three or four times each week. 11. Children and grand-children doing well. 12. Islington. 13. Marlborough. Oh! for gratitude, watchfulness, humility."

Having consecrated the churches of Christ-Church and St. John's at Cawnpore, he passed on to Lucknow, and from thence

to Bareilly. In both these places, the churches he had founded, being finished, were consecrated; the one on Jan. 17th; the other on Feb. 12th. "The Lucknow Church," he writes to his ex-chaplain, "is a complete success. It is quite a bijou: cost five thousand four hundred rupees: and holds one hundred people. How you would rejoice to see your plans carried out so capitally! This is beautiful."

At Meerut, where he arrived on Feb. 22nd: he met Lord Jocelyn and General Elphinstone, names of historical interest and sad reminiscence: "both fresh from England, and Lord Jocelyn burning to go to China." The services in the church were extremely interesting: and the crowded congregations consisted mainly of soldiers returned from the first prosperous campaign in Affghanistan and Caubul.

All had hitherto been peace: but he was now mingled up with the din and the accompaniments of war. The appearance of the Affghan prisoners interested him much. They were supposed by many to be the remnants of the lost tribes of Israel. They bore commonly the names of Jacob, Joseph, Abraham, and such like. And he recognised the Jewish physiognomy. "The state prisoner I visited at Meerut," he says, "was a Jew every inch of him: the prolonged nose gracefully bent downwards; the eye, the look, the whole face, seemed to proclaim a descendant of Abraham. I have drawn up a prayer for a general thanksgiving."

After a short visit to Delhi, the camp moved on to Almorah on the mountains. This place he had not before visited. He describes it as less picturesque than Mussooree or Simlah, but rendered sublime by rugged rocks and the snowy range. After staying a week, and laying the foundation-stone of another hill-church, he stretched across the mountains, accompanied by his kind friends Mr. Lushington, and Mr. Batten. The fatigue was "almost too much" for his strength, but he arrived in safety at Mussooree on April 24th, and rested for three weeks.

Mussooree was vastly enlarged. One large hotel was built, and another was being built; the houses were multiplied, and the number of residents exceeded six hundred. The church

was finished and looked beautiful; and was in due course consecrated. Till May 11th he was in constant intercourse with friends, well-known, from all parts of India; and then he passed on, by the lower route through Nahun, to Simlah, having completed his journey of two thousand three hundred miles from Calcutta. The following were his reflections:—

‘SIMLAH, *May 21st.* We are now settled in our Simlah house. I inhabit Lord Auckland’s rooms; each door being provided, besides locks, with wooden fastenings at top and bottom, that no one might intrude into the council chamber. I rise at five, give two hours for riding, bathing, and devotion; breakfast and prayers at nine; work till two; repose till four; give an hour to my moonshee; ride at six and call upon the sick; dine at half-past seven; prayers at half-past eight; retirement from nine to half-past ten; bed seven hours. Thank God I sleep well generally, and take food with appetite, and use regular exercise. But I feel a sensible decline of strength, as it is natural I should; and anxious cares weigh upon my spirits. I think I was never designed for a bishop. I want more prudence, firmness, management of mankind, discretion, calmness, and general knowledge. I am a poor creature; and my soul fades and withers under the secularity and publicity of my station. I feel it does. I want more to gather up my feet into my bed like Jacob, and prepare for my being summoned into eternity and give up the ghost. Before this reaches you, I shall have entered, if I live as long, my sixty-third year, when the constitution commonly breaks down in a moment, particularly in this country. If I reach heaven, it will be as the “least of all saints:” a monument of grace and undeserved mercy. God be merciful to me a sinner.’

The temporary depression manifest in this letter—the result doubtless of over fatigue, soon passed away, and the sojourn at Simlah was characterised by incessant activity, and kindly hospitality. He composed twenty-five new sermons, and preached more than forty. He wrote five hundred and six letters on matters of all kinds, directed to all quarters. He collected thirteen hundred rupees for the repairs and enlargement of the church. He re-established a native dispensary.

He gave "dozens of little quiet cheerful dinner parties." And thus the four months of retirement at Simlah passed away, and the time for resuming his Visitation once more drew near. On Oct. 22nd he says, "We had a charming congregation last night, at our concluding Wednesday evening lecture. I preached from Hebrews xiii. 20, 21, 'The God of Peace, &c.' I made the sermon on the preceding evening, but I had composed one on the same text, forty years since; and I remember that when I came down from the pulpit Mr. Cecil said to me, 'Well, brother, I see we are hooping the same barrel. It is sound, brother; it contains everything.' He meant that the doctrine was exactly his own, and embraced every branch of truth. What a blessed thing to have been kept for forty years in the narrow path, and to be preaching now precisely the same truth, with the same amplitude as I was instructed to do when first setting out."

"Simlah! To thee I now bid adieu. It is Monday morning, Oct. 26th, dark, cold, piercing. To God Almighty, the Father, Son, and blessed Spirit, be the care of the souls of this station committed. And to the same divine Saviour be our bodies, souls, and journey committed also. Amen."

With this devout aspiration the Bishop commenced his return to Calcutta. He passed through Sabbathoo, Lodianah, Kurnaul, Paniput, Delhi, and Allyghur, as before. At the last station, he consecrated what he calls "one of the prettiest little churches in India; Grecian, with tower and spire, built since 1836, chiefly by Mr. Thornton's efforts." "I hope," he adds, "that I shall not leave a single station without its church, when I arrive (if I ever arrive) at Calcutta."

He stayed for ten days at Agra, and was received by the Hon. Mr. Robertson, the governor. The Orphan Schools at Secundra greatly interested him. Three hundred children, rescued from the famine of 1838, were sheltered there, and freed from the contamination of Hindooism. Baptised and instructed in childhood, they were to learn different trades, and be prepared for a useful life. The Bishop preached to them in the long arched crypt of an old Mahometan tomb

which formed part of their premises, and he left the sermon to be printed as the first fruits of the Agra Orphan Press.

The missionary premises also were again occupied ; and from a wide circle round, the children of the schools were called in to be examined. "As they all sat in little companies," he said, "covering the compound, it was like the five thousand whom our Lord ordered to sit by fifties on the grass."

One night before the company retired, the conversation at Government House happened to turn on the spotless purity of the Taj Mahal when viewed by moonlight. The Governor at once ordered his carriage, and drove the Bishop and Mr. Thomason to see it. The moon shone brilliantly, and the effect was magical ; but it could not long engross the Bishop's mind, nor drive out daily duties.

'As I was walking up and down the grounds, arm-in-arm with the Governor and Mr. Thomason,' he says, 'I turned the conversation to our destitution of chaplains, and inquired whether an additional Curates Society might not be formed for all India, giving titles to youths educated at Bishop's College, and ordained by the several Bishops? This society would have the East Indian population particularly in view. We never can have chaplains enough for them, and they are increasing most rapidly. Of course, the plan must be well digested and wisely begun.'

This proved the germ of the "Calcutta additional Clergy Society."

. Having performed more than the usual services, and laid the foundation stones of two churches—one at Secundra, for the orphans, to be called St. John's ; and one at the Civil Station, to be called St. Paul's, he left Agra on December 8th, and directed his course to Gwalior, Jhansi, Saugor, and Jubbulpoor. These were in the ancient territories of Scindiah, a name so well known in the earlier annals of India ; and in all of them bodies of Europeans were located. The journey was quite out of the common track, and the country presented an entirely new character. It was rich in productions, studded with

gardens, adorned with superb trees, and varied with hills, and water-courses. The Bishop was fêted by all the native authorities as he passed through Dholpoor, Antree, and Dutteah. Now a nuzzur of sweetmeats arrived, on which the whole camp regaled; now dinner was provided for him in a large tent, where the viands to be eaten were covered with gold and silver leaf; now a magnificent procession of elephants came forth to meet him; and now a native durbar (second only to the one at Jyepore) was held to do him honour. "Pomps and vanities surround us," he says, "but all presents are declined."

At Gwalior a little company of nineteen Christians was gathered together for divine service on Sunday, December 14th: and on Monday morning he writes:—

'All my party have gone out; and I am seated alone in the balcony of the ancient Palace of Gwalior, which overlooks the town. Oh! when will Gwalior be the Lord's. When will its fort be turned into a Missionary College! When will the hum which now fills my ears from the crowded bazaars and streets of this vast native town, be exchanged for hymns of praise to Christ! It SHALL BE DONE in God's good time.'

On arriving at Jhansi, on December 20th, he says, "I have made a sermon for the twenty-eight Christians in this wilderness of a place. We made a collection for the Agra orphans. Seven were at the Holy Sacrament. We often hear sad accounts, after leaving small stations, of the open vices in which some of the chief persons are living. And what can be expected when there is no chaplain, no church, no Sabbath, no public worship. The state of India cuts me to the heart, and I can do so very little! God only can help. His Spirit can raise up instruments, and surely something is preparing."

Saugor was a large and important station, and he stayed there for twelve days. Continuous strife had existed for a year, which all his letters and remonstrances had failed to allay. His very first act was to bring together the chaplain, and all parties concerned, and to propose immediate

reconciliation, and a burying of all past discord. Having succeeded in this, every day was fully occupied. Twelve public services were performed in the twelve days—seven in church, and five elsewhere. Funds were also raised to improve the church; and an impulse given in the right direction to all religious and benevolent designs.

In Jubbulpoor much evil was at work. Minds were poisoned with scepticism, and characters debased by immorality. The Bishop hastened there, and did what he could to stay the plague. "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" he says, "as usual. A church was founded this afternoon in presence of the whole station. Confirmation followed, and some baptisms. Alas! the people put on their best appearance when the Bishop is with them, but relapse again afterwards. Oh! what a creature is man! What a place, India! What a condition are the scattered Christians in! O Lord Jesus, look with pity upon us."

The camp now turned back, and a journey of two hundred and forty miles, upon a magnificent road, brought them to Allahabad once more. Two thousand six hundred miles had been traversed since leaving Simlah; and though the Bishop had suffered a good deal from fatigue and variety of temperature, yet his health still stood firm. Having ordained the Rev. Mr. Perkins at Allahabad, diverged from the usual route to visit the Church Missionary station at Gorruckpore, and called again at Krishnaghur, he arrived safely at Calcutta, on April 3rd, 1841.

'May God be for ever praised and magnified,' he says, 'for all his goodness and mercy during a year and a half. I have attended church once more, though I took no duty. It will require a few days for my mind to calm down to regular occupations. Oh! for grace, wisdom, power, victory over self, real spirituality, meekness, preparation for suffering.'

He was soon caught in the current of Calcutta business; but two matters of anxiety from different quarters pressed most heavily upon him: one was connected with the new professor

of Bishop's College; the other with Mrs. Wilson of the Orphan Refuge at Augurpara.

The notification of Professor Street's appointment to Bishop's College has been already mentioned. He reached India during the Visitation, and at once entered upon his duties. In due time, the Bishop made his acquaintance, and thus describes what appeared to be his mingled character:—"Professor Street is about thirty years of age, ripe scholar, iron constitution, fine health, active, enterprising, zealous for missions, prodigal of his strength, rides twenty miles of a morning in the sun, manners good, no great talker: in short, he would have been a capital professor, if he had not been imbued for seven years—steeped—in Tractarianism."

It was not the intention of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at that time to have sent out a man of extreme views. Indeed, a proposed successor to Dr. Mill (Mr., afterwards Archdeacon Manning, so well known from his high talents and subsequent perversion), had been withdrawn, solely and entirely, because, as the Secretary informed the Bishop, "he was an avowed Oxford Tract man." But in appointing Mr. Street, they overlooked or disregarded an ominous testimonial from Mr. Newman, of Oriel, in the following terms:—

"He is a gentleman, and a man of serious mind, and sound doctrinal views.—J. H. NEWMAN."

These "sound doctrinal views" were tenaciously held, openly avowed, and widely promulgated. They were diametrically opposed to all that the Bishop, as Visitor of the College, was teaching and preaching. Great embarrassment for many years was the necessary result. At first the Bishop hoped against hope, and used every conciliatory means at his command, to preserve unity, and prevent mischief. When these failed, he spoke words of warning. On May 2nd, he preached his own Ordination Sermon. The subject was "The sufficiency of Holy Scripture as the Rule of Faith;" and it contained these words:—"I have already answered in part the appeals made to me from every part of the Diocese, and I may say

India, in various discourses delivered in the progress of my Visitation. I seize the first opportunity on my return to the metropolis to lift up, as I am now doing, my warning voice on this occasion of a solemn ordination. Upon one point of detail I think I should be wrong in withholding from you now my intention. It is my design to institute in my future examination for Holy Orders, a more minute enquiry than formerly, as to the sentiments of each candidate on the subject of the sufficiency and completeness of Holy Scripture as laid down in our sixth article, and on the great fundamental doctrines of our faith immediately connected with it. And I shall require, also, of those who are training for catechists such previous assurances, at least six months before they offer themselves for the work, as may satisfy me on this vital point."

Bishop's College, and all India heard these, and many such-like words, for the sermon was printed and widely circulated.

This warning having failed to produce the desired effect in India, a strong remonstrance was written home; and it was recommended that the Society, without casting any slur upon their Professor, or in any way injuring his prospects, should withdraw him from the College. In earlier days this remonstrance would have produced the desired effect; and the recal of the Professor (for which there was a precedent) would have restored harmony. But, instead of this, a measure of compromise was resolved on. The Bishop was informed, in courteous terms, that the Society was sensible of its obligations to him, and convinced of the impossibility of working the College effectively so long as there was a want of confidence in the mind of the Diocesan. When, therefore, he pronounced any decision condemnatory of the Professor's conduct or doctrine, they should be prepared to meet it by a corresponding resolution on their part. They hoped, however, that such an alteration would take place as would render any further steps unnecessary.

This was throwing upon the Bishop a responsibility he did not choose to take. To recommend, as Visitor of a College, the

withdrawal of a professor, was a very different thing from condemning, as Bishop of a diocese, the conduct and doctrine of a presbyter. In his official character, as Visitor, he had remonstrated with the Society, and recommended a certain course; but, since they did not think proper to adopt it, he felt freed from all responsibility. His conscience was relieved; and, though he grieved daily over what he saw, yet he took no further steps, till called upon to confirm in person, some years after, what he had affirmed in his official letters at this time.

The other anxious matter which met the Bishop on his arrival at Calcutta, had reference to that excellent lady, Mrs. Wilson, who had done so much for the promotion of female education in the East. Nothing could be more admirable than the course hitherto pursued. But she had left Calcutta to take charge of a large asylum for female orphans at Augurpara, about fourteen miles distant. This involved long and serious deprivation of the means of grace. She was comparatively isolated. She fell in with the Plymouth Brethren. Their books were studied day and night to the exclusion of all others. No one knew what was working in her mind till the mischief was done. Then, with the promptitude and decision, which was her characteristic, and which is so valuable in a good cause, she determinately renounced her allegiance to the Church of England. The refusal of the Church Missionary Society to adopt her plans, and supply her with a missionary, was the spark which fired the train; and a letter to the Archdeacon gave publicity, for the first time, to her purpose. The effect upon the Bishop's mind is best given in his own words:—"Alas! Mrs. Wilson of Augurpara is determined to secede from the Church and join the Plymouth Brethren. You start! But it is too true. I determined instantly I heard it to go down with the Archdeacon and Mr. Pratt, and see what an interview would do under God's blessing. We conversed with her for two or three hours, without the least effect. Yesterday I recapitulated the conversation in an affectionate letter; and offered to pay for the support of a missionary at her station if the Church Missionary Society would not. All was in vain. We must now

endeavour to save the Mission and orphans if we can : for this is only the beginning of the fall. My comfort is to cast myself on my Lord Christ, and submit to His righteous will in this sharp affliction. Her apostasy is like a standard-bearer fainting : and all aggravated by the opposite errors of the Tractarians. Never was I in such a plunge ! Never ! But now faith must have her triumph—faith in the power and grace of Christ—faith in His love and wisdom.”

Leaving these anxious matters, we may learn what was passing in Calcutta at the time by extracts, as usual, from his journal-letters.

‘April 6th.—I met Lord Auckland. He looked full three years and a half older than when I last saw him : as unquestionably his Lordship must think I did. All at Government House were very courteous. I have mounted my ghooñt again, and met a member of council this morning in my ride. He seemed to say that Government was about to undertake some unfavourable measures. From nine o’clock till two my house was filled with visitors. Many of them were clergy, including Mr. Boswell and Mr. Street. I have fixed the Church Missionary Committee for Monday, the Cathedral Committee for Wednesday, the Ordination for May 2nd. Engagements to dinner I decline.’

‘April 8th. Every moment is occupied. I have been five days in Calcutta, and four times to my new Cathedral. I ride round the scaffolding and framework of the building every morning on my ghooñt (as Nehemiah, on his beast, around the desolations of Jerusalem) and watch the progress making, and the different views the Cathedral will present. The sun will not allow me to visit it whilst the men are at work.’

‘Easter Monday, April 12th. Yesterday we celebrated our Easter. The Governor-General and his family not present ; neither were they last Sunday, nor Good Friday. The collection was only one thousand and fifty rupees instead of five or six thousand, when Lord William and Sir Charles were present. The Governor-General’s non-attendance encourages the judges, members of council, commander-in-chief, and higher civilians

to absent themselves. We had only about five hundred in church. All Calcutta is mad after the world. French plays are acted at Government House, a new theatre is built, two Sunday papers desecrate the Lord's day; all is rushing backwards as to morality and religion with a reflux tide. I must see what I can do. But the Lord Christ and his Spirit can alone awaken a torpid world like that of India. We must wait and pray.'

'*May 25th.* Last night I attended, with the clergy, the entertainment given in Government House, on the Queen's birthday, and made the usual complimentary address. I begged the Governor-General to assure her Majesty of the loyalty of the Bishop and Clergy, and of their continued prayers to Almighty God for every blessing on her person, family, and Government. There was an immense crowd. Dost Mahommed sat on the same sofa with Miss Eden. He is a tall, stout-built, athletic person, of a certain age, not so very intelligent—way-worn—his dress simple, an immense turban, and flowing robe.'

'*July 2nd.* Blessed be thy name, O God, for having preserved me through another year of my pilgrimage. May I enter upon a new course. May I treasure up the few remaining years of life upon earth as precious opportunities for Thy glory in heathen India. I think this must be my last birthday. I enter on my sixty-fourth year. This is the tenth birthday I have spent whilst absent from my native country.'

'*August 21st.* How could you omit mentioning in your letter the glorious Charge of the Bishop of Chester (J. B. Sumner). It is the "Record," of June 7th that contains it. Oh, how the dear bishop grasps the traditionist question, and crushes the serpent's head! I am now quite ashamed of my poor Ordination sermon. I could scarcely go on with reading the Charge for joy and gratitude. It is a noble testimony.'

'*August 25th.* This poor Mrs. Wilson! Though she has submitted to necessity, and the whole station of Augurpara is made over to the Church Missionary Society, yet she has written me a strange letter, full of accusations of my worldliness (so easy an accusation!) and wanting me to have tea-parties, instead of giving dinners. Conceive of the Judges of

Calcutta, and Members of Council being invited to a prayer-meeting and tea! Oh, my children! Keep steady—keep steady, sound-minded, and humble: for all this is pride at the bottom; pride—self—mere wilfulness—and the world in another form.’

‘*August 27th.* I am very busy, first, with the old set of rules for the clergy which Lord William Bentinck overset in 1834. I think now I shall bring them to bear. Secondly, with a prospectus for my Calcutta Diocesan Additional Clergy Society; a glorious project, now ripening, and vital. Thirdly, with rules for the missionaries, as to Proselytism, or rather Non-Proselytism. Fourthly, a Report of my New Cathedral.’

‘*September 1st.* I wish you could see our happy ménage just now. Mr. Leupolt and his wife are recovered, and appear in chapel, at the breakfast table, and at dinner also. Their conversation is so simple and edifying, it does me good. It reminds me of Swartz. I feel as Obed-edom did, when the ark was under his roof. We sit in the verandah for an hour between dinner and prayers, and talk of the Kingdom of God. Make much of them in England. I can fancy them entering Barnsbury Park, or Huddersfield Vicarage, and telling you how old I look, how feeble I am, how grey; and yet how well for my years, and how cheerful, and able to get through a world of business.’

‘*September 7th.* We have formed our additional Clergy Society, resembling your “Additional Curates,” and “Pastoral Aid,” Societies. I drew up a statement as to the wants of the diocese. We want ninety on our establishment, we have only forty-one; we want sixty in the fields of labour, we have only twenty-nine. We propose that half the stipend of a clergyman should be paid by local subscriptions. Stipend not less than three hundred rupees a month, or three hundred and sixty pounds a year. The committee is to consist of the Bishop, Archdeacon, Calcutta chaplains, Bishop’s College professors, and three Calcutta laymen. I cannot but think that, if God blesses, it will be a glorious thing for the diocese. It will, of course, be a long time getting into play, because we have to train and prepare the men. We showed the prospectus to the Governor-General this morning, for we shall want his concurrence in military stations.’

As the cold season approached, a short tour was projected to a few stations hitherto unvisited ; and the Bishop, having published a Report of his Cathedral, in which he entered into details concerning the state of the works, the style of architecture, the estimates, the amount contributed, the sums required, the spiritual objects in view, and the probable course of things when the consecration should have taken place : left Calcutta on October 6th. Having spent a short time at Barrackpore, Burdwan, and Chinsurah, he embarked in the *Experiment* steamer, and went round to Dacca, proceeding from thence to the hitherto unvisited stations of Sylhet and Chirra Poonjee. His own descriptions will give the best idea of these two places.

‘SYLHET, *Sunday Morning, November 7th.* Here I am, blessed be God, with my sermons on my table, and two volumes of the Life of William Wilberforce, taken down from the library, which I dipped into with delight last evening. It is three years since I read it last. What exquisite piety ! What consistency ! What walking with God ! Oh ! may his sons not dishonour such a father. I don’t like the Archdeacon’s tone of divinity.

‘I addressed pretty strongly a party of sixteen here, in family prayers, last night : and am now thinking what sermon I can best select for a station where a chaplain has not been for a single day for three years, and where I shall preach only once. I think St. John v. 24, will give me as much scope as any. “These things I say that ye might be saved.” May the Lord help me !

‘Mr. Sealey’s house, in which I am, is perched, like a bird’s nest, on the top of a little hill, perhaps one hundred and twenty feet high. But, as it is a cone, the whole circuit of the plains, covered with verdant and thick vegetation, stretches around to the horizon with its green mantle. The contrast with the heats and musquitoes of the steamer is inexpressible.’

‘CHIRRA POONJEE.—We are four thousand feet above the plains. The thermometer in the garden at six o’clock in the morning is 56° ; in the house, and with a fire, at eight o’clock

it is 67°. A wild kind of journey of fourteen hours brought us here. We went fifteen miles in a covered boat from Chuttack; then mounted elephants; then I got into a tonjon with bearers, and Mr. Pratt rode on a poney. The place is very bleak; and though doubly and trebly clothed, and sitting by a fire, I am not warm. I have now visited all the hills but Darjeeling. Chirra Poonjee is not much frequented, for the water is bad, and the climate a perpetual rain. The distance from Calcutta is only three hundred and sixty miles, but the access is difficult. Sometimes more good is done in these desolate places than in much larger ones. At Chuttack (Mr. Inglis') we had a family of seven, and many were in tears during the service. Three were confirmed, and the whole seven partook of the Holy Sacrament.

'We are on the south-eastern frontiers of our wonderful Empire. The Hill people are from Thibet and China. They raise rude altars on the tops of mountains, and offer goats in sacrifice. We had Divine service on Friday; congregation only fifteen; but so attentive, it was delightful to observe them. On Sunday there were two services, and Holy Communion.'

'*Tuesday, November 16th.*—We are now on our way to Calcutta, which I understand is getting worse and worse under present influences. The theatre is triumphing in some new London actresses. Boxes are advertised for the half year. The dissipation and vice in our comparatively petty population is incredible. I see a string of meetings for the races for two months, with all the consequent dining, betting, and ruin. We have two Sunday newspapers to help on Satan's work. Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!'

'*Thursday, November 18th.*—I shall have preached fourteen times in five weeks. Oh! that grace, as a heavenly dew, may descend. Our friends seemed to think they could not do enough for us. Sheep, poultry, potatoes, coals, servants, all were placed at our disposal; and this morning the captain of our steamer has shown me the following note—

'“I have the pleasure to send you ten thousand oranges: one

thousand of which, put up in baskets, please to present to the Lord Bishop with my respectful compliments. Of the remainder, pray keep as many as you like, and distribute the rest amongst the crew of the steamer.—GEO. INGLIS."

'And here are the ten baskets, with one hundred sweet luscious oranges in each. They are finer than the Portugal. They grow wild on the hills.'

'Having given my booksellers at Calcutta orders to send me the Tractarian controversy publications, I have now in my cabin rather more than I can manage—twenty-one new works, of which eight are very considerable volumes. It is impossible to digest so much theology!'

'OFF BARRISAUL, *November 23rd.* Our visit here has been most affecting and interesting, from the reception into the Protestant faith and Church of four Roman Catholics, and their subsequent confirmation and communion. My Second Visitation, began July 10th, 1838, is now, November 23rd, 1841, through God's mercy, closed. The third is to commence next August, should life and health be continued. I am more and more convinced of the immense importance of this practice of our Church. It is the awakening of the Diocese, clergy, and flocks.'

Advent Sunday was spent in Calcutta—which was soon thoroughly and rudely awakened from its dream of dissipation. His own journals will convey the best idea of what passed in the interval between his arrival, and the commencement of his Third Visitation.

'*Friday, December 10th, 1841.* Never was anything equal to the consternation throughout India at the tragedy in Caubul. The accounts of Monday were rather more cheering. But that a general insurrection has taken place, and is as yet unquelled, is certain. Lord Auckland, and the Council, were sitting till near midnight on Friday, and Lord Auckland and Miss Eden were walking by moonlight afterwards on the roof of Government House to calm their minds, till one in the morning. The Burmese war, or the Nepaulese, were nothing

to this. May God, in the shaking of the nations, bring on the Kingdom of Christ. And oh! that Governments would honour God, depend on Him, and not boast of self-power!’

‘*January 8th, 1842.* There is an overwhelming report that our army in Caubul has capitulated. Lord Auckland is thin, low, and dejected. He told me a fortnight back that he thoroughly disliked my proposed new Cathedral establishment. But these things are temporary. God’s will be done. The Lord Christ will settle his Church in Hindûstan in spite of Governors-General, Members of Council, play-houses, re-unions, Sunday papers, and horse-races.’

‘*January 22nd.* The appalling tidings of the murder of Sir W. H. Macnaghten has filled all Calcutta with fear and astonishment. I met — and — at the Asiatic Society in the evening. They were thunderstruck—never anything like it had occurred in India! Oh! may God give our country and our rulers hearts to feel, and eyes to see. I have known Sir William Macnaghten well for eight or ten years, and he has often and often heard me preach. I wrote to him three times lately—the last time to congratulate him on a promotion he will never, alas! now enter on—the governorship of Bombay. Sir A. Burnes I also knew in 1833. Such is worldly glory!’

‘*January 30th.* I have been delivering a thanksgiving sermon on the dear Queen’s safety, and also to sustain the broken hearts of our friends under the appalling news from Caubul. The Governor-General was present, and the two ladies. The Governor-General has never heard above two or three sermons from me: the last was July 9th, 1837. We are all disconsolate, for there is reason to believe that treachery may follow our brave fellows as they retire.’

‘*February 11th.* I saw the Governor-General and Miss Eden this morning. The Convention had been signed and violated, and scarcely one out of the five thousand four hundred soldiers were expected to have escaped. The ladies and children were said to have returned to Caubul. Negotiation, instead of active measures, had ruined everything. When Burnes was murdered, there were not sixty rioters: now, there are sixty thousand insurgents. Even a month after the first outburst, all might have been saved by a spirited and bold

determination ; but now all is lost. A proclamation was issued last night, ordering five new regiments to be raised.'

'*March 3rd.* On Tuesday the new Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, arrived amidst the thundering of cannon. I was attending at the time a meeting to address Lord Auckland, which was most crowded, unanimous, and enthusiastic. I proposed the Address, and said I should have abstained from attending a meeting of that nature, as a minister of religion, but for the calamities of Affghanistan. These determined me to attend, even if I had stood alone. Our Governor-General was entitled, not only to common obedience and loyalty, but to sympathy and love. I said that I differed from him on many points, but that was no reason why I should not testify my esteem for his suavity of character, impartiality, love for the natives, and general philanthropy. I afterwards called at Government House, but did not see Lord Ellenborough. He is described as being just the opposite of Lord Auckland. We all tremble for the Ark of God.'

'*Saturday, March 12th.* I have accompanied Lord Auckland to the ship. At half-past six in the morning the gentry all assembled at Government House. The new Governor-General was there in full dress. The Misses Eden went off first in carriages, with tolerable self-possession. In about half-an-hour Lord Auckland descended the splendid flight of steps, conducted by the Governor-General, who after reaching the lower step, took his leave. Lord Auckland, the members of council, judges, and myself, then walked leisurely through the superb files of troops, preceded by the four hundred splendid servants of the establishment in their scarlet attire, to the ghât at the river side. Tears filled his eyes, when he finally shook hands with us. An immense crowd, including almost all the gentry of Calcutta, remained till the steamer got under way. It was on the grounds of his suavity, kindness, impartiality, modesty of carriage, punctuality, extraordinary diligence in business, and general talents for government—especially in things relating to finance, arts, and commerce, that I attended the meeting for erecting a statue to him ; though as to religion, abstinence from injurious public amusements, indifference to the Church and piety, his administration was the reverse of good.

God knows, however, whether we may not have a worse, even in these respects.'

'*May 24th.* Lord Douro writes out that THE DUKE has been better in health lately than for fifteen years past; and has lost those attacks which used to return periodically for many years. When the Affghan business was discussed in Council at home, he cried out "Redeem the ladies, or your disgrace will resound from one end of Europe to the other." Lord Ellenborough is now at Allahabad. Mr. Pratt hears from his College that he must resign his Fellowship, or return. He means to resign, this mail. It is a noble instance of disinterestedness, considering the uncertainty of my life, and the permanent provision which a Caius Fellowship affords. He gives himself up to India—there to live and there to die. I have long made the same resolve, *Deo favente.*'

'*July 3rd.* I struck off a new sermon again last evening after tea, that is, after nine o'clock, as I have done three times. I find I can write a new sermon as quickly as I can make myself master of an old one. I am now turning earnestly to the preparation of my Charge, which may God aid me in.'

'*August 19th.* I have been working very hard at my poor Charge, and have completed the fourth transcript. But, alas, I find on reading it, that I must cut out thirty pages to reduce it to an hour and three-quarters in delivery. August 24th is the appointed day.'

'*August 23rd.* I turn now to thee, Oh, my Saviour! before I close my eyes this eve. Grant me sleep to restore my body and mind; and grant me grace, wisdom, tenderness, and fidelity to-morrow. It is thy work, O Lord.'

Some portion of the Correspondence carried on during the four years included in this chapter, will follow these extracts.

TO THE REV. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM.

'CALCUTTA, *January, 1838.*

'I still crave more advice and admonition on the part of such old friends as yourself. It is very hard work to struggle up the hill of difficulty, even as respects one's own salvation. But when we have to draw up with us clergy, societies,

committees, flocks, the effort is increased. But God will help. There are few things I am more afraid of than being made a sort of stalking-horse for evangelical battles. The idea, that because I hold such and such doctrines, and entertain such and such sentiments, and was brought up in such a circle of interior and devoted friends, *all India is, of course, to be converted*; cannot but be hateful to the Lord, who loveth only the contrite in heart, and “scattereth the proud in the imagination of their hearts.” But all is finding its level. The bloom of novelty is blown off. I am forced to stand the same steady, unbending Churchman now, that I had done for thirty-five years at home. I am forced to adopt the general principles of Church Order in my particular province, with fearless superiority to the momentary prejudices of friends or of opponents. Of course, this is not popular, as it was never intended to be; for, “if I please men, I am not the servant of Christ.” But it awaits the last great day.’

TO THE SAME.

‘SIMLAH, *July*, 1840.

‘I have a selection here from all the upper provinces of India to impregnate with the seed of grace; and send back to their respective posts to illuminate and save the Hindoo world. We have about two hundred gentry, just as at your watering-places. But don’t be sanguine about the good actually doing. It is very feeble, inconsistent, mixed with nature’s corruptions and decays. Still something is moving, through God’s grace—for nothing will do in India but grace. Semi-Popery won’t save—superstition won’t save—all the Fathers won’t save—Oxford tract-men won’t save—churches won’t save—Cathedrals won’t save—Christ only, by his blood and atonement, and by the virtue of His Spirit, can save ruined man. And this power of grace is generally exerted most where the means are used with most humility, and man is trampled under foot.’

TO THE REV. DR. PEARSON, DEAN OF SALISBURY.

‘DELHI, *November*, 1840.

‘Every step I take becomes more and more important; and

I must be so near my great account, that I am most anxious to END WELL. I find spiritual matters between God and my own heart often at a low ebb. And yet without humility, prayer, love, and simplicity of heart, what are we before God? Dead. Oh! for daily visitations of grace; for a reviving again in our bondage; for the union of zeal and love to Christ, with discretion, wisdom, and real spiritual prudence. I have had a very encouraging letter from the Bishop of London (Blomfield). He says, he quite agrees with me in my views of the Tractarians; though, as good is ever mingled with evil, he conceives that they may have brought some points into salutary notice which had been forgotten. He adds, "You hardly stand in need of counsel, for your proceedings in India appear to me to have been marked throughout with great practical wisdom and sound judgment, as well as by that ardent zeal for the glory of God and the cause of your Saviour, which has distinguished the whole of your ministerial career." May God have all the praise. Watch over me; spare me not: "if the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; and if he reprove me, it shall be an excellent ointment, which shall not break my head." This Cathedral business is the most anxious, weighty, arduous enterprise I ever ventured on. I knew, if I had not seized the moment when a church of some kind was urgently wanted, and an opportunity of building it occurred, the thing would have been gone for ever. I knew, that if I did not lead the way, none would follow. I thought, also, the time might be come for a Protestant Missionary body, as the beginning of a Native Church, to be established. I had no time for much deliberation. If I had not plunged in, the Cathedral would never have been built.

'I will not spoil it, except as the climate compels. The climate forbids the use of stone except as facings—or rather the enormous expense of procuring stone forbids. The climate forbids large clustered pillars and low side aisles, and requires everything to be open, free, and lofty for ventilation. The climate demands punkahs, and perhaps, Venetian blinds. Having to build a parish church primarily, and make it a Cathedral, I am compelled to make my choir long, and this curtails or rather abolishes my nave for a century.

I leave to my successors to erect a nave of one hundred and fifty feet.'

TO HIS ELDEST SISTER, MRS. BATEMAN.

'CALCUTTA, January, 1838.

'You ask me to give a kind word of advice to my dear niece on her contemplated marriage. I have been accustomed to say at Marriage Festivals—

'1. Let Christ be a guest spiritually, as he was at Cana : that is, believe in Him, love Him, pray to Him, aim in all things at His glory. If Christ be thus an invited guest, he will turn the water, as it were, into wine : common blessings into heavenly ones.

'2. Show the same attentions and delicacy of regard after marriage as before—the same anxiety to gratify—the same little marks of a desire to please.

'3. Do not both be out of humour together : but if one is disturbed, let the other be more than usually kind and placid.

'4. Let each observe God's order as to the relations and duties of married persons, the Husband to love, honour, cherish, protect the wife ; the Wife to yield, obey, honour, comfort, the husband.

'5. If differences arise, let the wife, as in the inferior relation, yield.

'6. Let the wife consult the interests of her husband, his success in life, his necessary plans of domestic economy, his anxiety to provide things honest in the sight of all men. Married families are ruined by the freaks, caprices, foolish opposition to frugality, love of show of the wife, as often as by the speculations of the husband.

'7. Aim at making the house agreeable, attractive, and consolatory to your husband : the source of his most pleasing associations.

'8. Pray together daily in secret, as well as in the family worship.

'9. Do not be surprised at failings in either party. You are not angels : but feeble, corrupt, sinful, human beings.'

TO THE SAME.

‘CALCUTTA, *October*, 1839.

‘More than forty and three years (March, 1796), have I been professing to follow Christ: and more than forty (May, 1798), have I been a student of Theology: and above thirty-eight years have I been a minister of God: and seven years a chief Pastor in the Church. Oh! what responsibility. What shame should cover me whilst looking back:—(1). On decays of love. (2). Mixture of motives. (3). Internal disorders of the heart. (4). Corruption of the will, conscience, and affections. (5). Perverseness and rebellion of spirit. (6). Secularity. (7). Love of ease. (8). Indolence. (9). Errors in judgment. (10). Omissions. Ah! that last word: what a key is it to the chambers of imagery within. The charge brought by Christ against the Church of Ephesus, which had so many excellent characteristics, was, “Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.” Yes: I am conscious of inward decays in love. What a danger is this! and the more alarming as it is insidious and gradual, like the rot in the foundation of a building. I have been meditating a little on the symptoms of this loss of primary and original fervour of love to Christ. I make allowances for decay of warmth with declining years. I make allowances for the difference between active and passive habits. I make allowances for variety of temperament and disposition. But then I consider such things as the following to be symptoms of spiritual lethargy. (Tell me what you think of them, when you write on July 2nd, 1840, if we both live so long). 1. Want of delight in religion for its own sake. 2. Abbreviating times for prayer and the secret duties of religion. 3. Conformity to the world in doubtful matters. 4. Shunning the society and being ashamed of the friendship of devout and spiritual Christians. 5. Unholy tempers and anger at reproof. 6. Pride and conceit of our attainments or station, and a readiness to listen to flattery. 7. Want of taste and delight in the simple Bible. 8. A desire to keep up appearances before men when we know Christ sees the decay of love in the

heart. 9. Readiness to find fault on account of trifling defects of manner or judgment. 10. Falling into the religio-political parties of the secular disputants and candidates for human power and distinction. 11. A proneness to adopt *nostrums*, quackery, and novelties in religion.

‘But what, you ask, is the remedy? Christ is the only physician. Christ is the medicine of the soul. Christ is the restorer of the breach. Christ is the Lord that healeth. Christ is the husband to whom we should seek, “for then was it better with us than it is now.” Christ is the only one to bring back the backslider in heart. To Him I commend, my sweet sister, yourself and myself. May we be joined in Christ in life and death, and at the day of judgment. Salvation by grace is my theme. None other would meet my case, or encourage my hopes.’

TO HIS BROTHER, GEORGE WILSON.

‘JHANSI, December 21st, 1840.

‘I must write you a line to assure you of my continued sympathy under your long, long illness. Among those who have been brought up, my dear brother, as you and I have, in the knowledge of the truth, and who have too long resisted the practical obedience to it, the *grand* point is the subjection of the proud, haughty will to the yoke of Christ—the humiliation of the entire soul under a perception of our lost estate—the silence of the heart under the condemning voice of the Law—the deep *conviction* of our sinfulness. When this is gained, all goes on rapidly. The knowledge of Christ, which before lay barren in the mind, begins to fructify. The soul casts itself on the bosom of Omnipotent mercy. The blood of atonement is sprinkled by faith on the conscience. Peace with God gradually ensues by the grace of the Holy Spirit. There is a danger, however, from a religious education not being improved, of our getting our head full of vapid objections, idle tales, prejudices against religious persons, battlings between different doctrines of the Gospel, and blasphemous suppositions about the foreknowledge and purposes of God. *All these are bred in the quagmire of human pride and corruption.* One grain of humility over-weighs them. A broken and contrite heart falls

at the feet of Almighty God and pleads for mercy, instead of daring to speculate on infinity.'

TO THE SAME.

'GHAZEEPORE, *March 9th*, 1841.

'The answer to all your fears and inquiries is perfectly easy. YOU CANNOT GO WRONG WHILST YOU HUMBLY PRAY AND USE THE MEANS OF GRACE AND INSTRUCTION AFFORDED YOU. Mind that, my beloved George. No soul ever perished at the footstool of Divine mercy. You will not fully understand, nor feel, nor do all you could wish at once. No; it will be the business of years and years. But the plain, primary lessons of repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, are obvious and all-important. These are to be sought for in earnest, fervent, humble prayer. Then come in the other means of grace, such as reading Holy Scripture, availing yourself of the blessed rest and worship of the Lord's day, religious conference with more experienced Christians, and, lastly, the Holy Sacrament. In this system of means, my beloved, GOD WILL BE FOUND. It is His appointed method. Two snares of the devil are especially to be guarded against by persons awakening to religion late in life after an early, but abused and neglected Christian education. The one is dwelling upon abstract difficulties—difficulties which appear such to corrupted reason, but which are merely trials of our humility, and a part of our probation. The other is the mistaking an intellectual acquaintance with the theory of the Gospel for the obedience of faith. Mere knowledge puffeth up. Barren, moonlight knowledge is quite different from the warm, holy, daylight knowledge of the Holy Ghost. And consider what a wonder it will be if you are received by your heavenly Father, after years of *provocation, proud contempt, trifling with conscience*. Can you expect God to hear you all in a moment, when you have been refusing to hear him for forty years? And yet be not discouraged. He *will* hear, but in His own time and way. Remember the exquisite parable of the Prodigal Son. Think of the Father's pity, promptitude, mercy. So soon as he saw the youth, "*a great way off*," he ran, and fell on his neck and

kissed him. There, there is the turning point, directly after the resolution was formed—"I will arise and go to my father."

TO THE SAME.

' BISHOP'S PALACE, April 21st, 1841.

' The impression made upon my mind by your last letter is that you are in the right way; only struggle towards the *heavenly city*, and you will gradually make progress, and at length obtain peace of conscience. We have received answer enough to our preceding prayers, if we are enabled to pray again. It is the continuing in Christ's word which constitutes a disciple indeed. The importunity of the widow with the unjust judge was at last successful in the case of the selfish wretch who feared not God, neither regarded man. And shall not importunity prevail with a Father of mercies who can never be wearied, who has no selfishness to contend with, but is infinitely more ready to hear than we can be to pray? Don't be in a hurry with God. If God had been in a hurry with you, where would you have been? He waited for you with all long-suffering for these thirty or forty or more years. *Wait now for Him.* You don't know your own heart yet; you must go deeper into its chambers of imagery. By-and-bye the Lord will shine upon you. To that Lord I commend you.'

TO THE SAME.

' BISHOP'S PALACE, July 2nd, 1841.

' One grand consolation is that Satan is a *conquered* foe. The Captain of our salvation has subdued him on the cross, "and made a show of him openly." Nor can he go beyond the permitted limits. There is a hedge about the servant of God, as around Job, which Satan cannot break through. All this you will learn by degrees. God will shine upon your heart as you are able to bear it; for we cannot always bear success. There are three books for your constant study, which will answer to each other and illustrate the truth of Christ. (1.) The Bible. (2.) Your own heart. (3.) The state of the world.'

TO THE SAME.

‘CALCUTTA, August 13th, 1841.

‘In spiritual things the malady of sin sinks so deeply, and infects so thoroughly every power of the soul, that our recovery is never perfect in this world. We are at best but like patients under a process of cure. And this is a vast mercy, compared with the desperate state in which the ungodly remain, growing worse and worse till death. But then one effect of the partial cure of spiritual disorder is that we feel the poignancy of the remaining disease more bitterly. For instance, evil thoughts, hardness of heart, perverse reasonings, bad motives, a defiled fancy, worldliness, wanderings in prayer, unbelief, discontent, carking cares. These and similar things are observed and felt in proportion to the *life* which is in the soul. Wherever they are not felt, there all is death and insensibility. Therefore be humbled, my dear George, at infirmities and corruptions, but sink not into despair. Your spiritual state may on the whole be much improved, though your feelings are very gloomy and sorrowful.’

TO THE SAME.

‘CALCUTTA, November 25th, 1841.

‘Never look within, without also looking without. Never pore upon your evil heart without lifting your eyes to Christ at the same time, as the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world. As to “the Spirit witnessing with your spirit,” it does so already, though you may not yet be able to make it out. The sun must shine in order that the gnomon may point out the hour. Christ must shine into the heart before the witness of the Spirit can be discovered. And you are not to look within for your salvation—you are not to be too much in search of comfort—you are not to look to self—*Christ is the grand object*, and faith in Him the grand matter. Our subsequent obedience must be the fruit of faith, and not the tree itself. Besides, you have the witness of the Spirit thus:—The sacred Scriptures lay down such and such a way of salvation. I humbly acquiesce in that revealed

method. I cast myself, as a vile and wretched sinner, on the sacrifice of Christ. I am conscious that I do this not hypocritically, but sincerely. I desire to seek, serve, and obey God, and to mortify my tempers. I take pleasure in the concerns of my soul. I have done with the world, and politics, and literature, and folly. I delight in prayer. I mourn that I cannot love Christ more. I am a most feeble creature, but "Christ is all in all." Well, here, my beloved George, is the witness of the Spirit testifying, together with the Scriptural evidences to which your mind or spirit testifies, that you are a child of God. But it may take years to have this cleared up, and we must humbly wait; we must not dictate to God; we must only wonder if such sinners as we are can get to heaven at all. The pride of our hearts must not put on a religious garb. Religious self-will is worse than any other. Farewell.'

TO THE ISLINGTON CLERICAL MEETING.

'CALCUTTA, *July 19th*, 1839.

'You will be probably convening at my beloved son's when these lines reach the shores of England. More than seven long and most important and swiftly gliding years have passed since I last met you in person in January, 1832, in the same study where you are now assembling. But little did I think that I should ever have the honour and happiness to lay before you so glorious a design for the spiritual good of India, as I now wish to propose.

'I had long been waiting for a favourable moment to give consistency and stability to our missionary efforts. The opportunity has arisen unexpectedly. I was called on urgently to erect a large church in the very heart of our Christian population.

'I immediately resolved to amplify the design, and build a Protestant Cathedral Church for the Bishop, with endowments for five or six missionaries, so as to open a new focus of light and grace, and give permanence to the blessed cause in the sight of the idolatrous hosts of Hindooism at Calcutta.

'For twenty-five years this Protestant diocese has wanted a principal church. I calculate that six lacs or 60,000*l.* will suffice.

Two lacs will provide endowments for five or six prebends to preach the Gospel, hold conferences with learned natives, deliver lectures on the evidences, visit the sick, read in bazaars, penetrate the surrounding villages, train up a school of the prophets, catechise catechumens, assist the chaplains in Sunday and daily duties, &c. I propose throwing open these prebends to learning, talents, deep evangelical piety, and adaptation for missionary work in European, Indo-Briton, and native youth. The four other lacs I destine for the buildings themselves, which, though small and modest, like Canterbury in the sixth century under Augustine and his followers, must yet be of some magnitude. Not a foot of room will be wasted, nor a single rupee. No foolish pretence of amplitude or ornament will be allowed. The building is for the Lord, and not for man. If David can only collect the money and prepare the materials; Solomon will be raised up hereafter, in my successor, to complete the sacred plan.

‘My honoured brethren will judge whether this plan commends itself to them, as it does to me; and if it does, they will aid me in their several circuits. A little from each of their wide parishes would soon fill my coffers.

‘And now, brethren, I commend myself to your prayers, and love, and sympathy. God has made me a wonder unto many and to myself; but in my sixty-second year I cannot look for prolonged capacity for public duty. May I be found with my lamp burning, and my loins girded, that when my Lord cometh, I may open to him immediately. There is nothing worth living for but Christ, and He is indeed worth living for, and worth dying for too. Nothing but the atonement of Christ for justification—nothing but the Spirit and sanctifying grace of Christ for obedience to the will of God—nothing but the power of Christ for victory over every enemy—nothing but the blessed example of Christ for the pattern of lovely and meek holiness—nothing but the mercy of Christ for the hope of everlasting life at last.

‘As I grow older, my religion is much more simple. None but Christ. None but Christ. I am weary of novelties in doctrine, morals, discipline, Church-order. I am of the old school of Romaine (whom I remember as a boy in 1792—5),

Newton, Cecil, Foster, Robinson, Venn (the elder, whom I once and once only, saw), and above all, Thomas Scott and Joseph Milner.

‘I pray my younger brethren to distrust all the plausible theories and over-statements and exaggerations of the day. I have seen such rise and expire like the “crackling of thorns under a pot,” twenty times. Neologism is infidelity under another name. Traditionism is semi-popery, with its usurpation of the place of Almighty God speaking in his inspired Scriptures to man. Claims of miracles, voices, prophecies, are a mere “smoke in the nostrils, and a burning all the day.” Excessive statements or dogmatical details on what is termed the personal reign (the personal advent, the whole Church has ever believed in) of our Lord is a delusion of the great and subtle enemy. However, some of these errors are less pernicious than the controversies which I can remember on super-Calvinism and Arminianism in the days of Wesley, Toplady, and Dr. Hawker. But my beloved brethren will forgive an old man, who is perhaps, too cautious, sometimes, after all he has witnessed during a long life.’

TO THE REV. JOSIAH PRATT.

February, 1839.

‘I do, indeed, receive the gift of a son from my old and honoured friend and tutor, as a pledge of confidence, and an offering at the altar of our God. The separation is frightful to nature—the prospect of re-union uncertain—the hazard of disease imminent—the distance of place enormous—the change in all respects indescribable. But the sacrifice is therefore the more striking proof of love to Christ, love to missions, love to souls, love to India! And whilst all the first families in the three kingdoms are canvassing for appointments in the civil and military services, and despising the attendant dangers and sorrows, we may be sure we are right in doing that for Christ and his Redemption which the world do for mammon and ambition.’

TO THE SAME.

‘SIMLAH, *June*, 1840.

‘My time must soon now come to deliver up the account of my stewardship, and I have scarcely yet begun to learn the real and weighty duties of my office. Indeed, indeed, I feel my unworthiness before God and his Church! Oh! that I might end well, as our Father Scott used to say. I have taken good care to avoid another evil which the same holy man dreaded—that of leaving so much money behind him, that people might say “I wonder where he got it from!” Do not fail to write to me whilst you and I are in this tabernacle, knowing that we must soon put it off; and though posthumous fame is an empty name, yet POSTHUMOUS USEFULNESS is what Moses and St. Peter aimed at. Every one of your letters will advance this.’

TO BRIGADIER —.

‘SIMLAH, *August*, 1840.

‘Your charitable and candid spirit engages my affectionate confidence. And whilst you read, as Commandant and brigadier of the station, some of the prayers of our Apostolic Church, and sermons approved by myself, during the vacancy of the chaplaincy, you have my best thanks. I shall lose no time in recommending a chaplain, the first moment it may be in my power. And it delights me to think that you will be aiding and assisting him, when he may arrive, in his labours and services as the appointed pastor of the flock.

‘2. Will you allow me to say that your still thinking yourself to be “of no Church” is not quite necessary. I hope to see you a steady and consistent member of the Church of England in India. Its Liturgy I know you love—its thirty-nine Articles I am sure you approve—its Homilies I am persuaded you admire, or would admire when you read them.

‘3. Our Church government approaches the nearest to the scriptural model. As Timothy and Titus superintended the pastors and their flocks in Ephesus and Crete, so do the chief pastors or bishops, as they are termed, now in their Dioceses. A national establishment is in obedience to the divine examples

in the case of the Jews, and in agreement with the evangelical duty of Christian governors to be “nursing fathers” to their people.

‘4. Nor can Baptism stand in your way; if you have a family of dear little ones, you would bring them to the Lord to bless them, even as the pious Jew brought his infants to circumcision—would you not?

‘5. We want no second broad command for (1) one day out of every seven to be a Sabbath—for (2) a national establishment of religion—for (3) the privileges of the children of the faithful extending to the initiatory seal of the covenant—for (4) the inspiration of Holy Scripture—for (5) a difference and disparity of names and rank in the ministers of religion; for (6) pious princes supporting and propagating religion in their states, &c.

‘6. All these, and many other like points, having been once, decisively, and by the confession of all, directed by Almighty God, go on of course under the New Testament. Nothing changed under the Gospel, but ceremonial and judicial rites and usages, and not one of these is ceremonial.

‘7. In all our missions, he that believeth is baptised with “his house,” as the jailor and Lydia were. If the children of the faithful grow up in unbelief, they must repent or perish; but on their repentance, the seal of the covenant already received by them, assures them of acceptance and pardon in the blood of Christ.

‘8. Nothing else can, I hope, stand in your way as a difficulty insurmountable. The piety of individual Ministers must ever depend on the Holy Ghost—and if another form of Church government were to be established to-morrow, it would only make matters, upon the whole and in the long run, worse, because the checks and aid of our sublime and scriptural Liturgies and Articles, and the superintendence of our Bishops, would be wanting.

‘9. He that expects to see a perfect Church, a perfect Liturgy, perfect Articles, perfect Ministers, will wait in vain. There is no Church now existing upon earth more nearly approaching the Apostolic model in all its principles, than our own. Nor is there any which has been so much the bulwark of Protestantism for three centuries in the Western World.

‘10. That our Church is not perfect, I admit—that objections may be made to this or that single expression in her services, I allow—that her ministers vary in talent, piety, learning, and zeal in different ages, I do not dispute. But I would affectionately submit to you whether communion with our Church, imperfect as it is, is not more for the glory of Christ and the furtherance of the Gospel, than an undecided state of mind—which, if universal, would throw everything into doubt and confusion and enthusiasm and disorder.

‘11. Therefore, my beloved friend, I shall throw my skirt around you, and claim you as a fellow member of our Church, till you can find a purer, a more scriptural, a more edifying Liturgy, Articles, and services, than our own.’

CHAPTER XVII.

FIRST METROPOLITICAL VISITATION.

1842—1845.

Bishop's First Metropolitcal Charge—Pensions for Bishops—Minutes of Conference with Suffragan Bishops—Madras—Bishop Spencer—Tanjore—Swartz—Tinnevely—Palamcottah—Syrian Churches—Open Mission set up—Bombay—Journal—Letters—Futtehpoore—Nynee-thal—Simlah—Sermons on Epistle to the Colossians—Gift of ten thousand rupees to his Cathedral—Lodianah—Umballah—Seized with jungle fever—His dangerous state—Mr. Pratt's Narrative—Bishop's reflections—Ordered home—Sails for England—Correspondence.

THE Bishop's Charge was delivered to the assembled clergy in the presence of a large congregation on Wednesday, August 24th. It was of the same uncompromising character as the former, but took a wider range. The supremacy of Holy Scripture as the sole rule of Faith, had been before asserted: the whole system of Tractarianism, as teaching "another Gospel," was now condemned. After having laid open the statistics of the diocese, and exhorted the clergy to obtain a firm grasp of vital truth, to love and honour the Church, to be diligent pastors and habitual students, he enters upon the controverted question, and discusses it at great length. A few extracts may serve to show the line of argument; but the Charge itself must be read, if any true idea would be obtained of its clear reasoning and masculine vigour.

He is defending the supremacy of the Holy Scriptures, and says:—

'We are charged with throwing open the Scriptures to every wild exposition, and laying waste all Church polity and order by this assertion of the supremacy of the Bible. By no means. We protest, at all times, and on all occasions, against

enthusiastic abuses of the Scriptures, and wild rejection of due ecclesiastical order.

‘When we speak of the Bible, we understand the Bible soundly interpreted; just as when we speak of any important human work, a Charter of Privileges, or an Act of Parliament, or the last Will of a parent, we intend these documents soundly interpreted, and in their real meaning. When we refer to the Holy Bible, we mean, of course, the Bible in its own genuine, unsophisticated, proper sense. And we assert, that it has such a sense, and was not designed to mock by ambiguities any humble and attentive student, using the due means for understanding it. We mean the Bible subjected—piously and cautiously subjected—to the laws of the languages in which it is written—the Bible studied, as in the case of other books, in its own matter, and according to its own principles gathered from its own statements—the Bible meditated upon, with fervent prayer to the Holy Spirit, on account of its divine mysteries, and our own natural blindness to spiritual things—the Bible illustrated and commented upon by the fathers of the Primitive Church, and the learned and devout writers of every period, and opened and expounded in each passing age, by the duly-authorised ministers of Christ—the Bible, in a word, explained, in the present day, just as the works of the writers of any remote age are, by those who are competent to interpret them. And we assert, that the Bible, thus used, may be understood, and is understood, in all main points, like other books, according to the talents, diligence, humility, and other advantages of each reader. Here is no pretence for enthusiasm, nor rejection of Church Order. But the question is, which shall be uppermost, God or man? Shall all this framework of means be constantly subjected to the Scripture itself; or the Scripture be subjected to this framework of means? Shall we teach the Gospel as it lies in the inspired Word, and in the very language of the Holy Ghost, or the Bible as remodelled in the language of the fathers of the first four centuries? Shall man impose a sense on Scripture with a controlling power, or receive a sense from Scripture with simple and child-like docility? Shall the Church take the first place, the Scripture being thrust down to the second, as a confirmation

of its teaching—or the Bible retain its sublime and proper supremacy, as the infallible and inspired Word of God, and sole Rule of our Faith? ’

He is showing how Tractarianism assimilates with Romanism, and says:—

‘The two systems *proceed onwards by many of the same steps*. Beginning with Tradition, they go on to Justification by infused righteousness, the authority of the Fathers, the Catholic Church the interpreter of Scripture, salvation by the the Sacraments not by faith, the sacrifice of the Eucharist, absolution, sin after baptism almost irremissible, apostolical succession and episcopacy of the essence of the Church, prayers for the dead and invocation of saints, the use of the crucifix, extreme unction, celibacy of the clergy, the infallibility of General Councils, the power of the keys, the independence of the Church upon the State. Here the steps are traceable in each, though they are carried out in the Roman doctrine to the greater length; and one point our authors have not as yet conceded—the supremacy of the Pope; though his primacy, as a matter of positive and not divine institution, is rather favoured.

‘The assimilation is evident, also, *in the manner in which the two systems are defended*. Our Tract-writers, like the Jesuits, possessed of fine talents, learned, masters of style, practised in debate, constantly resort to distinctions when in danger of being confuted, explain away every particular expression, appeal to the sound parts of their tenets, elude, omit, escape, multiply imperfect quotations; and at last complain, as the Jesuits have done for three centuries, that they are not understood by their opponents. Everybody understands them except themselves. Theologians of every Church, every school of divinity, every country, every colour of sentiment, every section, every party have the same view of the matter of fact, that such and such are their tenets; yet still they themselves complain of misrepresentations; and appeal to certain sentences which may easily be found in their ambiguous writings, in support of their declaration.

'*The calmness of their manner, and the tone of piety which runs through their writings, form a further part of their system, as they did that of the Jesuits before them. But it is useless to speak of their manner of defending themselves, after the incredible attempt of the Ninetieth Tract, which brought down upon them the merited disapprobation of their respected diocesan, the disavowal of the Heads of the Colleges at Oxford, and the contempt or pity of every Protestant divine. Nothing so dishonourable to a clergyman—the word is strong, but, in my judgment, not too strong—has occurred in our Church since the time when the blessed Reformation exempted us for ever, as we hoped, from these Popish errors.*'

He is describing, what may be called, the fable of the fly and the spider; and says:—

'In a word, the scope of these writers for the last eight or nine years has been to *write down* the Reformation and the Church of England, and to *write up* Popery and the Church of Rome. And what is the consequence?—A falling away to Popery amongst our clergy and laity, which has begun, and which will and must go on, till the evil be efficiently checked.

'And *what is the attitude of that subtle Church of Rome herself at this moment towards these writers?* She understands them, if they do not understand themselves. There she sits on her seven-hilled seat, watching her opportunities; herself unchanged and unchangeable, since Trent has matured and finished off, and consigned to indelible tablets all her corruptions—there she sits, smiling and rejoicing in the advances making towards her by her most formidable opponent, the Reformed Church of England—dissimulating, denying, explaining away, equivocating, concealing her most obnoxious tenets, retiring for a moment if an explosion threatens, then returning to the assault when a calm is restored.'

Words of warning follow:—

'Some of you in the retirement of your stations have heard little beyond distant rumours of these controversies; and,

perhaps, you have thought, as lovers of peace often do, that too much importance has been given to them. This is not the case. The danger has been, and is, imminent. And if the guardians of truth are silent at such a time, they betray their trust. Our Tractarians ask for nothing better than to be left undisturbed to carry on their designs.

‘If any of you, my reverend brethren, were at first induced, as you easily might be, to listen to the more moderate of these authors, and rather to favour some of their tenets, I entreat you, as a father, nay I enjoin you as a bishop and metropolitan, to be on your guard. Keep at the greatest distance, I pray you, in your several stations, and especially your missions, from the whole system as a system. It will draw you imperceptibly into the vortex. Remember the weakness of our converts’ judgments, and their strong tendency to superstition. You may not perceive all the mischiefs, but they are not the less real. I forewarn you of them. With respect to the deacons, catechists, and students of divinity in the diocese of Calcutta, I have stated the course which I shall endeavour invariably to pursue. The reverend presbyters also, knowing their Bishop’s mind, will I am sure weigh his counsel; and act, as far as they conscientiously can, accordingly. In the other dioceses, my right reverend and honoured brother bishops will issue their own directions. But, on the other hand, if there are some of my reverend brethren, who have conceived a just alarm at these doctrines generally, and from the beginning, they have in my judgment acted wisely. I partake of their feelings. I would only entreat them to be extremely cautious of erring on the opposite side. In India our Church has yet to take root. Nothing is settled. Be consistent therefore: let no man have any evil thing to say of you. Go straight forward as sound and enlightened Churchmen.’

The whole is summed up as follows:—

‘The moment the spell is burst, men will stand amazed, that in a day like the present, and in the fairest of all the Protestant Churches, a regular system, I had almost said, CONSPIRACY, to bring back Popery, should be tolerated for a moment. To have

worked back from light into darkness, will appear, what it really is, portentous. The deep movement which has been excited will take, as we trust, a higher course, and lead an awakened Church to recognise and embrace the real substance of vital religion. The modern Babel will then rush to its fall; and with it the New Testament Babylon itself will sink, as we hope, to rise no more, and the glory of the latter day come in.'

This Charge was much enlarged by additions made when it was delivered at Madras, Colombo, Palamcotta, and Bombay. Appendices were also added on various important points, both doctrinal and practical. So that when finally published in 1843, both in India and England, it had swelled to a pamphlet of a hundred and fifty pages, and took a prominent place in the controversy then being carried on.

The Visitation of which it was the precursor, was not a common one. The Act of Parliament constituting the new Indian Dioceses had contemplated a visit by the Metropolitan, as such, every five years; but it was doubtful for a time whether effect would be given to this intention. The Indian Government absolutely refused to provide the necessary means; and the Home Government hinted at withholding the allowance usual on such occasions "unless strong grounds could be shown for the necessity of it." The objections urged were twofold: first, that the visit of the Metropolitan was unreasonable "except on particular emergencies;" and secondly, that though "authorised by the Letters Patent, he was not compelled to make it." The answer to which on the part of the Bishop was, first, that he felt bound in conscience to perform the duty assigned to him by law; secondly, that if the provision fell into disuse, it could not without great difficulty be restored; thirdly, that the novelty of the whole Episcopate in India required supervision and union; fourthly, that personal reasons made it desirable; and fifthly, that it would involve but little expense and require but little time—one month at each Presidency being deemed sufficient.

The Bishop knowing the importance of precedents in India, pressed these reasons; and, supported strongly by the Archbishop of Canterbury, he prevailed. In October, 1841, he had

what he calls "excellent tidings" from Leadenhall Street. They were thus expressed. "It will be satisfactory to your Lordship to know that your repeated and forcible representations of the paucity of chaplains have attracted the attention due to them, and that the Court have resolved to complete the establishment to the full number which was prospectively fixed, viz., fifty-one; and to make due provision for the length of time which usually elapses before vacancies are supplied, by allotting twelve assistant chaplains for appointment, in anticipation of vacancies, which it may be hoped will thus be supplied at the moment of the occurrence. This arrangement is officially announced to the Government of India, by the present mail: which also conveys our answer to the question regarding your Lordship's Quinquennial Visitations to Madras and Bombay, and which answer your Lordship will find to be generally in accordance with the view you have taken of the subject."

'How can I be thankful enough to Almighty God,' the Bishop remarks upon this, 'for his repeated goodness! What blessings does he vouchsafe! Everything is granted me one after another. The Court's acknowledgment of my metropolitan duties, is very important. If the Act is obtained for my visit home, and the due payment of the income assigned me in the Letters Patent, another step will be gained.'

Here also he was partially successful. An Act of Parliament was passed, at his instance, not only enabling him, but the Bishops of Madras and Bombay also, to go home, on certain conditions and certain allowances, for a period of eighteen months. Provision was also made for the removal of the Bishop of Madras to Calcutta, with adequate remuneration, during the absence of the metropolitan. This was a great boon to the Indian Episcopate.

The other application, however, failed, and seven hundred pounds per annum was still deducted from the salary legally allotted to him, by some inexplicable quibble in the manner of exchange, and the meaning of the word "current rupee."

The Visitation therefore now commencing, though the third

ordinary, was the first Metropolitan one ; and no pains were spared to render it useful. Unity of action in all the dioceses was manifestly a point of great importance, and to promote it, a long minute was prepared, with forty-two topics for discussion and arrangement, embracing not only common Ecclesiastical matters, such as the erection and consecration of churches, the relation between the clergy and the military, the question of marriages, fees, &c. : but unity of doctrine, vigilance in checking error, dealings with missionary committees, correspondence with Government, appeals, the preparation of a body of canons for India, &c. The insertion of a few of the points as they stand in the "Minute." will serve to prove the immense importance of such questions to the welfare of the Indian Church.

'24. In the native Churches, Caste to be clearly and irrevocably renounced before baptism : and *à fortiori* before any native is appointed a catechist or schoolmaster.

'25. The missionaries to be separated as much as possible from secular affairs. Mission villages of heathen, belonging to the Tanjore Mission, which render the missionary a sort of collector or magistrate, should be sold : and the produce invested as the Bishop may approve. Mission villages of Christian converts are most desirable, not being property.

'27. The office of Metropolitan is new in India, and this first Visitation is rather to feel the ground. It should seem however from the strong terms of the inhibition contained in the Letters Patent, that the ordinary visitation of the Diocesan should not be fixed at the same time, nor a Charge delivered by him. One inconvenience of concurrent visitations would be the occasion taken of foolish and absurd comparison of sentiments and measures which, published in newspapers, &c., could not but do harm.

'33. The Metropolitan is of opinion and submits it to his brother Bishops for their consideration, that it is a matter of common honesty in a missionary if he changes his sentiments on material points, or his manner of teaching, in a way which is known to be contrary to the views of the society by whom he is sent out (as for instance, as to what is known as

Tractarianism in the case of the Church Missionary Society), to resign his connection with the Society at once, with the Bishop's approbation, instead of endangering the peace of the Mission.

'36. That the three Bishops should be diligently collecting materials for a Code of Indian Canons, as matters occur.

'37. The method of selecting Chaplains, their number, and the power of educating and appointing a certain proportion of them in this country, are amongst the first topics to be considered.

'39. The Metropolitan suggests that a brotherly intercourse by letters and intercessory prayers between the nine Oriental Bishops of our Church—viz., Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Ceylon (when appointed), Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Jerusalem and Gibraltar (as on the way to India and Jerusalem), should be thought of.'

On the evening of August 24th, after having entertained a party of fifty-four clergy and students at the Palace, the Bishop embarked in the sailing yacht *Julia*, Captain Tingate, with Mr. Pratt and Dr. Goodeve for his companions, and dropped down the river, bound first for the Straits of Malacca. The steamer *Diana* was sent down after a time to quicken his movements in those narrow seas: and having visited as in former years Moulmein, Penang, Malacca, and Singapore, he stretched across to Madras, and landed on the 23rd November. The Marquis of Tweeddale was the Governor, Dr. Spencer the Bishop, the Rev. H. Harper the Archdeacon, Rev. J. Tucker the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society:—with all these he was in immediate communication. Many anxious matters had to be discussed, many difficult questions settled, many wounds healed. He stayed twenty days, delivered his Charge, preached many times, performed a modified course of duty, and then departed for Ceylon.

'Never,' he says, 'had I a more difficult series of duties to discharge since I came to India. The office of Metropolitan is indeed more important than I could have conceived.'

The Bishop of Madras was himself on visitation, and the

ship *Julia* (having landed the Metropolitan at Negapatam, on the coast) carried him on his way to Trincomalee.

From Negapatam, the journey to Tanjore was performed by land, and on December 17th, the Bishop of Calcutta found himself once more received into the same Residency (though alas! death had entered it, and changed the Residents) as in former years.

To animate these missions, and confirm as Metropolitan, the decision he had passed as Bishop, was his great object. He found the Mission much strengthened; but Caste was not destroyed. Bishop Corrie dealt gently with it; and Bishop Spencer had to learn its evils. The present visit, therefore, was not ill-timed; for seven years had weakened the impression made by the former one in 1836. The venerable Kohlhoff still survived, in his eighty-first year; and the native priest, Nyana-pragasen, in his ninety-third. The native Christians flocked in crowds to church from Tanjore and all the surrounding villages, and were startled by the determined and uncompromising condemnation of Caste to which they listened. "On its being honestly and irrevocably abolished," said the Bishop, "the life of these missions depends." On Christmas Day, services were held for both Europeans and natives, and four hundred native communicants assembled round the Lord's table. No confirmation was administered, nor any conference held, because of an unwillingness to interfere in any way with the functions of the Diocesan. A miniature of Swartz was presented to the Bishop, and he took away one of his inimitable letters written to young Kohlhoff, then a lad, as follows:—

"Nov. 1780.—Dear John. I have sent you ten pairs of stockings by Thinappen. I hope you have received them. Hereby I inclose a letter from your father; he wondereth that you have not acknowledged the receipt of the biscuits. Yesterday we meditated on Philippians iii. 8. What an excellent Christian was Paul! Now he exhorteth us to be his followers in renouncing all and choosing Christ: that by him (1) we may be justified, for we have no righteousness of our own, though sin we have indeed; (2) be sanctified and made conformable to the death of Jesus and the mind that was in Him; (3) be

glorified and enter into the joy of our Lord. May the blessed Spirit lead us to that effectual saving knowledge of Christ.

“I am your affectionate friend.

C. F. SWARTZ.”

A hasty visit was also paid to Trichinopoly; and, after five nights travelling, and nine times preaching in sixteen days, the Bishop returned to Negapatam, and, finding his ship ready, sailed for Trincomalee. Here, “being almost worn out,” he rested for six days, and was refreshed by the intercourse and friendship of his brother of Madras.

On January 5th the whole party embarked at Trincomalee, and, having narrowly escaped shipwreck, arrived safely at Colombo. Here the Charge was again delivered, and a clause introduced interdicting the clergy from coffee plantations and speculations. The several stations having been duly visited, the vessel’s head was turned towards Tutocorin, from whence the southern missions of Tinnevely, Palamcotta, and Nazareth (not hitherto visited) were accessible. But wind and weather forbade; and after much difficulty, a landing was effected at a desolate spot called Poovera, about twenty-five miles from Cape Comorin. No food, no shelter, no means of communication presented themselves for some time. At length a Roman Catholic priest appeared, and a very slender knowledge of Latin enabled him to provide the party with food and bearers. At each halting-place a friend appeared in the shape of a missionary of the London Society; and at length, after great fatigue, Palamcotta was reached in the night of the 29th January, 1843. Seven missionaries were at hand to welcome the Bishop. He at once pronounced the “Peace” enjoined by Christ, and then knelt down to return thanks for the preservation and guidance vouchsafed.

Most interesting services commenced the next morning. At dawn of day one hundred catechists and schoolmasters delivered to him a poetical composition in Tamul, congratulating him on his safe arrival, and on the joy caused by the sight of “his noble face.”

Rhenius’s tomb was visited, on which appear the words, engraved at his request, “My judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God.” These words, and the tender feelings

excited by the visit, were referred to by the Bishop when delivering his Charge to twelve missionaries of both the Church Societies next day. Station after station was then visited: Missionary after missionary conferred with. "There are glorious beginnings here," he said; "and it is delightful to talk with such calm, well-educated, pious, devoted, sensible men, who know what they are about. I have written to the Bishop of Madras to express my wonder at these blessed missions, and to say that there must be twenty-four more missionaries sent out—twelve from each Society; for now the harvest languishes for want of reapers. What is England about with her drivelling controversies, whilst India is in vain stretching out her hands to God." He went about everywhere preaching—now in finished, now in unfinished churches—now in tents, and now in the open air; but he held that his chief work lay with the missionaries themselves; and when, on the last day of his visit, he found ten surrounding him, he made them a farewell address, condensing the advice he had previously, and occasionally given them. In the evening, after Divine Service and a sermon by Mr. Pratt, they presented a touching and beautiful address, acknowledging the Bishop's kindness and entreating his prayers.

He turned now to the Syrian Churches; and a journey of fourteen hours from Trivandrum, brought him first to Quilon and thence to Cottayam. The reader will not have forgotten what passed at the previous visit. But he has now to learn that all the measures then suggested for the improvement of that ancient Church:—for the extension of education, the elevation of the clergy, the eradication of error, had been absolutely rejected. Even the very donation left by the Bishop, which was a kind of first-fruits of an endowment for the Church, was treated as a bribe, and refused. The moment he had retired, the bow returned to its usual bent. The Metran was again in the ascendant; and the Church had sunk too low to desire or to compel a reformation. So far had this gone, that a covenant was entered into, to forbid all further intercourse with the missionaries, and to withdraw all deacons from the College. What sinister influence might have been at work, did not appear. One-unworthy clergyman, a Chaplain of the Company,

had travelled through the country telling the people that crucifixes, and prayers for the dead, and all the superstitions learnt from Rome, were right; and that the missionaries and their doctrines were all wrong: but his visit had been short and he had been forbidden to repeat it. It needed not this to unveil the matter. Further acquaintance with the Metran and the leading men had developed deep-seated evils, and explained the distaste for any change. And the only course apparently left open was, to set up an open Mission. This course had been accordingly adopted by the missionaries, and sanctioned by the Bishop of Madras; under whose licence they were all now acting. A great change was thus produced. Handsome churches were in the course of erection. The property attached to the College, which had been jointly held, was now divided. The old buildings had been left for the Syrians, and new ones, already containing seventy pupils, had been raised for the missionaries. Primary schools were multiplying on all hands, and about seven hundred children were under instruction. So that there was good promise for the future. But it was still mingled with regret. It was pleasant to see the light shining in a dark place: but it would have been pleasanter to have said of that ancient Church, "thou hast the dew of thy youth." This regret, however, was unmingled with self-reproach. Our Church had "done what she could." She had held out the right hand of fellowship to the Syrian Church, and been refused: and she could do no more. "I quite concur," said the Bishop of Calcutta in his Charge, referring to these matters, "with your excellent Bishop in all that he has done. I entirely approve of the principle on which he has recommended you to carry on your missions: viz.—absolute non-interference with the Syrian Church, as a Church, at present. These ancient Christians must now seek us, not we them. We sought them for twenty years, and the separation was at their instance, not ours. As to individual lay persons, our schools and churches cannot but be open to all, and our clergy will use their discretion as to admitting such as may desire it to our communion on proper evidences. No question is likely to arise as to presbyters under present circumstances. Doubtless their ordinations are valid, as are those of the Church of Rome: and if any

individual presbyter should be convinced of the superstitions, idolatries, and sinfulness of the Syrian communion as it now is, and deliberately wish to enter our pure reformed Anglican Church, it will be for your diocesan to determine what qualifications as to doctrine, morals and learning, what title for maintenance, and what conditions as to his sphere of duty, he will require. For the rest, no attempt at anything like proselytism must be thought of either as to clergy or laity."

At Cottayam seven missionaries were assembled to receive the Bishop's charge. Divine service was celebrated: Holy Sacrament administered: the new College examined:—and then he passed on through Allepie to Cochin; and on February 17th embarked for Bombay.

The voyage was long and weary, and he did not arrive till the 13th March.

"Hurry, pressure, confusion:" such is the first entry in the journal at Bombay. "The Bishop is an 'angel'—so sweet, humble, and spiritually-minded:" such is the second entry. The Charge was once again delivered: a controversy was settled about the erection of a Memorial to the troops who fell in Affghanistan: an address was delivered on laying the foundation stone of a college in memory of Sir Robert Grant: much pleasant intercourse was held with the Governor, Sir George Arthur: all the places endeared by former recollections were revisited: and then on April 3rd the Bishop once more embarked, and after calling at Goa on his way, reading through a volume of St. Augustine, and suffering from an attack of gout, he reached Calcutta in safety on Saturday, May 12th.

Thus ended a journey by land and water of eight thousand seven hundred miles. On Sunday he preached a thanksgiving sermon from Psalm lxxi. 14, 16; and on Monday he writes:—

'I have not yet been able to compose my mind. The change is so great. But oh! may God give me wisdom and understanding to go in and out before this so great people; and especially to stand firm and unmoved in defence of the Gospel. I have preached eighty sermons during my absence.'

Journal-letters will, as usual, describe the course of events in Calcutta till the Visitation was resumed.

'June 1st, 1843. My gout is gone. I have bought a riding-horse, to replace my old ghoot. He is a fine fellow, two months from England, gentle, and sure-footed. I gave a hundred and fifty rupees for my ghoot, but this English horse cost me fourteen hundred. He goes on capitally, and the exercise does me a world of good. All the Affghan heroes are calling on me—Major Lawrence, Major Pottinger, Captain Burn. They are all going home. Lord Ellenborough is expected in three or four weeks, and most persons conceive he will resign.'

'July 10th. On Monday the thirty-eighth meeting of our Cathedral Committee went off charmingly. We are raising now the walls of the tower. We have funds for a year or more from this time. Then our way will, I expect, be dark and boggy: vast supplies required, and everything standing still! A grand effort will be required to raise subscriptions. But I may be called away long before this. God will then provide friends and helpers, and His will, His glory, His providence, His grace, do all! On Tuesday we had our meeting of the Additional Clergy Society. It appears that we have received about twenty-five thousand rupees; and our first clergyman is now at work at Bhaugulpore. God be pleased to bless. Lord Ellenborough has returned to Barrackpore, where Mr. W. W. Bird went to meet him. The next day he resumed his seat in council, and appointed Mr. Bird Governor of Bengal. His plans will depend on tidings from home. He wrote his Somnauth proclamation entirely himself.'

'July 28th. The other morning, in my early drive I met Captain Greene at my Cathedral. He was walking up and down in the vault which is being built for me under the Communion table. It will be about thirty feet by eighteen, and six feet high. The descent is simply by steps from a large moveable slab within the Communion precinct. I could not but think, as I joined Captain Greene, and walked up and down the abode of death with him, how soon I might be called to lay down my pastoral staff, and rest in that bed or

grave, as to my mortal frame, till the Resurrection morn. Oh! for actual preparation for the midnight cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh." Oh! for affections weaned from earth.'

'*August 7th.* Dined on Tuesday with Lord Ellenborough. Thirty were present: ladies as well as gentlemen. Very good-tempered, but——'

'*August 11th.* I have not been well. I have not the strength nor spirits I had. I have not preached for some time, and I doubt whether I shall ever be myself again. Can I wonder that nature decays at the age of sixty-six? Ought I not rather to wonder that I have been preserved in health for eleven years since I sailed from England? Perhaps a period of silence and infirmity may be allotted me, or I may be carried off like my beloved friend, Mr. Natt, in a moment. Oh! for Christ to shine fully with all his glory on my soul. Oh! to end well. Blessed Jesus, Saviour, Lord, have mercy upon me. Enable me to stand valiantly for thy truth. Wean me from all sub-lunary things, and attract me towards heavenly.'

'*August 12th.* I have now four of my clergy under enquiry or censure: one for a contemptuous "minute," one for ordering a crucifix, one for preaching transubstantiation, and one for a report filled with tractarianism. Every case that is brought before me I enquire into.'

'*September 19th.* I have received the first twenty copies of my Charge printed, and have sent them round to the clergy of Calcutta.'

'*September 29th.* I have been holding my twenty-seventh ordination, and delighted have I been in finding four pupils of Bishop's College free from Tractarianism. This is the effect, under God's blessing, of the Professor being made perfectly aware of my sentiments, and honourably abstaining from inculcating these errors on the students, and also of the youths having right principles.'

'*October 7th.* On Tuesday I held my general confirmation: a larger comparative number than ever. The attention was great, and many of the young people in tears. I pursued my usual course.'

'*October 8th.* I have been preaching my farewell sermon:—"I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood

of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.”’ (Acts xx. 26, 27.)

‘*October 17th. Steamer: bound for Ghazeepoor.* Now I shall have a fortnight of exclusion and calm, for self-recollection, penitence, and prayer. I have the utmost need of these exercises. I seem to have been drifted away from my moorings, and carried out by the winds and tide. O blessed Jesus! be Thou my heavenly pilot. Bring back my shattered bark into safe water, and guide me to my desired haven.

‘Our course is now upwards as usual, and involves a retreat to the Hills from April 17th to October 15th, 1844, if the Lord will. To Him be our lives and deaths devoted.’

Thus was the Visitation resumed. The recurrence of it may appear frequent, but the Bishop merely followed the analogy of the English dioceses, and the directions of his Letters Patent, to visit every three years. It was much more necessary than in England; for India is a land of change. The civilians are always rising in position; the military are always moving from station to station; the chaplains are always changing their spheres of duty: hence, though the ministrations may be the same, the parties ministered unto are often very different; and a Visitation is as useful or necessary every third year as it was the first.

The Bishop was now in the *Flat*, a large flat-bottomed and convenient vessel, towed by a river steamer, through the Sunderbunds, and upwards towards Ghazeepore. He had fourteen fellow-passengers, and was accompanied by Mr. Pratt, Captain Philpotts (son of the Bishop of Exeter), and Dr. Bell. The interval was occupied in clearing off the arrears of correspondence, and in reading “Scott’s Comment,” “Wilberforce’s Life,” “Felix Neff,” “Garbett’s Lectures,” “St. Augustine,” “The Zurich Letters,” and “Cecil’s Remains.”

At Ghazeepore he left the river, and abode in tents. “We now once again,” he says, “resemble Abraham and Isaac, who thus dwelt on their way to a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. May we consider ourselves more and more as strangers and pilgrims.”

Journeying thus, he passed through Gorruckpoor, Benares, Allahabad and Futtehpoor. At the latter place he paused, and closed the year.

‘FUTTEHPOOR, *December 31st, 1843.* Eben-Ezer, Jehovah-Jireh. My heart melts within me when I think of God’s pity in bringing me through another year. Oh! that I could weep as I ought over the sins and provocations of the past. I am persuaded that penitence and contrition are the measure and gauge of our real attainments. We ought, if we know ourselves at all, to lie humbled before our God. As life advances, the deceit and desperate wickedness of the human heart are more and more apparent. I find the vagrancy of the fancy, the corrupt pictures on the tablet of the memory, the old scenes of evil crowding upon the soul, amongst my sorest conflicts. In truth, I cannot enter upon the subject. The chambers of imagery, one within the other, are so mysterious! I can only open my case to the All-seeing One, and beseech him to behold me in the person and work of His only-begotten Son, to hide me in his wounds, to plunge me in the fountain of His blood, and to stamp upon me, by His renovating Spirit, the blessed image of His own holiness more and more.

‘But gratitude for unspeakable benefits should also break out amidst the tears of sorrow. In fact, these benefits are heightened by the unworthiness of the recipient—as the mountains appear loftier, the lower the valleys from which they are beheld. The past year has been filled up with mercies to my family, my public functions, my body, my soul, my clergy, my every relation; especially is continued grace and help the cause of praise. And so is the name of Jesus, the blessed Gospel, the Holy Spirit, the honour of working for God, the defeat of error, the triumph of truth, some measure of health and strength, and the kindness of friends.

‘Lastly. Vows of new obedience become me: distrust of the future space which may be allotted for repentance: diligence, wisdom, lowliness of heart, deadness of mind to the praise of men, anticipation of judgment and heaven.’

Onwards through Futtehgur and Bareilly he passed to a new mountain station, called Nynee-Thal. Concerning it, he writes:—

‘NYNEE-THAL, 6200 feet above the level of the sea.

‘February 23, 1844.

‘We came up here yesterday, fourteen miles, by one of those strange, winding, precipitous roads, common to all mountainous countries. The air is keen and penetrating. The spot is one of those beautiful scenes with which the Himalayahs abound. Its peculiarity is an enclosure of rocks, two thousand feet above the spot itself, and covered with hanging woods, protecting, as it were, with their giant forms the peaceful lake, or “Thal,” below. Around this lake the gentry are beginning to erect their houses, as at Simlah and Mussooree. The whole is like the “Happy Valley” of Rasselas. We halt here, on our way to Almorah, longer than we should otherwise do, because of the movement of troops. A site for a church has been chosen; and to lay the foundation is my special business here. Beasts of prey, tigers, leopards, &c., abound so fearfully, that there is no stirring out without guides, armed with guns and spears.’

The visit to this spot was, however, evidently premature. The season was far too early. Not a single European was in residence. The Bishop was compelled to take shelter in a miserable, half-finished, and totally unfurnished house. He caught a bad cold, and was taken very ill; and after moving to Almorah, kept his bed for some days. It was not till the 8th March that he was able to consecrate the little church at Almorah, designed on his former visit. He then passed on to Morababad, Shahjehanpoor, and Meerut; halted for Passion Week and Easter; and then proceeded to Deyrah Dhoon, Landour, and Mussooree. Want of tents for the hill route delayed him till May 14th; and it was not till June 1st that he arrived at Simlah.

‘SIMLAH, June 1st, 1844.

‘Blessed be my God and Saviour for bringing me once more, after four years, and after a journey of seven months, to this station, and to the same comfortable house which I

occupied in 1840. May God assist me during the four or five months of repose. I want to print a volume for my diocese after eight years — experimental — anti-tractarian — simple — ecclesiastical — Indian — affectionate — final. It is clearly “now or never” with a poor, hurried, overwhelmed Bishop like myself. Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the days. As nature sinks, may grace wax stronger and stronger.’

The preparation of the volume thus referred to, formed the main employment during this year’s retirement at Simlah. During the previous Lent he had delivered in Calcutta a course of lectures on the Epistle to the Colossians. These formed the basis of the work. They were enriched, subdivided, and preached again at Simlah; and finally appeared in an Expository form, with the more controversial parts arranged in the form of notes. It was a labour of love, and his last serious work: clear, strong, pointed, and admirably adapted to the circumstances of the times, and the state of India. It embraced the whole range of divinity—the Deity of Christ, the supremacy of Scripture, justification by faith, sanctification by the Spirit, holy baptism, regeneration, tradition, Romanism, Tractarianism, Judaism. On all these, and many other important points of doctrine and discipline, the Bishop’s matured opinions were expressed. The work was published in small 8vo, and has gone through several editions. It will ever be accounted a valuable contribution to the sound divinity of the Church.

But this was not all which occupied his time. A new church was necessary. The original small building, given by Lady William Bentinck, had been more than once enlarged, and was still inadequate. Hence a committee was formed, a new site found, and a subscription commenced. Complete success crowned the attempt. No less than twelve thousand rupees were raised, and an application to Government produced five thousand more. On September 9th the foundation stone of a large and handsome church was laid in the presence of Sir Hugh Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Hon. Mr. Erskine, the sub-commissioner. On that occasion the Bishop delivered a striking address, which was afterwards printed,

Simlah was very full: the Bishop found many friends, and enjoyed much pleasant intercourse with them. The society of Sir Hugh and Lady Gough, Sir Harry and Lady Smith, and many other distinguished individuals he fully appreciated. General Ventura was also there, endeavouring to collect the property he had accumulated by many years' service under Runjeet Singh.

Amongst the rest was one aged civilian, named Gorton, who had for some time resigned the Company's service and retired to the hills. The Bishop had known him in former years, and now naturally resumed his visits. The result of one of them may be best told in his own words.

‘SIMLAH, *Monday, June 10th.*

‘Oh, most blessed and eternal God, who hast all hearts in Thine hands, and turnest them as the rivers of water whithersoever Thou wilt, I humbly praise Thee for having inclined the heart of Thy servant, Mr. Gorton (as Thou didst that of Mr. Thomas Natt), to aid in the endowment of the New Cathedral in Calcutta. To Thy great name be the praise in thy Church by Christ Jesus for this infinite goodness: and may every mercy bind me more closely to the purity of Thy blessed Gospel, and excite me to form all the plans for this sacred edifice and its endowments, with a more direct and single aim at the salvation of India, and the advancement of Thy glory.’

‘Would you believe it,’ he writes, ‘I have ten thousand rupees given me by Mr. Gorton of Simlah, for my cathedral! It was only last August that Mr. Natt made me a like gift, together with three hundred volumes of books. Then in January, the Dean and Chapter of Windsor presented me with the “George the Third window,” of stained glass, which cost five thousand pounds. And now on June 10th, 1844, Mr. Gorton repeats Mr. Natt's munificence. He is a retired civilian, who was in 1836 doubting whether he should go home or not. He came out in 1799, and is a bachelor. He has given twenty thousand rupees to the Church Missionary's Kotghur Mission, and a subscription of a thousand rupees a year during his life. He had given me one thousand rupees

in 1840. His health is now fast declining; he has nearly lost his sight by cataract: and never leaves his house. Well, I called on him without the least idea in the whole world of what was in his mind. I read and expounded the thirty-fourth psalm—for he is a good deal depressed in spirit—and made a prayer. When Mr. Pratt and I rose from our knees, his eyes were running down with tears, and he said to me, “Bishop, your letter about your Cathedral has been read to me, and I mean to give you ten thousand rupees as that other gentleman has done.” “Oh,” I replied, “is it possible!”—and I fell on his neck and kissed his cold and shrivelled face. “Yes,” he said, “and I shall present two thousand rupees to the Simlah Church.”

‘So there are twelve thousand rupees in one visit! But it is of the Lord: and of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things in heaven and earth! Such are the fruits of Christianity.’

It may be added that this same gentleman gave to the Bishop before he left Simlah, ten thousand rupees more for the Additional Clergy Society. Upon this the Bishop comments as follows:—

‘It will give the Society an amazing lift. I see the London papers have told you about my having given a similar amount to the same Society. It is indeed true that I gave ten thousand rupees two years since. Blessed be God! for who am I, and what is my Father’s house that I should be permitted thus to aid the cause of Christ! What India gives me, that I pour out again with joy, as the clouds return in showers what they draw up from the earth.’

His last words before leaving Simlah are as follows:—

‘SIMLAH, *October 14th.*

‘Blessed be God, I see land. My thirty-fourth Lecture on the Colossians is being copied out for the press, and the “Conclusion,” Lecture thirty-five, is sketched. I deliver it, please God, on Wednesday. May He order and bless.

‘I may almost say that for four months I have been doing nothing else, dreaming of nothing else, breathing nothing else, but these Lectures. Not a single sermon did I compose for Sundays, but all my reading, thinking, praying, were centered in this one great work. I had my current duties of course, and sixty-nine letters have I written to my Archdeacon Dealtry alone, since I left Calcutta. I trust and believe a great blessing has attended the delivery of the Lectures. Twenty Sundays have I thus passed in the full ministerial flow of heart. This season, and the two of 1836 and 1840, have been the only ones when a course of pastoral labours in preaching the everlasting Gospel has been afforded me. I have delighted in them. I could resign my Bishopric any moment with joy and retire to a country town in England, if my duty would allow.’

On October 17th the Bishop left Simlah—to return no more.

His route led through Sabbathoo and Lodianah as usual.

‘LODIANAH, *November 9th.*

‘We have been particularly quiet here. A good man’s house is a refuge. We breakfast at nine, and dine at six. I have cleared off all my letters—four to Singapore to settle a grand quarrel—eighteen to divers persons yesterday—fifty in all, this week. So we get on. The “Minute” about the completion of the Cathedral, and the constitution of the prebends, weighs much upon my mind. God will help.’

‘DOWRA-KE-SERAI, *Monday, November 11th.*

‘Lodianah and its few days have passed like a dream. We are now marching (seventy miles) for Umballah. I sent off four or five sheets with my thoughts about the “Minute.” Next month, if life is spared me, I hope to draw up an improved one. On Friday I confirmed nineteen young persons; on Saturday I consecrated the colours of the 2nd European Regiment; I have preached six sermons in eight days.

‘From the new Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, I have a charming letter in answer to mine, placing fifteen hundred rupees at my disposal for charity, and promising me all aid.’

‘UMBALLAH, *November 17th.*

‘I have been very poorly with a slight fever and influenza, arising, I fancy, from the fatigue of my journey on roads perfectly frightful, and changes of temperature almost inconceivable. I shivered last night so extremely, that my teeth involuntarily chattered. My feet were cold as a stone, my head burning. I am better to-day, and was able just to attend church and preach this morning. In 1836 there was at this place a congregation of fifteen in Mr. Edgeworth’s house; now there are three thousand souls in the station. Kurnaul church and its tower are deserted, and the materials brought here, a distance of fifty-five miles. The church is about to be erected, and meanwhile a noble barrack-room is used for Divine service. More than one thousand were present this morning wrapt in deep attention.’

Alas! The symptoms here enumerated were the commencement of an illness which brought the Bishop to the borders of the grave, and compelled a resort to England. The tidings of it were in due course communicated by his chaplain, the Rev. J. H. Pratt. It appears that on the Sunday morning, already mentioned, the Bishop had preached a most impressive sermon; but he was evidently unwell, and was forbidden by his medical attendant to leave the house again. The next morning he appeared no worse; but, about noon, his servant came running to Mr. Pratt’s tent, which was pitched close by, and, saying that his master was very ill. Feeling very cold, he had stepped out into the verandah, and then into the sun to warm himself. After walking for a little while he returned to his room, threw himself upon the bed, and sent for Mr. Pratt. The doctor was immediately summoned, and all proper remedies employed. But, after the alternations of a day or two, fever developed itself, delirium came on, and fits of excitement were followed by such extreme exhaustion that death seemed to be standing at the door. Further medical advice was called in, and Dr. Dempster rendered his valuable aid. The danger became, however, more and more imminent, and all remedies seemed powerless to avert it. The notes taken by Mr. Pratt under such circumstances will be deeply interesting. He says:—

“*Nov. 23rd.*—I began to get more anxious this evening; for, although in some respects the Bishop appeared to be better, yet there were symptoms which my own experience of fever showed me were bad. He seems to be *wearing out*. Strength seems to be failing. Oh! Lord, thou God of the spirits of all flesh, prepare him for his last great change. May he shine like a bright light as he declines, and cast his beams upon us all!

“*Nov. 24th.*—The Bishop had a bad night. He dreamt much, and seemed, by his wandering talk, to be living past life over again. In the morning he had no fever; but every symptom seemed to portend a constitution worn out. I felt anxious he should know that he was in danger. When I went to him in the morning, he told me of his dreams, and said he had been for two hours trying to make an exposition of the twenty-third Psalm. He said, ‘My dear friend, please to pray with me;’ and he then enjoyed the recital of several hymns.

“After church I went to him again. He was sitting up at the table with his eyes closed. I went in softly. He opened his eyes, and held out his hand. I found him confused about the morning and evening services. He had ‘Cecil’s Remains’ open before him at the chapter on ‘A minister’s encouraging animadversion on himself;’ and said, in a wandering and faltering manner, ‘I am trying to correct and test certain things.’ I felt deeply moved; and, desiring to comfort him, repeated a few texts of Scripture and proposed prayer. ‘It will be a great comfort to me,’ he said.

“Having to preach soon, I left him. While in my tent, the Bishop told his servants to open all the windows, and actually walked out into the verandah. The doctor, on being informed, ran up, and brought him in; and he promised to do so no more. Directly he was left, however, he did it again; and when both the doctor and myself ran up, we found too surely that his mind was gone. I could not now leave him, and therefore gave up preaching. Many good things he said whilst I remained with him, but in a confused bewildered manner. Dr. Dempster came three times to-day, for all were deeply anxious. After his last visit, I went into the next room to hear their opinion; and, on my return, I found the Bishop out in

the verandah for the third time. After this, the glass doors were shut and fastened. He remembered nothing of all this the next day."

Letters were now written to official persons all round to inform them of the Bishop's imminent danger, and a third medical man, Dr. Henderson, of the 3rd Dragoons, was called in.

An immediate change of air was now recommended; and he was removed from the Rev. Mr. Whiting's house, to Captain Simpson's, where two large rooms were placed at his disposal; the tents of his suite being pitched in the compound. From that day he began slowly to mend. The illness had developed itself as an intermittent fever, caught, doubtless, in the jungle on descending from Simlah, and it was treated accordingly.

Mr. Pratt's narrative continues:—

"The Bishop seems now fully aware of his danger. He said he was very glad he had paid all the money for his Cathedral, and that his accounts were clear; adding, 'I know, my dearest friend, that my life hangs by a thread. I know what fever is; at least, in others. Things may look well, and improvement may take place; but a change suddenly comes, and the patient slips, as it were, out of life.' 'I am more fully persuaded than ever that Christ is the only hope of salvation. His atoning blood, his justifying righteousness, and sanctification by his Spirit are my great subjects.' And then, in reference to the controversy which had lately so much engaged his attention, he added—'The Tractarian system is eating out all the vitality of the Gospel; it is all stuff.' Shortly after, he added, 'I never had much "joy in believing;" that was never in me. It has been with me more a settled conviction, and a hearty reception, of the Gospel.'

"He then referred to what he had gone through in India, and the wonderful health he had had. 'I bless God for what he has enabled me to do; and I should be ungrateful if I did not; but as to looking at my works as done in the sight of God, they are nothing, they are miserable. If I recover, I must do less. Up to the present time, I feel that I have been guided

by circumstances. No one will accuse me of ceasing to work sooner than I have been obliged; and, really, I know not how hitherto I could have done less. However, here is a grand warning. If I recover, I must henceforth only superintend the diocese as a father.’”

But the narrative must now be shortened, to give place to his own Journal. His letters to his children had never ceased. Each day he seized some moment to commune with them—and often when he had no power to guide his pen aright:—

‘ Sick chamber, November 23rd.

‘I am still very far from well. A feverish tendency hangs about me. At times I seem better, and then again worse. Dr. Bell has called in the oldest surgeon in the station, Dr. Dempster, and they are doing as they think best. And now let me adore the Divine goodness and mercy in thus chastening me. I needed a pause; a time of retirement, thought, repose. All at Simlah was one drive. Then the month of travelling has been a month of hurry, of course. Now I am pulled up. I am now taught more of myself, more of my own heart’s infinite evils, more of my defective motives. I am now living an interior life like private men. I am called to the meditation of Christ, of death, of heaven, of eternity. I meditate on the uses and designs of afflictions, which we all admit in theory, but are so slow to bow to in practice. Now, also, the Holy Spirit and the Holy Scriptures are infinitely precious, instructive, consoling.’

‘ UMBALLAH, first sick Sunday, November 24th, 1844.

‘O Lord, blessed be Thy wise and gracious name, that Thou dost not at once cast me away from Thy presence, nor take, as I have too much deserved, Thy Holy Spirit from me; but dost please to chasten me, that I may not prove a cast-a-way.

‘The last day was tolerable; and I foolishly thought, “Surely the bitterness of death is past!” But, no. A very trying, weary, sleepless night of twelve hours was the special medicine, that Thou, my All-wise Physician, didst see needful

for me. I tossed about, like a wild bull in a net—as to the incapacity of escape, but not as to the rude resistance of the indignant animal. Now I am weak as water. I do not doubt for a moment the “strong rock,” the “rock of salvation”—but this is just precisely the way that persons of the heartiest frame slip away from life.

‘The London Mail came in November 21st, but I have no power to read the letters with any care.

‘*Wednesday, November 27th.* Thank God, the doctors consider me to be going on as well as they could expect. I have had no fever since Monday. The first paroxysm of what they call intermittent fever, came on last Friday, the second on Sunday. Such is the medical account. The interior history of God’s designs is quite another thing. My own impression is, and always has been, that I am in imminent peril of life; and may at any moment faint off into the grave. My mind, thank God, is calm and composed. I can make no efforts, but I sink into the arms of Christ, as one of the *greatest* of sinners. I have nothing to plead—nothing to bring of my own. I am hateful in my own eyes; and *all* my hope for time and eternity is in the infinite preciousness of a Saviour’s blood.

‘*Friday, November 29th.* I am still living to praise my God. The non-recurrence of fever since Sunday is considered favourable: but I don’t appear to get strength. My sleep is perturbed with dreams. I have no power to think, or speak: and the least thing would bring back disease. It is now evident from the doctors’ account, that on Sunday I was in a most alarming state. It was then that the third doctor was called in. The danger of relapse is still great. My mind is calm and composed. I rely on the Almighty grace and infinite atonement of the Lord Christ. I humbly pray for more sanctifying grace from the Holy Spirit. I wish to have no will but God’s. I have arranged all my temporal affairs—signed two new codicils to my Will—appointed six Cathedral Canons—paid off the two Lacs of rupees subscribed to the Cathedral—made a list of the promises of money to churches, &c.: and thus have I set my house in order.

‘*Advent Sunday, December 1st.* This is my thirteenth

Advent spent in India. Bishop Middleton was, in God's mysterious will, only permitted to spend eight such. This day week I was in a most dangerous state (as I have since been told): to-day, by God's mercy, I have been considered convalescent. Still I am so weak, I can hardly hold my pen. Last evening I felt better and more collected: and was able to spend two hours in reading, meditation, and prayer. But I cannot rise. I sink, sink, sink. I lie at the bottom of the mount groaning, and crying for visitations of grace. I want to get nearer to Christ; to be swallowed up in Him; and to have no will but His, that He may be magnified in my body, whether by life or death. Also I sigh and pray that I may know my dispensation and yield to it, as Mr. Cecil used to say.

'1. One thing is clear: this is the first fever I have been visited with in India.

'2. It is in the eye of the whole of India; for I am stopped eleven hundred miles from Calcutta.

'3. A relapse is the likeliest thing in the world, and would assuredly, humanly speaking, be fatal—as my doctor confesses.

'4. I have every kind of merciful alleviation: excellent doctors, (Bell, Dempster, Henderson): an excellent chaplain, (Pratt), who loves and waits on me as a son. I have no pain like Job or Hezekiah. I sleep, though with dreams. I have an appetite for my food. What shall I render unto the Lord!

'5. The time is full of instruction. It is on my return to Calcutta, that I may go there (D.V.) in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, emptied of self, tender-hearted, dead to everything but Christ, ready to put off my tabernacle, and endeavour that after my decease my clergy and flocks may have the truth still in remembrance. Perhaps God may do more by me when thus cut down to the root, than when prospering in leaves and branches, in sermons, addresses, publications and letters.

'6. I have done, as it were, my laborious work: and set my house in order: fourteen hundred sermons, three charges, two published discourses, a volume of sermons, the Colossian Lectures, the Cathedral endowment raised to three lacs and a

half and sufficient to support six Canons, one Canon's house provided, my "Minute" nearly ready to go home through Mr. Pratt's immense exertions, the twelve Canons fixed on and nominated, an Agra Bishopric proposed, a body of sub-assistant native Chaplains recommended by me, sanctioned by the Governor-General, and sent home for approval, a great Native school projected in connection with the Cathedral, the additional Clergy Society well started, &c. What can thy servant, O Lord! say more? For who is he, and what is his father's house, that Thou shouldst thus bless him: for it is of Thine own we give Thee. But I pause—my head is confused.

'Tuesday, December 3rd. This is the ninth day without fever. Blessed be God! The doctors now aim at keeping me quiet till I recover my strength, and am in the same state as before the attack on Saturday, November 16th. This they hope to see in ten or twelve days from this time. Then they propose to start me off for Calcutta. May God order, direct, bless, and sanctify.

'Wednesday, December 11th. On Thursday, December 5th, I was allowed to go out for an airing for the first time. I had not left my room (except when changing houses) since Sunday, November 17th—eighteen days. I am still very weak, and my reading and meditations are feeble. But my mind is I hope serene in faith, penitence, hope, and love. I dwell much on the Divine goodness in chastening me; and earnestly pray for the lesson to be deeply engraven, as by a pen of iron and the point of a diamond, on the tablet of my heart. I compare my light sickness with Hezekiah's, Job's, Baxter's, Robert Hall's, Cecil's, or our Mr. Fisher's, and bless my God and Saviour. Last Sunday week, the 24th, Mr. Pratt now tells me, he gave me over: and on December 5th, I was convalescent and able to go out for an airing. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His Holy name." Still I shall never be so strong as I was: and the least cold will turn to fever. So that there is but a step between Life and Death.

'December 15th. I am still very weak, and affected with every change of weather. I returned thanks at church yesterday for having been restored to a state of convalescence, though I was not able to be present. The doctors talk of starting me off,

sixteen miles, to Shahabad on my way to Kurnaul to-morrow. From Kurnaul we proceed to Mr. Metcalfe's comfortable house at Delhi. There the question will be determined whether I am to be allowed to pursue my Visitation by Agra; or whether I embark on the Ganges at Meerut Ghât, and drop down to Allahabad, abandoning everything. God's will be done. I feel that I have not a day that I can call my own. I am just in that state in which so many in India slip out of life, nobody knows how. Christ is my ALL. I humbly trust and hope I have a desire to depart and be with Him, which is "far better."

Accordingly, on December 17th, the first march was made, and every precaution was taken to prevent the bad effect of the exposure in tents. Straw was laid upon the grass floor, with matting and carpets; a stove was used; and wherever a bungalow was available it was resorted to. But the bodily frame was essentially weakened, and susceptible of every change of temperature. On January 16th inflammation of the lungs took place, and the Bishop was unable to move till the 20th; and when he arrived at Allyghur on the 23rd, the path of duty was made plain and his plans for the future fixed. Thus he relates the matter:—

'ALLYGHUR, *January 23rd*, 1845. What scenes have I passed through! What visitations of augmented sickness! What discipline of my heavenly Father! What a total change of plans and duties! The sentence is now imperatively pronounced that I cannot safely remain in Calcutta on my return, but must go to sea; that I must not wait to be ill again, but take the present warning. Deliberating upon this, I determined to go home for eighteen months on furlough, agreeable to the Act of August 12, 1842.

'I have now, my beloved children, the most exquisite pleasure in looking forward to see you all once more in flesh—a pleasure, purer and of a higher kind, and more unalloyed, than if I had come home two years since to gratify my natural feelings merely. Now duty commands, and love obeys. I have written to the authorities both here and at home. My passage I have

secured, in the 10th May steamer, from Calcutta to Suez. Thus all is in train, Deo favente.'

The sanction of the Home Authorities thus sought was readily and instantly granted. It was thus courteously expressed :—

' Ecclesiastical Department, April, 1845.

' To THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

- ' 1. We join with you in the expression of deep regret that the Lord Bishop of Calcutta should be compelled to solicit a furlough for the recovery of his health ; and will only add our earnest hope that his visit to this country may be productive of such benefit, as will enable him at the expiration of the proposed period of absence, to resume his important functions in India.
- ' 2. The only point for our consideration, has reference to the permission granted to the Rev. J. H. Pratt, to accompany the Bishop, in his capacity of domestic chaplain.
- ' 3. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, we approve of your having allowed Mr. Pratt to anticipate the period when he would have been entitled to furlough under the regulations, and we shall accordingly issue to him in this country the stipulated furlough allowances from the date of his departure from India.'

The Bishop now rapidly passed down the country—tenderly watched by Mr. Pratt—skilfully treated by Dr. Bell—and hospitably entertained by sympathising friends. All indispensable duties he was able to discharge. He strengthened the Propagation Mission, under Mr. Perkins, at Cawnpore, by ordaining an admirable assistant. He held many small private Confirmations. He signed the consecration deeds of several churches. He called the clergy to conference as he passed near their stations. He commissioned his chaplain to visit, and report the state of the missions. Thus he effectually completed his third Visitation.

On his way down he had made all arrangements for his contemplated departure, and secured his passage in the steamer ;

and as if to set his seal to the energy which had characterised his Episcopate for thirteen years, he now fixed days for a Confirmation and two Ordinations in Calcutta, and set himself to the preparation of a fourth charge for a Visitation to be begun before his departure for England, and completed on his return.

He arrived in Calcutta on Saturday evening, April 26th, and met Colonel Forbes at the Cathedral, which had now received the gilded arrow, nine feet long, on the summit of the spire—"a pledge" he said, "of the arrow of the Lord's deliverance for India, and of Messiah's doctrines being like arrows, sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies, so that the people may fall under it in penitence, faith, and allegiance." On the spot, he offered humble thanks; and dedicated the Cathedral, the architect, and himself to Almighty God. The examination of the candidates, and the Ordinations followed. Two hundred young persons were confirmed. Affectionate addresses were presented to him, both from the clergy and laity of Calcutta; and he was requested to sit in England for a marble bust to be placed in the Cathedral library.

His fourth Visitation was holden: a last letter was written to his children, announcing his departure, and laying upon them a solemn charge not to attempt either by word or deed to influence his mind, or persuade him to relinquish his conscientious purpose of returning to India: and then on May 3rd, accompanied by his chaplain, he embarked on the *Precursor* steamer for England *via* the Red Sea.

He had been in India nearly thirteen years, and every power of body and mind had been consecrated to God's service there. Fourteen hundred times had he borne witness publicly to Christ. His substance had been laid upon the altar of sacrifice. He had done much to give the extension of the Episcopate a right bias, and three Bishops were now in the field. The control of the Metropolitan was recognised. His relation with the Government was far better understood. Nothing of an ecclesiastical character was done without his cognisance and approval. His recommendations were acted upon with respect to the chaplains, both as to appointments and removals.

The number of the clergy also was greatly increased. In 1838, the whole number was sixty-nine: it was now one hundred and six. Fifty-one chaplains were actually on the field of labour: a few years back there were only twenty-four.

The missions in his diocese were full of life. The number of stations was twenty-three: the Native Christians numbered six thousand; the communicants nearly two thousand; the children in schools above four thousand.

A spirit of Church Building had been thoroughly aroused. Upwards of fifty thousand rupees had been dispensed by the Church Building Fund, and this had elicited from Government and private benevolence, at least three lacs of rupees, and had led to the erection of thirty-five churches.

The cathedral was rising like the topstone of the arch, preparing by its erection and endowment, to hold the ground gained by the Church from heathenism.

The Additional Clergy Society was supplying men to preach the truth, and pointing to a permanent ministry.

The Caste question was removed from debateable to firm ground.

All over India the Lord's Day was observed, and little companies assembled in almost every station for divine service.

But if the extension of the Church had been a great object with him, its purity had been a still greater. He had been "instant in season and out of season" to promote this; and had "contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints." Many evils had thus been nipped in the bud, and many errors kept within bounds: so that whilst England was losing some of her choicest and ablest sons, not an instance was known in India of a single pervert.

Doubtless he had been a man much spoken against. He had gone through "evil report and good report," and had been accused of many things: but he had lived them all down, and his imperfections weighed nothing against the genuineness of his character. Even his exercise of discipline in the diocese had made no permanent enemies. So that one of the very last entries in his Journal, before he left India, was, "Strife everywhere has ceased, and all is love."

The usual portion of Correspondence will conclude the chapter.

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. BATEMAN.

'Bark "Julia," September 14, 1842.

'Once more I address to my dearest sister a line of love and consolation. You have as yet no relief from your extreme degree of suffering. Well, it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. When the woman of Canaan cried after our Lord, saying, "Thou son of David, have mercy on me," the compassionate Jesus answered her not a word. When the disciples were in the vessel, tossed with the storm, Jesus was asleep. Thus now, the delays in the Lord Christ's answer to your prayers may seem as if he heeded you not. But as in those cases he proved at last that he knew all that was going on, and only waited the fit time for communicating the blessing, so will he do to you. He knows every pain you endure, He sees the sufferings of your poor body, He weighs the sorrows and weakness of your mind, He measures every stroke of His blessed hand, and when His time is come, He will appear to your deliverance and His own glory. For Christ designs his glory in all His dealings with us, as well as our good. And in the meantime he supports and strengthens us in the conflict. He feeds the flame by pouring in secretly (as Bunyan represents it) the oil from a vessel behind; and thus it burns brighter and brighter, notwithstanding the arts of the wicked one, who is trying to quench it by pouring on water.'

TO THE SAME.

'CALCUTTA, May, 1842.

'My heart is almost broken when I think of the mingling of your extreme sufferings with your joys—when I find that you can truly sometimes say, "Where is God my Maker that giveth songs in the night?"—when I hear that wandering up and down your room in the night in intense and unrelieved pain you have such views of the love and grace of Christ, that you forget the anguish and can lie tranquil in His blessed hands.

'And so, my beloved sister, will this tender-hearted Redeemer

and Lord, lead you through all the remainder of the valley. Your feet are already in the channel of Jordan, but the waters are restrained, and you are passing, as it were, dry-shod.

‘And who knows God’s way, but himself? Who can fathom His counsel, or say to Him, What doest Thou? No: my beloved sister, all is right. Christ is the best Physician. “He never takes down the wrong bottle,” as Mr. Cardale once repeated to me from old Mr. Berridge. And how soon will the repose, and joy, and holiness, and bliss of the heavenly state obliterate the preceding storms and tempests of the sea over which we passed to arrive there.’

TO HIS BROTHER, GEORGE WILSON.

‘BISHOP’S PALACE, *March 12, 1842.*

‘I write month by month to comfort my dear brother under his sufferings. Religion is a matter of slow growth in our disorderly hearts; we must sink, bow, lay ourselves low before our God, wait, expect, be silent. We are not to imagine God is our debtor, when we first begin to turn and seek him in sincerity:—No, no, no, we are miserable sinners, we ought to have turned to him long ago. He gives no account of His matters. If He hears our prayers, it is of His infinite mercy and not of our merit. Nothing, my brother, speeds so ill with the Lord, as impatience. Therefore, blessed are they that wait for Him. In due time he will appear for us. He will answer us, as our dear Saviour did the Syro-phœnician woman, when our cries are earnest enough, and humble enough, and when the mercy is prepared for us, and we for it.’

TO THE SAME.

‘CALCUTTA, *April 8, 1842.*

‘One constant attendant on an awakened mind, is uneasiness, fear, alarm, dissatisfaction. The sinner, on first coming to himself—cannot make out things—cannot understand and feel and do as he would wish;—he wants to accomplish every thing at once—he is impatient after peace with God—he mistakes his views of his own sinfulness and innate depravity for

marks of hypocrisy—he is dejected when he ought to be cheerful. However, God thus leads him to more stable peace at last—prepares him for it by humility, and renders the blessing when it arrives, doubly and trebly precious.’

TO THE SAME.

‘CALCUTTA, *October 14, 1843.*

‘Just in the extreme hurry of setting off, my dearest brother, on a long visitation journey of seventeen or eighteen months, I must still write you a brief letter. A longer journey is before me—the journey into eternity—to this I may be summoned at any moment, and prepared or unprepared, I must go. Oh! for the true passport into the heavenly country:—the atoning blood of Jesus sprinkled upon the heart—and the sanctifying Spirit of Jesus imparted and infused into the understanding, will, and affections. Then we shall enter in through the gates into the city. We shall then have the title to the inheritance through the infinite merits of our Redeemer, and the qualifications for enjoying it in the gracious transformations of the Holy Spirit. These are the epistles of Christ, written, not with ink but by the Spirit of the living God, not on tables of stone, but in the fleshly tables of the heart. Oh! for more of that celestial INK; of that Divine WRITING produced by it; and of the ALMIGHTY HAND which guides the pen.’

TO THE SAME.

‘CAMP, *December 20, 1843.*

‘However I may be hurried, and hurried indeed I am, I must write a word of love and sympathy to my beloved George, of whose sickness and weakness I have lately heard so much. Indeed the ways of our Heavenly Father are most mysterious, and to us incomprehensible, but hereafter we shall see the wisdom, the mercy, and necessity, of every one. When your mind and spirits sink within you from pain and weakness, then resign yourself to your Father’s almighty hand—if you cannot *do*, nor *say* anything, nor make any *effort*, float down the stream, as Mrs. Hawkes used to say. Your gracious High

Priest can be touched with a feeling of your infirmities—and your Heavenly Father pitieth them that fear Him, even as an earthly father pitieth his own children. Cling to Christ's most precious blood by faith—hang upon it—plunge, as it were, into that purple fountain, and hide yourself under its blessed streams. And pray for the Holy Spirit to lift and carry you above the dead level of this miserable world, and to enable you to look beyond and over death to the bright and glorious country which lies beyond, and as Hopeful said to Christian, when passing the River of Death, "Hold up, brother, I feel the bottom," so may you rely on Divine aid and grace.'

TO THE SAME.

'LODIANA, May 2, 1844.

'I hear with much concern, my dear George, of your increased illness, and especially of the morbid gloom cast upon you. When the mind and spirits thus suffer, the burden, dear brother, is hard to bear. And here the difficulty is for the sufferer to distinguish between the workings of disease and the spontaneous operations of his own mind. Still he may distinguish.. His medical attendant will tell him that an irritability upon the brain will produce something of the nature of aberration of mind, especially as to religion and his own state before God. So the poor poet Cowper for years was afflicted. Then you may distinguish in this way. You know what God has done for you, you know the delight you have in the Bible, you know even now the sure persuasion you have that Christ is the Saviour, the only Saviour, the all-sufficient Saviour of those who come to Him:—then cling to this hope though your sensible comfort is gone; throw yourself upon undeserved mercy; wait at mercy's gate; say, "If I perish, I will perish at the feet of Christ." Remember, unbelief is one thing, and mere diseased judgment quite another. Try also to pray, and to let and get others to pray with you. Turn over your Bible for the promises made to those in darkness and anguish, as Isaiah, l. 10; liv. 11—13, and thousands of others. Remember none ever were lost that cried unto the Lord and called upon his name.'

TO THE SAME.

‘ LODIANAH, November 10, 1844.

‘ Well, and how fares it this month with my dear suffering George? It is *long to nature* to wait in pain, distraction, deafness, depressing maladies; but it is *short to grace*—because grace has another measure of things than nature. Grace compares time with eternity—Christ’s agonies with our sufferings—heaven with hell. Grace compares our Saviour, with our sins and deservings. Grace looks to the will and love of God. Grace bows to the wisdom which makes all things work together for good. Grace finds sweetness whilst lying passive in God’s hands. Grace resists Satan’s blasphemous suggestions, and temptations. Grace reads the inspired Word, and finds all the saints treading the same valley of humiliation—a procession of dying suffering pilgrims! But then you say, “Oh! for more *Grace!*” There you are right; and God bears this amongst other characters, “The *God of all Grace.*” Will not that do? Well, but there is another word, “I have chosen thee” (or, made thee a choice one), “in the furnace of affliction.” That suits exactly. But here is yet more—“He sits as a Refiner and Purifier of silver, to purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.” Once more—Our Lord himself teaches us, that we may pray both for the removal of sufferings, and for resignation under them, “Father, if it be possible, let this cup depart from me; *nevertheless* not as I will, but as Thou wilt.” I commend you, my beloved George, to the Divine Saviour, who “knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are but dust.” He is “the Lord that *healeth*,” both body and soul. And how SWEET will be the song of those, “who have come out of *great* tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”’

TO THE SAME.

‘ SIMLAH, July 1, 1844.

‘ Poor dear brother; you are frequently, frequently in my thoughts; for I might have been the afflicted one

and you the healthy brother, if God our Saviour had so pleased. I leave you with humble confidence in the blessed care of the Lord Jesus, who knows all you are and all you want, and who not only knows but can supply all your need according to his riches in glory. He is "Jehovah our Shepherd." He has "laid down His life for the sheep;" and now "ever liveth to save to the *uttermost*, (you cannot be beyond that,) all that come unto God by Him." Cling to Him, dear George, though with an aching head, and a trembling heart. Never poor sinner was rejected by this gracious Shepherd—"Him that cometh unto Me," saith He, "I will in no wise cast out."

TO A MISSIONARY OF THE PROPAGATION SOCIETY.

'CALCUTTA, April, 1842.

'Afflictions such as you are suffering under are designed to draw us nearer in prayer to the fountain of life in Christ Jesus, and to take us off from an excessive dependence on means and sacraments and the external Church. They bring eternity and judgment near to the soul; and then nothing but the old-fashioned doctrines of the Reformation, faith in Christ, love to Christ, the name and grace of Christ, will sustain our hopes.

'No man loves the Church more than myself—venerates means of grace more—honours the Sacraments more—consults the Fathers more—shuns schism and divisions more—loves the unity of the faith more. But I abhor all this new semi-Popery which makes tradition a subordinate rule of faith with Scripture, (2) which sets up the interpretation of the Fathers as authoritative, (3) which teaches reserve in preaching the Gospel, (4) which holds a sort of transubstantiation and opus-operatum effect in the Sacraments, (5) which calls them life-giving, (6) which talks of the Church and Church principles, and the Catholic Church, without knowing what they mean, (7) which presents the Church instead of Christ to the penitent sinner, (8) which condemns other forms of Church-government and order as entirely incompatible with the favour of God and the grace of the covenant, (9) which depreciates and hates Jewell and the first Reformers, (10) which condemns Protestantism, (11) which undervalues the evidences of Christianity, (12) which

coquets with Popery, (13) which apologises for prayers for the dead, (14) which closes by inventing a new sense for the Thirty-nine Articles in direct contradiction to the design of our Reformers in compiling them.

‘I mention these features of the new schism that your brother and your catechist may read my letter, and perfectly understand that I will admit no candidate for the office of a catechist or a deacon who cannot pass my examination relating to them.

‘I write as a father to caution you. When severe sorrows break in upon us, it is a softening time, a time of grace, a time of spiritual gifts, which I most earnestly pray God may be the means of blessing abundantly all your souls.’

TO A CHAPLAIN WHO HAD ORDERED A CRUCIFIX.

‘BISHOP’S PALACE, *August 12, 1843.*

‘My immediate object in writing is to mention to you frankly and most respectfully a report which has reached the Archdeacon, that you had sent up to Calcutta for a crucifix—that you had directed the native workman not to mention the circumstance—and that you had further said, if the figure could not be obtained here, you would have it made elsewhere; the size to be about eighteen inches in height. When you favour me with a reply as to the truth or otherwise of this rumour, I will offer you that paternal and friendly advice which the case may require.’

TO THE SAME.

‘BISHOP’S PALACE, *August 23, 1843.*

‘I am afflicted beyond measure at your letter. The fact has taken wind. Others besides the Archdeacon have been informed of it by the native artist; and Calcutta will be filled with the scandal. For a scandal it unquestionably is for a Protestant clergyman, in days of controversy and semi-Popish errors like the present, with his Bishop known to be decidedly opposed, to order from a native workman, in the very metropolis, the symbol and mark of Papal idolatry and superstition to be transmitted to him for private use. The plea that you

use it only for private devotion, and "without superstition," affords no relief to my paternal anxiety. For the superstition inevitably follows :—and your public discourses will savour of your private sentiments. I have no power that I am aware of, or I would instantly exert it, to prevent the private use of the crucifix, any more than I should have as respects the Mass Book, and images of the Virgin ; but the effect of all this upon your public doctrine comes within my cognisance, and therefore I will request you to send me the last six sermons you have composed and delivered. If the pastors get astray, what can we expect of the flock.'

TO A CHAPLAIN, WHO HAD APPEALED SUCCESSFULLY AGAINST A
COMMANDING OFFICER.

' Ship " Julia," February, 1843.

" After the decision of the Commander-in-Chief and the Government in your favour, I have written to them to say that I do not wish for anything further. I have also written privately to the commanding officer to state the same, and to express my assurance that neither did he mean any discourtesy to you, nor did you intend to be wanting in respect to him. Generally it is advisable not to write much to commanding officers, but to call and talk affectionately with them if any misunderstanding arises. This I give as a general hint only. I think if you had called on the Colonel, after the appearance of the station order fixing the time of Divine service without consulting you, you would have smoothed all down. I trust you and your lady are getting on well this cold weather. India is India. But Christ and His promises remain. Life is brief. Heaven is our goal. Love to souls our motive. The Gospel of the grace of God our instrument. The Holy Ghost our comforter. The Bible our polar star. The glory of God our end.'

TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER APPEALED AGAINST.

' Ship " Julia," February, 1843.

' I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have advised the Government to let the matter drop concerning the appeal made

to me. I know you so well that I am sure the omission of consulting the Chaplain arose from ignorance of the orders of February 1834; and that you never intended any discourtesy. And as the Commander-in-Chief has so fully admitted the Chaplain's right, I do not think there is any reason for pressing the matter. Mr. ——— was far from intending any disrespect in the manner of writing to you. So I pray you to forget the whole petty affair.'

TO THE CHAPLAIN OF A LARGE STATION, WHICH HAD BEEN DISTURBED
BY A STRONG SERMON AGAINST SECTARIANISM.

'CALCUTTA, *September* 1843.

'The vague language of the sermon, which for your own justification you have sent me, about Sectarianism, omits the main cause of schisms—viz., the delivery of such discourses as that on which with sorrow I am animadverting. The remedy for Sectarianism is, (1) the sound, full, simple Gospel of Christ as embodied in our glorious Articles and Homilies; (2) accompanied by a due inculcation of Church order; (3) with the religious education of our people; (4) and with an adequate number of churches and clergy to meet our swelling populations. You will forgive my freedom. I earnestly beseech you, by humble prayer to the Divine Spirit, to seek for more correct apprehensions of the real bearing of the Gospel which is committed to your trust. This I do for myself continually after forty-seven years of daily theological studies; and this I commend to my honoured younger brethren. I would recommend you to study the doctrine of Justification as it is set forth in our Article, and in Hooker's noble sermon.'

TO THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

'BOMBAY, *March*, 1843.

'I acknowledge, with unfeigned gratitude, your letter of December 30th, in which you inform me that on the last day of Michaelmas term, it was unanimously agreed by vote of Convocation, that a sum not exceeding 200*l.* should be contributed from the University chest to the use of the library which is

about to be established in the Cathedral of Calcutta; the said sum to be expended in books printed at the University Press; and that you will be happy to give effect to any directions which I may propose with regard to the selection of the books.

‘Allow me to assure the Heads of Houses, and the other members of the Convocation, through you, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, that India in all her extent returns her best thanks to your ancient and venerable University for this opportune and most valuable gift. It will be one link to connect the Western and Eastern branches of our Protestant Reformed Church, and will lead the future missionary-lecturers and prebends of the first Cathedral ever founded in British India, to regard with reverence and gratitude the great religious institutions of our Protestant land. . . .

‘As I have no catalogue of the books printed at the University Press by me, I will request of you to allow the Rev. the Warden of Wadham, and the Principal and Vice-Principal of St. Edmund’s Hall to select the works, which, under your advice, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, may appear most suitable to a new Cathedral library.

‘The theological works of Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Jewell; the Documents, especially Strype’s, connected with the Reformation; the works of Hooker (not Mr. Keble’s edition) of Bishop Pearson, Bishop Stillingfleet, Dr. Barrow, Dr. South, &c., will be most acceptable. Classical works also will be of great service.

‘It would be gratifying to me to have the books plainly and strongly bound in calf (Russia is not necessary) and stamped with the University arms.’

TO THE REV. DR. MILL.

‘TRINCOMALEE, *January, 1843.*

‘Long before this letter arrives at home, I presume that His Grace will have determined the case referred to him. To that decision I shall humbly conform myself. On one thing you may rely, that I shall never desert the beloved and honoured institution, so far as I can in sincerity support it. But what reflections should I expose myself to, if I rejected

catechists and students, without doing all in my power previously to prevent a strong bias being given to their studies.'

TO ARCHDEACON HOARE.

' October 21, 1842.

'Your letter only reached me last Monday. No: this lady will not do. I object from the experience of my Indian life, and indeed upon principle, to single ladies coming out unprotected to so distant a place, with a climate so unfriendly, and with the almost certainty of their marrying within a month of their arrival. I believe there is scarcely an exception in all the cases, and they are numerous, of this kind. Ladies don't know their own minds; and no one can, nor ought, in our Protestant Church, to deprive them of a natural right. I give them all credit for sincerity of intention; but no single lady remains such in India, from the rarity of such persons, and the opulence of our services.

'But I object on principle (unless, indeed, she could support herself—then it would be open to her to act as she pleased). Without a husband, or brother, under one of our great Societies, what can a single lady be, but a wandering star? Human nature is too feeble. Even our gentlemen, without Societies to rule them, are unmanageable and useless. I imagine the beloved Persis, Tryphena and Tryphosa, Julia, Nereus, and his sister, and others who "laboured much in the Lord," remained in their own neighbourhoods and families, and that no unmarried female would have thought of a voyage of fourteen thousand miles to find out a scene of duty. The whole thing is against the Apostolic maxim, "I suffer not a woman to speak in the Church."'

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOURTH VISITATION.

1845—1848.

Fourth and Farewell Charge—Leaves Calcutta—Arrival in England—Old Friends—Proposed Plans—Address from the Propagation Society and Reply—Return of Fever—Visit to Addington and Huddersfield—Elland Society—Durham—Sherburn—Ripon—York—Lord Metcalfe—Dinner by East India Company—Presented at Court—Private Audience—Visit to Milk Street—Dinner at the Mansion House—Church Missionary Anniversary Sermon—Journals—Radcliffe Infirmary Sermon—Jerusalem Consecration Sermon—Chobham—Brighton—Exeter—Torquay—Queen's Communion Plate—Farewell Sermon—Leaves England—Voyage—Arrival in Calcutta—Journals—Consecration of Cathedral—Report—Lord Hardinge—Journals—Correspondence.

THE Bishop was too feeble to deliver his "Fourth or Farewell Charge" himself; it was, therefore, read to the assembled clergy, in the private chapel of the Palace, by the Archdeacon and his domestic Chaplain. There was no feebleness, however, in the Charge itself. It was gentle, faithful, and yet firm. It dealt little in controversy; but a few words sufficed to show that his sentiments were unaltered, and his purpose fixed. He bade all present farewell with deep affection, and promised to return as soon as health allowed.

Into the details of the voyage which followed, it is unnecessary to enter. The route by the Red Sea is well known; and, although the inconveniences were greater then than now, nothing occurred to call for special notice. In the prospect of his arrival in England, he wrote from Aden as follows:—

' May 27, 1845.

'I have no duties out of my diocese, nor do I mean to be drawn into any: no sermons—no committees—no public meetings—no dinners—no visits—but an invalid Bishop in

retirement and silence. If I do this, I humbly hope I may come back to India a better man than ever. I feel heart-whole. I have no organic disease. I may be spared, perhaps, to be three-score and ten, and to die, where I ought, in my diocese. But—hush! the future is with God. Palsy, fever, gout, diarrhoea, cholera may be at the door—or insensible decay. I speak, therefore, with St. James iv. 15, full in view.’

And, again, when approaching the shores of England:—

‘Oh! my Saviour, I desire to commit myself into thine Almighty hands. Grant me wisdom and grace during my stay in England. Direct Thy servant how to proceed in putting forward his various designs; and vouchsafe such success as may seem fit to Thy divine Majesty. And, then, take Thou all the glory; and may man and the creature be nothing before Thee!

‘And as to my soul, be pleased to refresh it with “the river” which “maketh glad the city of God.” May “mutual faith” be mutually animating and reviving! May I get up, as it were, the tone and habit of my mind, and rise higher in habitual holiness and devotion! And may I go back to my diocese renovated and strengthened in the divine life, to die in and amidst my own flock! The Lord’s will be done. Amen.’

All his immediate family, and many of his friends, were anxiously awaiting, in the Isle of Wight, the arrival of the *Great Liverpool* steamer, from Suez; and the instant it was announced on June 24th, his two sons hastened on board. He stood to receive them at the gangway on the lower deck—worn, pale, thin, the hollow eyes buried in the brows, the knees feeble, the nerves shaken, and the whole frame agitated. He embraced them tenderly, and then “lifted up his voice and wept.”

The vessel held on its way; and on the evening of Thursday, the 25th June, he was once more surrounded by his loving family, and sheltered in his home at Islington. To pass the summer quietly in England, to see a few old friends, and then to retire to the continent for the winter—such was his wise resolve. But to resolve is one thing, and to perform another. Friends instantly flocked around him. He

himself names, in a daily journal, which he now began to keep (since his journal-letters had necessarily ceased), the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester (from whom he gained much valuable information), Dean Pearson, Sir Thomas Acland, Lord Glenelg, the Archbishop of Armagh, Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Rev. Mr. Vaughan of Harrow, Mr. Ambrôse Moore, Lord Bexley, Dr. Chapman the new Bishop of Colombo (who knelt to receive his blessing), Mr. Melville of the India House, Mr. Cattley, Mr. W. Wilberforce Bird, Lord Harrowby, Lady Grey, Lady Frances Cole, Dr. Steinkopff, Pasteur F. Monod, Merlè d'Aubigne, Rev. S. C. Wilks, Rev. Mr. Tyler of St. Giles', Rev. Mr. Watkins (eighty-one years old), Rev. Mr. Burgess, Rev. Ernest Hawkins, Sir R. H. Inglis, Rev. H. Venn, Rev. W. Brandram. A deputation from the Church Missionary Society, with Lord Chichester at its head, waited on him. The Archbishop of Canterbury informed him that the Propagation Society were prepared with an address, to be presented on any day he might appoint. The inhabitants of Islington congratulated him on his safe return; and the students of the Church Missionary College followed the example. All this occupied the first fortnight. Then other duties beckoned, and he obeyed. Three points of importance pressed upon his attention:—the Charter of Incorporation for his Cathedral, the establishment of a Bishopric at Agra, and the appointment of a class of uncovenanted chaplains for India. The last of these had been approved in India, and only wanted the sanction of the Court of Directors; but the two former appertained to Government, and both were supposed to require the authority of an Act of Parliament. Some steps in advance, therefore, were deemed expedient before the Ministers separated, and the session closed. Hence frequent visits to Cannon Row and Leadenhall Street, and constant communications with the President, Chairman, and Secretaries. He was received by all official persons with the utmost courtesy, and was invited by the East India Company to one of their sumptuous entertainments. Though unable to attend, his health was proposed, and the Chairman, Sir Henry Willock, said, "he was an instance of the impulse one single man of energy could give to Christianity; and that whilst others went out to India to collect fortunes, and

then retire, the Bishop had devoted all his fortune, after paying his expenses, to the good of India, and especially the erection of the Cathedral."

The proposed Address from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, first called him before the public. It was an important occasion for maintaining the cause of truth, and repeating in England what he had said in India. Yet from the statement already made respecting Bishop's College (and made then, only as introductory to what is to be narrated now, and necessary for its elucidation), it must be evident that the duty to be discharged was both delicate and difficult. Courtesy required courtesy. Absent persons were necessarily implicated. The Society itself was much divided. Its friends wanted his suffrage: its opponents his protest. He himself wished to do good and not harm; and the gratitude he felt for kindness shown by the Society to his diocese and to himself, mingled with a desire to promote what appeared to be its highest interests. All these considerations weighed much upon his mind, and troubled him. He might have contented himself with a mere complimentary "Reply" to a complimentary "Address;" but he felt that it would be losing a great occasion of usefulness. And hence he set himself seriously to work, and was ready on the appointed day, July 23rd.

The Bishop was accompanied by his son and son-in-law, and on arriving at the Society's house in Pall-Mall was most courteously received by Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, with the officials, and conducted to the board-room, where the Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley), Bishop of London (Blomfield), Bishop of Rochester (Murray), and about one hundred dignitaries of the Church, and laymen of high repute, were assembled, and welcomed him with affectionate cordiality.

The business of the day was opened by the Bishop of London, who addressed him in the name and on behalf of the Society. He expressed the pleasure they felt in welcoming him home once more: how a sad presentiment had pervaded all minds when he left them in the year 1832: how highly his thirteen years of service had been valued: how delighted they were to see him again: how fully the plan for erecting his

Cathedral was appreciated : and how he wished it to be clearly understood that the Bishop of Calcutta possessed their fullest confidence, and that his views and feelings harmonised with their own.

All this was quite unexpected, and perhaps unpremeditated. It was immediately followed by the reading of the Address by the Secretary. When he had ended, the Bishop drew out his Reply. Being in manuscript, and of considerable length, its bulky appearance seemed to create a sensation ; and all was hushed to silence when in a voice somewhat feeble, he began to read it. He tendered his best thanks for the Address, and acknowledged with gratitude the goodness of God in lengthening his period of service. He spoke of the uniform kindness he had received from the Archbishop, and thanked him for his support. He said that the Society's Missions, and especially Bishop's College, had been always very near his heart. He referred to the liberal grant made for his new Cathedral, detailed the plans proposed for its future management, and dwelt hopefully upon the bearing it would have on Native Missions. Then, leaving these pleasing reminiscences and hopes, he enumerated the difficulties of his position, and the many things wanting before the Gospel could have "free course and be glorified." From a general description of these, he descended to particulars, and dwelt upon the dangers with which he conceived the Church was threatened in the present day.

The interest of his auditors had never slackened : but now every head was bent, and every ear inclined, all down the long table stretching before the Chairman.

The Bishop himself was necessarily seated, in consideration of his weak state of health, so that his voice scarcely reached the lower part of the room. In order to remedy this, it was suggested to him at this moment that his seat should be raised. He assented : and when a higher cushion had been brought, he resumed his reply, and begged permission to open his whole mind, and speak honestly as became him. He proposed to give only his own views : and not in any way to involve or embarrass the Society. He referred to the few, but zealous clergy in his Diocese, who were imbued with the new views of Tractarianism,

and who consequently had done, and were doing, incalculable mischief in their several spheres of duty. "I respect, individually," he said, "the talents, learning, activity, and amiable character of these, as well as of all my clergy. There are no personal disagreements whatever. They perfectly know my opinions as both publicly and privately expressed. No change for the better appears to have taken place in the minds of the clergy once possessed with the extreme views, distorted and extravagant as they are, of this system. They have yielded, indeed, as I believe, conscientiously to my authority, to a certain extent: but the negative influence goes on, and the mighty void thus left, I will not attempt to fathom. Amongst other consequences of this, your Missions in and around Calcutta have unquestionably been injured. A blight—a temporary one only—mars the harvest." He then concluded by offering various suggestions for the future—all weighty—all savouring of vital and life-giving truth:—and summed up by assuring His Grace, that in carrying these out, or furthering in any way the great objects of the Society, his services, so far as health would permit, might be commanded.

A dead silence followed. Many years have since elapsed, but no one who was present will forget the effect produced:—an effect the more decided perhaps because all outward manifestation of it was suppressed. No thanks were tendered, no objections made. None attempted to deprecate the sentiments expressed: none to request their publication. After a pause, the Archbishop rose; and with his gentle voice pronounced the benediction, and dismissed the assembly. Then all were at once mingled together: and courteous greetings introduced common topics of discourse.

Of course the transactions of the day got wind, and great "searchings of heart" followed. Some loudly called for the publication of the reply; some strongly deprecated it. The decision was referred to the Archbishop, and, after some delay, his Grace requested the Bishop to prepare it for publication, and directed both Address and Reply to be inserted in the forthcoming Report of the Society. His Grace's letter was as follows:—

"I have transmitted to Mr. Hawkins the copy of your Lordship's reply to the Address of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in order to its being printed, if there is no objection on your part, with the Report of the proceedings of the Society, which is on the point of coming out. The printer will, of course, be directed to send the proof sheets to your Lordship."

The Bishop complied with this request, and the documents appeared accordingly. It will not be necessary to pursue the subject much further. The Bishop had reason to expect that the changes he deemed necessary would be effected, and the Society seemed ready to act on his advice. He attended at the Board several times; and the East India Committee of the Society met at his house. In the following year two important questions, bearing on the subject, were submitted to him categorically, in order to form a basis for decided action. One question was:—Whether anything unfavourable to the cause of Missions had appeared in any of the professors of Bishop's College? To which his reply was:—"There had." The second question, touching upon the remedy to be applied, met with a reply equally short and equally decided. But no result followed: and on the plea that a case had been submitted to Counsel to learn whether the Society could legally recal a professor, untried and uncondemned by his Bishop, no further steps were taken. The time for action had long passed, and the Bishop had been in India again for four years, before the "Opinion" on the case which had been submitted to Counsel, met his eye, and taught him the full extent of his own powers. But if other Bishops of Calcutta ever wish to know how far their powers extend over the professors of Bishop's College, let them call for the case submitted to Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Mr. Turner, on March 30th, 1846, and the opinion founded on it.

Before the subject is dismissed, it may be stated generally, however, that on his return to India, the Bishop found things much in the same state as he left them; and for some time he continued his correspondence with the Society as usual. But in the year 1850, he writes as follows: "Noticing a gradual decay of that confidence which the principles of the Society involve, and which for ten years and more had been extended

to me, I have not felt encouraged to write for the last two years. My correspondence has accordingly dropped, or nearly so, of itself."

Justice to the Bishop's consistency of character has compelled the introduction of these matters, as well as of those already narrated in connection with the Church Missionary Society. The importance of both these great Societies was fully appreciated; and they were justly regarded by him as the glory of the Church in these latter days. But as in the one case, when Evangelical truth was not endangered, he contended earnestly for Church order; so in the other when Church order was not endangered, he contended earnestly for Evangelical truth. The combination of the two—the combination of Evangelical truth and Church order, was always deemed by him an object of primary importance.

But the terrible Jungle fever! was it really eradicated from the system, or was it to be roused to fresh life by these anxieties and exertions? Alas! this question, proposed by many anxious friends, was soon answered. On July 28th the Bishop went down to Cheltenham on a visit to his highly esteemed sister-in-law, Mrs. Greaves (now with God), hoping for rest and refreshment in her society, when the fever returned with symptoms scarcely recognised at first by English doctors, and very alarming to surrounding friends. Indian experience, however, was speedily called in; and after an anxious interval the Bishop once more returned to Islington. His own reflections appear in his journal:—

'August 9th, 1845. Eben-Ezer. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me! I left Cheltenham at ten o'clock yesterday morning, and reached Islington at six in the evening, much fatigued, but without fever. I slept well, and am this morning pronounced free from fever—being the third day. Blessed be the name of my heavenly Father! The reflections which occur to me on the new and unexpected return of my Umballah fever, are (1) reliance on God alone for India and its interests. (2) A check to rising confidence and apparent success. (3) Simplicity

of aim and of dependence. (4) The spirit of Ezra and Nehemiah in ecclesiastical business. (5) Gratitude to God for what he has already wrought, &c., &c.'

Health gradually returned, and he began to enjoy intercourse with friends, and to engage in public business. On his application, the Lord Mayor of London allowed the use of the Egyptian Hall for the exhibition of a magnificent organ built by Messrs. Gray for the Cathedral at Calcutta. The admission was by tickets, and the profits went towards the increase of the Cathedral Fund.

A few days were at this time spent at Addington Park in most agreeable intercourse with Dr. Howley, the Archbishop of Canterbury. His journal notes it thus:—

'Was most kindly and affectionately received by the venerable Archbishop, now in his eightieth year. He is benevolence itself. The conversation was most pleasant. May it please Thee, oh! my Saviour, to direct, guide, prosper, and bless! To Thee only would I look up; on Thee depend.'

Important discussions on the three Indian topics are thus referred to. The Archbishop was interested in them all; glad to advise; ready to help. The intercourse seemed pleasant to his Grace also; for when writing to the Bishop afterwards about something he had forgotten, he says, "I am not likely to forget the pleasure which we all have derived from your Lordship's visit to this place."

"Thus mercifully," is the Bishop's comment, "God helps me on. To Him be all the glory."

After Addington Park, he paid a visit to Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, where his son-in-law was Vicar:—

'Sept. 10th, 1843.—May God bless my entrance into this vast place, and my intercourse with my children here. I have been too much in the external world of late; journeys, hurries, and too much business! May I now enter the internal sanctuary of religion.'

'*Sept. 16th.*—I have been reading, after an interval of eighteen years, the account of my dear wife, who died May 10th, 1827, contained in a letter I wrote to my daughter at the time, and to which I have had no access during my thirteen years of absence. I could scarcely bear the perusal. Three times was I compelled to lay it down from excessive tears. Still I must read it again before I leave Huddersfield.'

He now corrected the proof sheets for a second edition of his "Lectures on the Colossians," and had much pleasant intercourse with friends. The "Elland Society," originally formed in Huddersfield eighty years back by the Rev. Henry Venn and other worthies of that day, and for a time transferred to Elland (whence the name), had now returned to its birth-place; and, on one of their days of meeting, the Members presented him with an affectionate address, which was read by Archdeacon Musgrave, as chairman for the day. He was so much affected by it, as to be incapable of reply; but the Address itself was carefully preserved to the day of his death, and found marked amongst his papers. "The Elland Society met here," he says, "for discussion—Archdeacon Musgrave, Reverends Bull, Knight, Gratrix, Redhead, Tripp, Sinclair, Crosthwaite, Meek, Haigh, Hope, Bateman, &c. I was much edified and comforted." And again, in a letter after his return to India: "Present my tenderest love to the Elland Society, my introduction to which I consider one of the many blessings of my visit home. I trust I shall continue to have their prayers. The prayers I collected in England are like a covering cloud distilling showers of blessings on me in the heat of India. Yes; I remember the dear Archdeacon and the clergy present; to all of whom, and more especially to Archdeacon Musgrave, my love."

A retrospect of his own ministry follows:—

'*Huddersfield, September 21st, 1845.*—I enter this day, by God's infinite mercy, on the forty-fifth year of my ministry. I have been reading over the three services for Deacons, Priests, and Bishops in our Ordinal.

'I have the greatest need for HUMILIATION before Christ my Saviour on looking back almost half a century. Oh! cleanse

Thou me from my faults. Cast me not away from Thy presence. Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Create in me a clean heart, Oh, God ! and renew a right spirit within me.

‘ II. And surely I have the greatest cause for GRATITUDE to Christ (1) for upholding, pardoning, recovering grace ; (2) for all the blessings of his providence and mercy at Chobham, Oxford, Worton, St. John’s, Islington, and CALCUTTA ; (3) for chastening me with sickness and raising me up again ; (4) for giving me a measure of help in my four Charges, my volumes of 1836 and 1844, my Reply to the Propagation Society’s Address, &c. : (5) for giving me two sons and daughters in such important stations as Islington and Huddersfield ; (6) for bringing me to England to see my beloved family and the Church at home ; (7) for the openings of success in the Propagation Society, the Cathedral incorporation, the Agra Bishopric, and the uncovenanted chaplains ; (8) for the favour of the East India Chairman and Secretary ; (9) for my two domestic chaplains from 1832 to 1845 ; (10) for the measure of health granted me all life long ; (11) and for all the Divine mercies.

‘ III. May it please Christ my Lord to give me GRACE for the few remaining days of my pilgrimage. Many of my contemporaries have gone to rest, and I must soon put off this my tabernacle. May I be helped to do a little good at home ! May I derive much quickening to my own dull heart ! May I be permitted to return to India ! May I hold on and hold out to the end of my appointed course ! Oh ! Christ, my Lord, grant me dying grace for dying hours whenever they may come. Amen.

‘ And now I close this sacred day with the patriarch Jacob’s prayer.

- ‘ 1. “ O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac ” (The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ).
- ‘ 2. “ The Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country and thy kindred ” (By smiting me with sickness).
- ‘ 3. “ And I will deal well with thee ” (in Christ Jesus and according to the tenor of my covenant in Him, and thy necessities).

- ‘ 4. “ I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant ” (but am the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints).
- ‘ 5. “ For with my staff I passed over this Jordan ” (I was a ‘prentice boy in 1792, counting weavers’ bobbins, and a rebel and sinner beyond all others).
- ‘ 6. “ And now I am become two bands ” (with my two sons, and their one hundred thousand people, and all India under thy servant, and my two children’s fine families).
- ‘ 7. “ Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother,” &c. (from my spiritual foe, Satan, and from the world and the sin that dwelleth in me, and from all besetting iniquities, and from the opponents of India’s salvation).
- ‘ 8. “ And Thou saidst I will surely do thee good ” (Thou hast promised to give thy servants “ grace and glory,” and to withhold no good thing from them ; and also that “ thy word ” spoken by thy ministers shall not return unto thee void). Amen. Amen.’

Again the fever suddenly returned. The malaria evidently remained in the system, and the slightest cause developed it. Each attack, however, was slighter than the preceding, and this, happily, proved to be the last. When recovered, the Bishop went to Harrogate, and spent some time there quietly and pleasantly. From thence he visited Durham, Sherburn-House, Ripon, and Bishopsthorpe: entertained most courteously by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, then Prebendary of Durham, by the Rev. Dr. Faber, Master of Sherburn-hospital, by Dr. Longley, then Bishop of Ripon, and by Dr. Vernon Harcourt, late Archbishop of York.

At this latter place he stayed some days, much interested by converse with the Archbishop, “ a superb old gentleman, tall, stout, with a most vigorous healthy countenance, a little lame from having strained a tendon of his right ancle,” who had entered his ninetieth year. Amongst other distinguished company, he met there William Wordsworth. But the poet sat silent, and all

were disappointed. "Let me try to draw him out," said the Bishop, and taking a seat beside him, he began to talk about India, and the varied scenes through which he had passed. Wordsworth inclined his ear, and the heavy look passed away. But their minds were cast in different moulds. The conversation did not flow, and the attempt did not succeed.

With deans and dignitaries of the Church he had better success. The erection of his Cathedral had given great interest to his inspection of the noble buildings entrusted to them, and he was anxious to obtain their advice as to the best constitution for his own proposed Chapter at Calcutta. His intercourse with them was pleasant and cheerful, and added to constant change of scene, proved beneficial both to body and mind. Health seemed to return, and duties were gradually resumed. His first public appeal on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was made in Huddersfield; and, sanguine of the improvement he had recommended, he spoke strongly in its favour. The second appeal was made at York, and few who were present will forget his allusion to William Wilberforce, and his animated charge to the then Archdeacon of York, who was present, to tread in his father's steps.

He began, also, to collect on behalf of his Cathedral Fund, and on his return to London was so far restored as to be able to press on vigorously his Indian projects.

His correspondence, however, with influential personages in this behalf, the aid rendered him by the Archbishop, the frequent interviews with the President of the Board of Control and the Chairman of the Court of Directors, were all in vain. At first his hopes of success had been sanguine; for none who thought upon his long service, looked upon his worn countenance, or listened to his earnest words, could find the heart to discourage or refuse him. But time passed on, difficulties were suggested, precedents were wanting, delay was interposed, and finally all his plans were frustrated. The uncovenanted Chaplains were not appointed, the Agra Bishopric was not instituted, the Charter of Incorporation was not granted. Such was the will of God; such the answer to his prayer that he

might have just the measure of success “that might seem fit to the Divine Majesty.”

The opening of the year 1846 found him in Islington. On the 5th of January a carriage drove up, and Lord Metcalfe was announced. He entered with the same stout frame as usual, but with an enfeebled step, and a face swathed in flannel. For a moment, old times seemed to have returned, for there sat the Governor-General, and there the Bishop, with his first Chaplain—the persons the same, though the scene was changed. But it was only for a moment that reminiscences displaced realities. The Bishop had been raised from the grave: the Governor-General was sinking into it. He spoke quite calmly of his state. The springs of life were drying up, and he had no hope of its prolongation. The past was like “a tale that is told,” or a “dream when one awaketh.” The vision of India bearing testimony to his high integrity, of Jamaica grateful for its restored tranquillity, of Canada bending under his firm hand and fixed purpose; the approbation of his Sovereign; the respect of his country; the title ennobling his name:—all these were vanishing away as death drew nigh, and the realities of the eternal world were becoming distinct and vivid. The Bishop spoke earnestly of Jesus Christ, and of “the things that accompany salvation:” and Lord Metcalfe responded humbly and reverently. All then knelt in prayer: the benediction was given: and they parted to meet no more on earth.

The next day he wrote with something of his old impulsive energy to the Archbishop, suggesting a Pastoral letter from His Grace condemnatory of doctrines and practices tending to Popery: adding that “it was generally thought that the Bishops had not been decisive enough: and that Christ honoured a bold and open confession of his name.” The Archbishop replied immediately and kindly. He said that he had had such a Pastoral letter in his mind for some time past: but things were not yet ripe for it.

On the following day the Annual Clerical Meeting, to which reference has more than once been made, was held in Islington. The Bishop had been accustomed for some years to write a

letter from India, which was read at the meeting; but now he was present himself. His own account is as follows:—

‘January 7, 1846.

‘It is about nineteen or twenty years since I began this annual meeting for prayer and conference; and it is fourteen years since I last met the brethren, in January, 1832. What mercies have I received! What sins, alas! have I committed! What large measures of grace I need! Lord supply me out of the riches of thy glory in Christ Jesus.

‘8:30 p.m. Blessed be God for this most cheering and holy meeting. The number assembled was one hundred and thirty-three, all of one heart and one mind. The subject was “The present position and prospects of Protestant Missions.” Chancellor Raikes and Mr. Venn spoke with the greatest effect for about an hour each. Mr. J. W. Cunningham, Mr. Bickersteth, and Mr. Brandram made most excellent prayers. At about two o’clock I retired. May God grant that the impression may long continue on every heart.’

He was now able to accept a renewed invitation to dinner sent by the East India Company, and to respond when his health was proposed. After dwelling upon several religious topics, he availed himself of the opportunity of bearing glad testimony to their beneficent and just rule in India.

Several chaplaincies were placed at his disposal; and he had the opportunity of seeing and conversing with all chaplains who were appointed, before they left England. He prized this greatly, for no point was nearer his heart than the selection of fit men to serve the Church of Christ in India.

For sixty-one Sundays he had been silent. On the 8th February this long silence was broken; and he began his pulpit ministrations by preaching from Psalm lxxi. 14—19, in the parish church at Islington.

On the 11th he was presented at Court by Lord Ripon, with whom he afterwards dined in private, and had some interesting conversation concerning the Cathedral and the communion plate, which it was hoped Her Majesty would present as an offering to it.

Those hopes were soon afterwards realised ; and his own account is as follows :—

‘ On Wednesday, March 19th, I was honoured with a private audience by the QUEEN, and submitted the plans of the Cathedral, with a petition that Her Majesty would give the communion plate.

‘ I was introduced also to Sir Robert Peel, who inquired how my designs for India were proceeding, and wished me heartily success.

‘ Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and Sir Robert Peel much admired the views of the Cathedral.

‘ I was also introduced to the Duke, who said he was in better health than he had been for twenty years. Lord Ellenborough also was very kind to me.

‘ For all these mercies, blessed be Thy holy name, O Lord.’

An entry in his Journal following this interview, presents an interesting contrast :—

‘ March 29th. Went to No. 31, Milk Street, where, in 1792, I was an apprentice. I visited the warehouse, counting-house, parlour, kitchen, bedroom—where “I passed with my staff over Jordan” in my boyhood. Humiliation—Thanksgiving—Joy !’

A strange sight to a Calcutta eye is noticed at this time :—

‘ Yesterday, when I rose, about six o’clock, I saw the whole surface of the ground covered with snow ; the branches of all the trees were decked with this white mantle.’

The success of the petition (customary in all such cases) to Her Majesty is thus recorded :—

‘ The Bishop of Oxford has written me word, that Her Majesty will give the communion plate. Deo laus !’

As soon as the weather permitted, he began to travel, in

response to many invitations he had received. His object was to inspire interest on Indian subjects; and to obtain contributions, now urgently needed, for the completion of his Cathedral. Churches were opened for him wherever he went, and public meetings held. One of the first of these meetings was at Islington, concerning which he says, "the extreme love of the people was remarkable." He thus visited Walthamstow, Clifton, Bristol, Orleton, Stafford; and, subsequently, many other places.

On April 23rd he received a card for the dinner given to Her Majesty's Ministers at the Mansion House. Two hundred of the nobility and gentry were present, with most of the Cabinet Ministers. Sir Robert Peel was there, with Lords Ripon and Mahon of the India Board, and Lord Dalhousie, soon afterwards Governor-General of India. The Bishop sat next but one to Sir Robert Peel, and thus describes the part he was called to take :—

'After the "Health of the Queen," &c., had been given, "The Church and the Bishops of St. David's and Calcutta," was proposed, to my great surprise. Whilst the Bishop of St. David's was speaking, I asked Sir Robert Peel whether I should say anything. He said "Yes." But finding that the Bishop of St. David's had replied for both of us, I asked Sir Robert again whether I should speak. He again replied in the affirmative.'

A pretty long address was the consequence, in which he referred to the recent victories gained in India, the re-establishment of peace, and the gratitude due to God. He expressed an earnest hope that the extension of our territory would lead to an extension of Christianity, and to the division of the unwieldy Diocese of Calcutta. He suggested that the foundation of the Bishopric of Agra at this crisis, would be a fitting token of thanksgiving to God: and then commended India, and the cause of Christ, to the prayers and sympathy of all present.

'I believe God helped me,' he says, 'for I was perfectly

calm and self-possessed. I asked Sir Robert afterwards whether he approved of what I had said. He answered warmly, that he did, and that it would be well received. I begged him then when his turn came to speak, to assure the company that what I had asked for would be granted, and the new Bishopric of Agra founded. He laughed, and said, "No, no: the East India Company must do that." May this my appeal be answered by success being granted by Him who alone can grant it—THE LORD CHRIST.'

The May meetings were now at hand, and he had consented to preach the annual sermon at St. Bride's, before the friends of the Church Missionary Society. For a few days previous quiet and preparation he retired to Beckenham Rectory: and on his return home wrote as follows:—

'*Saturday, May 2nd.* I have returned this morning from Beckenham, having had three uninterrupted days for writing my anniversary sermon. I am much exhausted by over-application in preparing it. May it please Thee, O Lord, to assist Thy servant in correcting what is amiss, and in delivering it with an humble contrite believing heart; simply relying on Thy grace and Holy Spirit for any, the least blessing at the Church and afterwards. Amen.'

This prayer was heard and abundantly answered. Few Anniversary Sermons of this excellent Society have been attended with a larger blessing, and none before or since, have met with so liberal a response. The text itself—"They overcame by the blood of the Lamb," (Rev. xii. 11)—at once arrested attention, and the sermon rivetted it. His demeanour in the pulpit was calm and grave: his delivery animated and impressive: and when in the middle of the discourse he paused and asked for a glass of water, appealing to his audience to "forgive the infirmities of an old man," many a heart was touched, and many an eye filled with tears. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the discourse itself, since it was not only published in the Annual Report, but printed at the time by the Society, and widely circulated. It sealed the testimony delivered twenty-nine years before.

‘It took me,’ he says, ‘eighty-five minutes in the delivery ; and the heat was so intense that I thought I should have broken down more than once. The Committee are printing the sermon for immediate publication. Deo soli per Jesum Christum sit gloria ! I have now done with public duties, and shall turn myself to preparation for re-embarking on August 26th, for dear INDIA. Amen.’

He had however many other calls to meet. He attended the Anniversary Sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in St. Paul’s Cathedral. He says, “The service was sublime. Most of the older Bishops knew me and were very friendly—Murray of Rochester, Copleston of Llandaff, Kaye of Lincoln, Bethel of Bangor. I had to make an Address in the evening.”

He dined with the Goldsmiths’ Company, who had given one hundred guineas to his Cathedral Fund ; and with the Merchant Tailors’ and Mercers’ Company, whom he wished to interest in the same cause.

He had much pleasant intercourse with Sir Robert Harry Inglis, and told him he repented of the approbation he had given to the Act of Roman Catholic Emancipation in 1829, because he “considered that the Roman Catholics had violated all the oaths and promises then made.”

‘Sir R. H. Inglis,’ he adds, ‘went on Tuesday last to Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, sat down with him on the Treasury bench, and showed him a Delhi Gazette requiring more chaplains, with a Bishop for Agra. Sir Robert Peel of his own accord said, “It would be a fitting testimony of our gratitude to Almighty God, and the new Bishop might have the territories of the Sutlej under his jurisdiction.” Sir R. H. Inglis then asked him if he should put the question to him publicly in the House, as Premier. He, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sat at his side, both said—“No, no : it would put up the backs of the East India Directors.”’

On Ascension Day, he dined with the Archbishop, and met about twenty-two Bishops. “Nothing,” he says, “could be

more grave and becoming. The dinner was the usual one given on State occasions. After coffee, the Bishop of London read the fifth Report of the Colonial Bishop's Fund. It was most encouraging; nine Sees erected, and several more determined on. May God bless. Prayers were read in chapel before dinner: the Communion Service for the day being all that was used."

He mentions that on May 24th, Dr. Marsh had sent him two texts. "I will keep thee in all the way that thou goest, and will not leave thee till I have done all which I have spoken to thee of;" this, he says, is 'for my encouragement.' "Be thou faithful unto death:" this is 'for my direction.'

On June 2nd, he was at Winchester:—"Being at Archdeacon Hoare's," he says, "I have preached, for the first time in my life, in one of our ancient and magnificent cathedrals—collection 78l. At luncheon afterwards more than fifty were present, half of them clergy, to whom I trust the sermon may have been useful. There is an unsettledness and agitation in the minds of the younger clergy. O Lord! have mercy on me, and on the Church, and enable me to bear my testimony aright to the Gospel."

On June 14th, he says, "I have preached this morning in one of the very largest churches in London—St. Andrew's, Holborn, in which parish I was minister of St. John's from 1808 to 1824. Yesterday I had a delightful evening with Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, Mr. Pratt, and my two sons. We prayed together. The Bishop asked me to preach his Consecration sermon, which I shall be happy to do if in my power."

He was also engaged to preach the annual sermon for the Radcliffe Infirmary at Oxford. Preparatory to this, he went down to Worton, and spent a few days in that quiet spot endeared to him by so many associations. Some extracts from his journal will follow:—

· 'WORTON, *June 18th*. I have been preaching once again in Lower Worton Church. Here I came as curate forty-three years since. Blessed be Thy name, O my tender-hearted Saviour! for another sabbath in this most peaceful spot.'

'WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD, *June 25th*. To Thee, O Lord, be the glory and the praise, for Thy assistance and goodness to Thy

servant in carrying me through the Tuesday sermon before the University. May it tend to promote Thy glory and the good of souls. Praised be Thy name for Oxford—for the kindness of the Vice-chancellor and Mrs. Symons—for assistance in finishing and delivering the sermon—for the extraordinary favour with which it seems to have been received—for the very considerable number of devoted youth now here. I was persuaded at once to commit the sermon to the press.'

'FARNHAM CASTLE, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER'S, *July 4th*. Thank God I have preached the Farnham Ordination sermon as I promised. It was in the Palace Chapel. There were about thirty candidates. I have also completed the sketch of the Consecration sermon for to-morrow.'

'CLAPHAM, *July 5th*. I have now gone through the four difficult public duties of my residence in England. (1), The "Reply" of July 23rd, 1845. (2), The Church Missionary Sermon. (3), The Oxford Radcliffe Sermon. (4), The Jerusalem Consecration Sermon of this morning. Of this last I had extremely short notice, and it involved a variety of matters of dispute. I took all the pains I could, working upon the substance of a sermon begun in 1812, and preached twenty-seven times. It took an hour in the delivery. The Archbishop and Bishops of London and Lichfield were present. The service was most solemnly conducted. It lasted three hours and a half, and as the heat was excessive, I was overcome with weariness. The body of the chapel was crowded with gentlemen, and the gallery and Archbishop's pew with ladies.'

7 'HAMPSTEAD, *July 8th*. At one o'clock yesterday, I attended the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The Archbishop and the Bishop of London were present. I thanked the Society most sincerely for their gift of 5000*l.* towards the Cathedral, and their undertaking to print an improved edition of the Hindustani Prayer Book. I mentioned Her Majesty's gift of communion plate, the Rev. Mr Craig's (of Leamington) gift of the lectern eagle, Mr. T. Natt's gift of 750*l.* for a Canon's residence, and the grant of 300*l.* from the University of Oxford. I also went through the general estimates. All was received and replied to in the kindest manner possible.'

'FULHAM PALACE, *July 14th*. On Sunday last, I preached my

fortieth sermon since February 8th. It was at Christ-Church, Spitalfields—the parish of my birth. There was an immense congregation, and deep attention.

‘I was struck with the fleeting tenure of life, as I sat here in Bishop Porteus’s library, with the portraits of Ridley, Sherlock, Lowth, and others around me. The collection is complete. The land on which the Palace stands was given to the Bishop of London, A.D. 693.’

‘CHOBHAM, *July 16th*. I have once more been permitted to preach in Mr. Cecil’s pulpit at Chobham, after forty-five years from my first coming here in 1801, as curate. Blessed be God for what he has done in this parish by Mr. Cecil and the two Jerrams.

‘A little leisure fills me with confusion and shame, as I meditate on my own heart. Every evil is ready to rise up. The fancy, memory, imagination, are Satan’s workshop in advanced life. O Lord! cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit. Grant me that purity of heart which prepares for seeing Thee.’

‘BRIGHTON, REV. H. V. ELLIOTT’S, *July 24th*. Another Sunday’s mercies. There were a thousand people in Church on Sunday morning. Collection for the Cathedral, 79*l.*, since made up to 100*l.* Attention deep and solemn. I have been reading here tranquilly and pleasantly a volume of Hervey’s Letters, discovered sixty years after his death, and published in 1811, full of that thorough devotedness of heart, deadness to all earthly things, and longings after grace and holiness, which characterised the leaders of the revival in our Church. He writes in 1739 to Mr. Wesley and Whitfield and a Mr. Kindine to dissuade from itinerating and leaving the Church. Oh that the spirit of Hervey might pervade our younger clergy and myself. To walk with God is the only spring of happiness and usefulness.

‘Twenty were at breakfast this morning, and amongst them Dr. Wordsworth, late of Harrow. I visited St. Mary’s Hall, for educating one hundred daughters of the poorer clergy—admirable—cost 20,000*l.*’

From Brighton he complied with the earnest invitation of

the Bishop of Exeter, with whose son, as an officer of escort, he had been very friendly in India, and visited him at Bishopstoke, his villa, near Torquay.

On July 24th he preached in the Cathedral at Exeter, a sermon which was afterwards printed. "I preached," he says, "more strongly and clearly than at Winchester. The Cathedral was crammed. The Bishop thanked me expressly for the discourse without any qualification. A public meeting was afterwards held, and 100*l.* contributed for the Calcutta Cathedral."

After visiting J. Garratt, Esq., at Bishop's Court, Torquay, and Sir T. D. Acland, where he preached in the private chapel, and met a distinguished and pleasant party, he left Devonshire, and returned to Islington:—but not to rest. Huddersfield was again visited, and Manchester, Hull, Ripon, Sheffield: at all which places he preached, inspiring great interest and making large collections.

'HUDDERSFIELD, *August 10th.* I finished and preached yesterday the sermon I mean to make my "farewell" one, from Psalm lxxix. 10, "Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is their God." It is a great relief to have the foundation of a discourse laid. One or two repetitions will prepare it better for August 30th. The collection last night was 78*l.* I have had a most happy and blessed visit to my beloved children here.'

'ISLINGTON, *August 15th.* After an absence of almost three weeks, and collecting rather more than 600*l.* for my Cathedral, I returned in safety to this dear home, and found all well.'

Engagements now crowded on him. On August 12th he dined with the East India Company and bade them farewell, intreating a favourable judgment of his proceedings, and a calm consideration of the different plans he had proposed for the good of the Church in India. Changes in the Board of Control had taken place, and Sir J. C. Hobhouse, now Lord Broughton, was President. The Bishop when paying his respects, had found him personally friendly, but hopeless on the matters which had been so frequently discussed. "Thus it has pleased God," he says, returning from the interview, "that I should

fail for the present in all my three objects. His holy will be done. I must wait for better times, and go on as well as I can. Two most unexpected gifts, however, have come in. One of 500*l.* from J. Hardy, Esq., M.P.: and one of 1000*l.* from Mrs. Oakeley of Orleton. God for ever be praised ! ”

He went over the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster, conducted by Sir Charles Barry. He visited Westminster Abbey, which he had not seen for fifty years. He made a hurried journey to Cambridge, and preached in Professor Scholefield’s church, which was crowded with University men of all ranks. Various benevolent institutions in London were visited; amongst them the Jew’s Society in Palestine Place, and Bethnal Green with its churches. On August 25th he took leave of the Church Missionary Committee at Salisbury Square. Sixty gentlemen were present, and Lord Calthorpe presided. The Rev. H. Venn, the Honorary Secretary, read an admirable address : and after his reply, the Bishop of Oxford bade him farewell in a speech “subdued, affectionate, dignified, and full of heart.”

Now came in the QUEEN’S magnificent present for his Cathedral. It consisted of ten pieces of silver plate, richly gilded, and bearing suitable inscriptions. Having deposited these carefully in a case, he bore them with him to India, with unmixed pleasure, and feelings of grateful loyalty.

On Thursday, August 27th, accompanied by his two sons, he paid a farewell visit to the Archbishop at Addington Park, meeting many distinguished guests, and spending two very pleasant days.

The prominent features of his visit to England have been thus noticed : but it has been impossible to describe all the social intercourse with his old friends, and all the Communion of Saints, which constituted its great charm. These may be readily supposed, and must be supplied by the imagination of the reader.

His passage to India had been already secured in a fine sailing vessel, called *The Prince of Wales*, for he dreaded the fatigue and exposure still attendant upon the overland route. He now returned to Islington to preach his last sermon,

and bid farewell to his family and friends. The following are his reflections :—

‘ISLINGTON, *August 30th, Sunday.* Enable me, O my God, on this my last Sunday, and whilst preaching my last sermon in England, to honour Thy great name. Inspire, strengthen, guide, bless me, O Thou Saviour, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of my soul!’¹

‘*August 31st.* I am now leaving this dear abode which I entered on Thursday, June 25th, 1845: health recovered: children well: sixty-one sermons and addresses delivered. Blessed be God, even the God of salvation. Yesterday I was hurried to the very last moment of going up into the pulpit, and had been at work from half-past five in the morning. God helped me however. The collection was noble, 92*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.*

‘Now, O my Master! I commend myself and all I have and am to Thee! I commend to Thee India, Indian Governors, Bishop’s College, Archbishop, Bishops—*THY WILL BE DONE.*’

‘OFF PORTSMOUTH, “*Prince of Wales,*” 1350 tons, *Captain Hopkins, August 31st, 9 P.M.* Into Thy blessed hands I commit my body and soul this night on coming on board this vessel. My children and twenty-two friends sat down with me to-day at the Portsmouth Inn. An address was presented by twenty-four of the neighbouring clergy. The Bishop of Oxford called: and Dr. Dealtry joined the party. The Lord now direct and bless.’

Viewed after a lapse of years, there is surely something of the self-devotion of an earlier and better day, in this second departure from his country, his kindred, and his father’s house. The romance of India had long since passed away. He knew the afflictions which awaited him. He had felt the strife of tongues. The sun had smitten him. Life was waning. The communion of the Church at home, the sympathy of friends, the love of children—all had to be relinquished.

¹ This farewell sermon, with the sermons preached before the Church Missionary Society, before the University of Oxford, at the consecration of Bishop Gobat, and in the Cathedral at Exeter, were printed in a small volume, “for private circulation only,” and distributed as presents amongst the Bishop’s wide circle of friends after his departure: the Reply to the Address of the Propagation Society being added as an Appendix. This was done, partly because the Bishop thought he had published enough: and partly because the Archbishop feared the controversy which might have disturbed the Church by the publication of the Jerusalem sermon.

Yet none of these things moved him. The grace of Christ never failed, and his purpose never faltered. He called his chaplain to his side; and stedfastly set his face towards India, not counting his "life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Not a word was said to dissuade him. The charge so solemnly laid upon his children before he left India was strictly kept; and whatever had been their hopes, their grief was silent. They felt that they should see his face no more!

The second voyage to India, now commenced, will be sufficiently described in a letter written by the Bishop when it was about to terminate.

'December 12th, 1846.

'We are now in sight of the pilot vessel, and I must just give you the general feelings I have of the voyage. The little chart inclosed will give you the idea of the progress:—

'1. Blessed be God for a most pleasant, safe, and rapid voyage of ninety-four days up to the neighbourhood of the Sand-heads.

'2. Blessed be God for a constantly improving state of health. No sea-sickness, no illness. I am better than when I came out in 1832. Still, the sands of life are fast running out, O my soul!

'3. Blessed be God for moderate weather. The highest temperature has been 83°; the lowest, 49°. No storms, no calms, no calamities; though somewhat light and contrary winds.

'4. Blessed be God for two full services every Sunday, with a single exception; and for a little party of about twenty-five to my morning cabin prayers daily. Also for twenty-eight at the Holy Communion, twenty-two in a Bible class, and twenty confirmed, numbers of books lent and given amongst the sailors, and great impression made.

'5. Blessed be God that there have been no quarrels, no parties amongst the passengers. All has been love.

'6. Blessed be God for leisure to read a good deal of the Hebrew Bible, Greek, Hindustâni, and German Testament, and to compose twelve sermons for India.

' 7. Blessed be God for some solid, valuable books perused—Elliott's *Horæ Apocalypticæ*, Bishop Jewell, Milner and Mosheim's Church History, Bishop Wilberforce's *America* (twice read through), Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce's "Five Empires," three hundred of "Luther's Letters," Archdeacon Hare's "Mission of the Comforter," Ranke's "Lives of the Popes:"—and the dishonest, vain-glorious, sceptical, scoffing, Gibbon.

' 8. Blessed be God for having had time to brush up my rusty Latin and Greek. I have read twelve books of the *Iliad*, eight of Euclid, many portions of Cicero, and the splendid "*De Falsâ Legatione*" of Demosthenes.

' 9. Blessed be God for many private Memoirs of eminent Christians:—"Paterson," by Archdeacon Hoare; "Whaley," by Mr. Harford; Mrs. Vivian, Mrs. Howells, and Charles of Bala.

' 10. Blessed be God for the politico-religio-instruction of Guizot's "Lectures on Civilisation," and Father P. Sarpi's "Trent."

' 11. Blessed be God for the accounts in the Record of anniversary speeches which I have preserved. They are most admirable. I give the preference to the Bishop of Chester and Hugh Stowell. The worst meeting is the Trinitarian Bible Society; for the Congregational Union was a mere angry outburst against the Church.

' In these book-topics you will make large allowances for confusion of brain, uniformity of employment, and the want of interchange of scene. What could I do with myself from six o'clock in the morning to ten in the evening, daily, for fourteen weeks, with no family, no newspapers, no calls, no visits! Badly, therefore, as I read everything, still I would bless God for the mercies granted to me as to books: *aliquid hærebit*.

' May I watch now against constitutional infirmities and tendencies.

' May I mortify the whole body of sin.

' May I be wise to rule in the house of God with St. Paul's discretion and holy prudence.

' Lord give what Thou commandest; and command what Thou wilt.'

He landed on Monday morning, December 14th, and, accompanied by the Archdeacon, Colonel Forbes, Dr. Webb, and Mr. Pratt, drove round at once to his Cathedral. He found there an assembly of all the clergy in and around Calcutta, and at once offered up with them a prayer of "thanksgiving to God." The first view of the Cathedral delighted him, though the progress had scarcely kept pace with his anticipations. He considered the whole edifice, thus far, "a grand success." He was received and entertained for a few days by the Archdeacon, and finally entered the Palace and resumed his long-suspended duties on Friday, December 18th, 1846.

The reader will not expect such incessant labours, and decided action in the time to come as have been described in the time past. The Bishop himself felt that it could not be. "I must go softly," he said. "I must take in sail." And so he did. But still the gradual lessening of effort, the contentment with daily duties, and the general superintendence of the Church, were varied by many novel incidents and vigorous movements; so that, with chastened expectations, the sunset will be found the pleasantest part of the day.

At first all was confusion. On the Sunday after Christmas he says, "Oh! blessed calm! How gracious is the institution of the Lord's Day! Yesterday, from ten till three o'clock, I was engaged incessantly without a moment's intermission, talking, consulting, and receiving the clergy. To-morrow I shall have to begin again. But, interjected, is the repose of Sunday; and, as I do not preach to-day, I have only to turn to Thee, my God and Saviour, for comfort and grace. I am not yet settled. I have not yet possession of the state of things. Furniture, books, correspondence old and new, are not yet arranged. I think with much tenderness of Islington and Huddersfield, and the many places where I have sojourned during my MAGICAL visit home."

He had written to the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, on his arrival, and soon received from him the following letter:—

'CAMP INDIALA, near UMRITSIR,
'December 28, 1846.

"I have had great pleasure in receiving your letter, which assures me of your cordial congratulations; and I value such expressions very highly as proceeding from a prelate whose good opinion we all respect and venerate. I am truly rejoiced that your Lordship returns to the country which you have adopted, in good health.

"Since we separated, I have visited many of the quarters which had the benefit of your presence, and I find, throughout the whole Christian community, one prevailing sentiment of affectionate attachment towards you, and a great desire to have you once more amongst them.

"I am on my way to Lahore, having concluded a new agreement with that Government, by which the little Maharajah is to be under British protection for the next eight years; our garrison remaining in Lahore; and the civil, as well as military administration of the country being under the guidance of our British Resident, a most able officer, excellent man, and good Christian."

The Bishop was delighted with this "charming letter;" and he was equally pleased to find that Sir Frederick Currie, "a first-rate man and excellent Christian," was about to enter Council. He augured well for India from these things.

His journal-letters to his children were now resumed; and, whilst he remains in Calcutta, extracts from them will carry on the narrative as before.

'January 14th, 1847.—The chimes of Vulliamy's clock in the Cathedral are beginning to delight all Calcutta. The inscription on the great bell, "Its sound is gone out into all lands," is to be gilded. This, with the gilded arrow "of the Lord's deliverance" will, I hope, prove an augury and pledge of the salvation of India.'

'January 16th.—Archdeacon Dealtry is going up the country for a year. His health is materially impaired, and he would certainly be driven home if he did not take this tour. It is a great loss to us in Calcutta.'

'January 23rd.—Who should call on me this morning but Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal ! He was as simple and entertaining as ever. He escaped unhurt himself through God's goodness. His despatch was struck off in the middle of the first night after the engagement. On the night of the engagement itself, he fell fast asleep with fatigue. On the next he awoke about twelve o'clock, and started from his iron bed to write. He then called all his officers that they might suggest any corrections, or add any names. About twenty words were altered.'

'January 28th.—I have had a melancholy day at Bishop's College. I had not visited it for three years. Nothing could exceed the personal kindness and respect of the Principal and Professors. The buildings are in excellent order. My visitor's room was ready. The number of students greater than ever. But when I came to examine the youth in divinity, their ignorance was deplorable. They seemed to have no love to Christ and their missionary work. The commonest questions puzzled them. I made an address, and adverted to three matters which had been reported to me. First, that two students had called on Dr. Carew, the Popish Archbishop, and one of them had kissed the ring on his finger, which is the common token of allegiance. Secondly, that another youth had declared he was ready to go and join the Romanists. Thirdly, that the head mistress of the Military Orphan Asylum had professed herself a nun.

'We had a long talk afterwards with the Principal and Professors. It is quite clear to me that things have been going on for three years as I feared. I really came away, after seven or eight hours spent at the College, sick at heart.'

'February 5th.—The Rev. K. M. Banerjea resigns my Cathedral Mission, because I make a difference in the salaries assigned to Europeans and natives.'

'February 7th.—I have had more general depression, inaptitude to cope with my duties, and disturbance of health (without positive illness) during the last eight weeks than I ever remember. But all is WELL ; for God is LOVE.'

'February 20th.—Last evening I delivered my first Lent Lecture. The subject of the course this year is, The nature and importance of habitual penitence of heart before God :—

not to the exclusion of joy and peace, but as associated with them, and the means of preparing for them. There were six hundred and sixty-seven present.'

'*March 3rd.* - I have just returned from my morning drive. The triumphal reception of the troops, and of the Sikh guns is preparing. A temporary arch is reared, with the words Aliwal, Moodkee, Sobraon, and Ferozeshur, on the four sides. The fields of the Esplanade are crowded with natives: and at one extremity of it stand two hundred and fifty-two Sikh guns. Elephants and camels are crowding in. I had the utmost difficulty in getting through the dense crowd.'

'*April 14th.* I called on Sir Frederick Currie, and he accompanied me to the Cathedral, where Sir H. Maddock, Mr. Millett, Mr. Cameron, and Sir J. P. Grant, met us. The stalls, communion rails and table, eagle, and pews, were all put up in a temporary manner. Everything seemed to be excellently well. God's name be praised! In a few months all will be completed. Oh! that the spiritual building may rise to the glory of Christ, and the salvation of the heathen.'

'*May 2nd.* In June next, I hold my general confirmation. Wrestle for me, Oh my children! in prayer, that God may guide, sanctify and prosper me in all my arduous work. I daily pray for you all. Eternity! Oh, Eternity! What art thou? How near! How absorbing! I can only contemplate it in and through Christ. Then I can leave myself both body and soul: for I know that He is "able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

'*May 13th.* To my surprise and delight, "Bishop Corrie's Life" came in on Tuesday. It is a marvellous work. The interior soul of a Christian of the highest grade was never more exquisitely portrayed. There is not a page which has not some of the "gold of Ophir." The biographer has done little more than arrange the inimitable series of letters and journals. So far it is defective. It will not be generally read. But to the pious mind, which can appreciate spiritual religion, it will be a treasure. It humbles me in the dust. I felt just as I did in reading "Venn's Life," and "Henry Martyn." At what a low ebb my Christianity has been for the fifteen years of my Indian life!'

'June 6th. On Sunday next our four Dioceses will be called to Humiliation and Intercession before Almighty God for our personal and national sins. The solemn and devout manner in which this Fast was kept at home, is surely an encouragement to us : and the Governor-General's acceptance of my proposal, is no small blessing. The similar attempt I made with Lord Ellenborough was pointedly refused.'

'September 11th. The sermon for the opening of the Cathedral, and the "Final Report," are both in hand. I go twice each day to the building. The pulpit is nearly finished. The Lectern is in position. The statue of Bishop Heber is ready to adorn the Northern transept. It was finished by Chantrey in 1835. It is colossal, and in a kneeling posture, with the right hand on the breast, and the left supported by the Bible. The likeness is not striking : but the countenance is full of benignity. I put my hand on the left hand of the figure ; and it was as a pigmy's to a giant's !

'I have need of tenfold watchfulness and humility, now that the excitement of the approaching Consecration is coming on like a flood. Friday three weeks is the day fixed on. The Lord bless ! It is the "contrite spirit" which he makes his abode : and not the "temple made with hands." May this be the frame of my soul before Him. Amen.'

'September 14th. We had our last "Building Committee" meeting yesterday—the fiftieth. I dissolved it : and then formed the members into a Cathedral Vestry, to meet for the first time on October 4th, just before the Consecration. I have invited sixty persons to the Consecration dinner.'

'October 2nd. The time draws near. The Governor of Bengal and the Members of Council came to inspect the Cathedral fittings last evening. We had pushed on everything, so that to the unpractised eye, all seemed complete. The superb organ struck up as Sir H. Maddock entered the choir. The slips of matting carried the eye along two hundred and thirty-one feet from the west door, to the steps of the Communion railing. The Governor sat in his magnificent chair, which Colonel Forbes declares is a more classical one than the Queen's in the House of Lords. The bell tolled for the first time. The whole appearance exceeded the expectations of all

present. Thus far, thank God, it is well that no failure has taken place. Now for the humble heart, and the spiritual ends.'

'*October 3rd, Sunday.* Oh! Lord Jesus. Thou art the light of my blinded mind. Shine inwardly by Thy Spirit. Dispel my darkness of soul. Feed me at Thy blessed table, as "with marrow and fatness." Preserve me in patience and equanimity this week, when the Consecration is designed to be performed and the sermon preached. May all be done in contrition of spirit, and with a single eye to Thy glory.'

The day at length arrived when the object of so many anxious cares, so many waiting years, so many bright anticipations, so many liberal contributions, so many earnest prayers, was to be attained, and St. Paul's Cathedral dedicated to the service of Christ and His Church. Eight years had elapsed since the first stone was laid on October 8th, 1839. The estimated cost then was 40,000*l.*; and the real expenditure was found now to be nearly 50,000*l.* The length of the whole building was two hundred and forty-eight feet; the width eighty-three feet; the length of the transepts across the lantern tower one hundred and sixteen feet, the height of the spire from the ground two hundred and six feet: and it stood upon a precinct of seven acres, surrounded with a dwarf wall and iron palisades. It was designed to answer a threefold purpose—First, it was to be a Parish Church for a large district of Calcutta. Secondly, it was to be served by a body of clergy, who under the designation of a Dean and Chapter, were to bear a Missionary character and carry out Missionary objects. Thirdly, it was to be the Cathedral of the Metropolitan See of Calcutta; the Bishop's seat being transferred to it, and all Episcopal functions performed in it. For the commencement of the second of these designs a large Endowment Fund, amounting to nearly 30,000*l.* had been raised, and for the completion of it, a similar amount was still required. The annual income thus accruing would have sufficed for the maintenance of six Missionary Canons, who, with the addition of the Archdeacon and six Honorary Canons, would have constituted the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral. But the

failure in obtaining the Act of Incorporation frustrated this part of the design; and the funds were eventually disposed of in a way which will be told in its proper place. For this failure, and the disappointment consequent upon it, the Bishop was in no way responsible. He had done what he could. But the reluctance of the East India Company was not to be overcome. The "better times," for which he waited, are yet future.

On the whole, about 75,000*l.* was raised. Of this amount, the Bishop himself gave 20,000*l.*, or two lacs of rupees—one for the building, and the other for the endowment. The Honourable East India Company appointed two additional chaplains, gave the site, and contributed 15000*l.* towards the building; being careful in doing so, to avoid any connection with its avowed and well-understood missionary character. The subscriptions raised in India, including the benefaction from Mr. Gorton, which has been already mentioned, amounted to 12,000*l.* The subscriptions in England, originating with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who called a meeting in Lambeth Palace and headed the list with 200*l.*, and including nearly 7000*l.* raised by the Bishop himself when in England, reached 13,000*l.* The University of Oxford contributed 300*l.* in money, and 200*l.* in books for the Cathedral library. The Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel made a grant of nearly 5000*l.* for the foundation of a native Canonry. The venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge presented 5000*l.* in five annual payments, and a superb Bible and Prayer-book. Mr. Thomas Natt, of London, gave 4000*l.* and 750*l.* for a Canon's house.

But besides these direct contributions, various offerings were made to the Cathedral. The superb set of communion plate offered by Queen Victoria has been already mentioned. Her Majesty also sanctioned the offering of a large stained glass window by the Dean and Chapter of Windsor. The subject was "The Crucifixion," after a design by West; and the tone of colouring was quiet and subdued. It was executed at a cost of 4000*l.*, and was originally intended as a present from King George the Third to St. George's Chapel, Windsor. From some cause unknown, it had never been completed, nor erected in the

place designed ; and it was now, on the Bishop's application, transferred to Calcutta, and placed in the east window of the Cathedral. The British and Foreign Bible Society granted twelve beautifully bound quarto Bibles. The Rev. Mr. Craig of Leamington, presented a brazen eagle for the lectern, and Captain Kittoe a handsome stone font, wrought from his own design, and measuring eight feet square at the base. Mr. Llewellyn of Calcutta, procured to be made in Italy a large alabaster model of the Cathedral, and presented it to the Bishop, who eventually deposited it in the picture gallery of the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

All these details, and an accurate statement of accounts, were published in a "Final Report," drawn up by the Bishop himself, and widely circulated both in India and England. It contained also the Sermon preached at the Consecration, an account of the ceremonial observed, etchings of the exterior and interior of the building, and important original documents connected with the Bishop's designs and the Government grants.

Power had been retained to transfer, in case of need, to the Building Fund some part of the Bishop's own benefaction to the Endowment Fund : and, with the partial application of this resource, no debt of any kind remained : so that the Offertory collection made on the consecration day, amounting to 200*l.*, was bestowed upon the Calcutta Additional Clergy Society. It is rarely that so great a scheme sees so happy a termination ! The Bishop always attributed it mainly to the gratuitous and most able assistance of Colonel Forbes, who superintended the work with a zeal and perseverance almost unequalled, for eight years. "His services," says the Bishop, "fully met all our warmest desires, and surpassed all the highest anticipations we had formed."

And now the Consecration Day has dawned. The whole area is crowded, every seat occupied, every aisle filled. For the first time the voice of prayer and praise ascends. Then all is hushed, and the venerable Bishop's voice is heard repeating as his text, the sublime words of inspiration :—"Will God in very deed



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, CALCUTTA, IN 1847.

dwelt with men on the earth? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, how much less this house which I have built" (2 Chron. vi. 18). The discourse founded on these words lasted for an hour; and then forty Indian clergy, with twenty students of divinity, and eighty of the laity knelt before the Lord's table and partook of His Supper. The service, which had commenced at half-past ten, was not ended till half-past three. Then followed the assembling at the Palace, and all the kind congratulations and addresses incidental to such occasions. The Bishop had borne up well through all the excitement and fatigue; but, about nine o'clock, exhaustion became apparent, and, at the suggestion of his medical adviser, he left the company and retired to rest. He had felt poorly for two days; he had not slept for two nights; and now he was laid aside:—"I am a prisoner of the Lord," he says next day; "as Jacob halted on his thigh at Peniel, so it was at the consecration of my Cathedral. But how merciful that I was just able to go through the duties of the day! And now God has laid me low, to chasten and humble me, to empty me of self, to make my religion more real, to allure me and bring me into the wilderness, and there 'speak comfortably to me,' to prepare me for my last remove, to quicken me in prayer, faith, resignation, love."

His illness did not last long. On October 19th he recalled the events of the day, and wrote as follows:—

'You will want me to give you a further account of the consecration. It was a wonderful sight for India. As I drove to the Cathedral at ten o'clock, the whole space around it was filled with carriages of all descriptions in the most picturesque groups. The clergy and laity were waiting my arrival, surrounded with multitudes of spectators. I made my way through them with verger and pastoral staff; and then proceeded up the middle aisle to the communion rails. The petition for consecration was then read. I assented; and then the procession began, repeating as usual the twenty-fourth Psalm. The other forms having been gone through, the morning service commenced, the organ leading superbly in the chaunts.

Colonel Forbes was sitting near me. I turned to him and said, "How beautifully the voice is heard." When I ascended the pulpit, there was all around me a sea of heads reaching to the doorway and outer steps. At the communion, the thirty-five clergy kneeling at the rails, and the five ministering within, presented to my mind an overwhelming sight. We retired at half-past three o'clock, praising and blessing God for all we had heard and seen. The dinner subsequently went off admirably well. The Governor, Members of Council, Secretaries, Clergy, &c., were full of kindness and love. Can I wonder that the Lord sent me a "thorn in the flesh," a "messenger of Satan to buffet me." No : I rejoice in his chastening hand.'

On December 12th, the Governor-General, Viscount Hardinge, attended the Cathedral in state, accompanied by all his staff, having arrived in Calcutta at a late hour the preceding evening. "Immediately after service he called, and came running up to me," says the Bishop, "just as freely as Lord William Bentinck used to do. I took his hand affectionately in both mine, and said, 'How different, my Lord, are your circumstances now from those of December 12th, 1845. You have been absent from Calcutta more than two years, and no such important period has passed since the time of Clive, Wellesley, and Lord Hastings.'

"I can confidently assure you," said the Governor-General, "of what, as a man of peace and love, will give you pleasure, that the tranquillity of India is safe for many years to come.¹ But a soldier's victories are attended with pain and grief at the loss of human life. Your achievement in building so beautiful a Cathedral, my dear Bishop, has immortalised your name, and left no regret at the manner of accomplishing it."

'I replied, It is to God alone I humbly give the glory; and then, as the instrument, to the unexampled skill and devotion of Colonel Forbes.

"Oh," he rejoined, "I was delighted with it, both as to its exterior and interior. It far exceeded my expectations. I

¹ Alas! for human anticipations. These words were spoken on the eve of the terrible battles of Ramnugger, Chillianwallah, and Guzerat.

shall inform her Majesty of it. The noble picture of the Crucifixion was her gift I understand, and it has a fine effect. You wanted some land did you not, for schools? I shall be most happy to grant you some. Your attack of gout is nothing. It is a sign of a vigorous constitution. Bishop Barrington had the gout at eighty; and you are looking the picture of health." He then rose and turned to the whole length portrait of the Duke of Wellington on the wall, and afterwards stood for a minute gazing on the "Waterloo Banquet," and pointed to himself and many of his old friends. He then took leave, saying that he should attend the Cathedral on Christmas Day. He is of the middle size, a fine head, hair quite grey, eye full and very vivacious, fair complexion, much sunburnt, speaks quick and good-temperedly.'

The intercourse with Lord Hardinge, for the remainder of his stay, was very pleasant to the Bishop. He dined at Government House on Christmas Eve, and had much interesting conversation. Soon after an aide-de-camp was sent to ask whether cards of invitation should be issued to the Bishop and clergy for the great ball to be given to Lady Dalhousie on her arrival. The Bishop said "No," but he felt the attention. Though unable to attend the public meeting called to do honour to the departing Governor-General, he wrote a letter giving his suffrage and his subscription towards an equestrian statue. He thought Lord Hardinge ranked amongst our best Governors-General "for experience, talent, wisdom, courage, moderation and success, combined with a regard to religion and the worship of God:" and he regretted his departure.

Though suffering from the failure of a Calcutta bank, and threatened with heavier liabilities, he still ventured to engage a house at Cossipore near Calcutta, to which he might occasionally retire for air and rest. He called it Bishopstoke, and took much delight in the grounds by the river side,

His journal-letters may be now resumed.

'CALCUTTA, *January 13th.* We have come to Calcutta to dine with the fifth Governor-General whom I have known—Lord

W. C. Bentinck, Lord Auckland, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Hardinge, and now Lord Dalhousie. Indeed, the short administrations of Lord Metcalfe and Mr. W. W. Bird, raise the number of these temporary kings to seven in fifteen years. May the Christian faith be the foundation of the new government.'

'*January 16th.* I have been delivering a sermon from "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another" (Rom. xii, 10). The late and the present Governor-General were both present, and sat in the two chairs provided for Lord and Lady Dalhousie in the Governor-General's stall. It is the first time, I believe, since England put her foot in India, that two Governors-General appeared together in church.'

'*January 22nd.* Yesterday I attended Lord Dalhousie's first levee. He sent me most kindly, a note, saying I should have the entrée. And accordingly the Members of Council, Commander of the division, and myself were admitted beforehand, and took our stations in a semi-circle on one hand of the Governor-General, whilst his staff was ranged on the other. Four or five hundred presentations took place, after the manner of St. James'. Lord Dalhousie said he had no idea the society of Calcutta was so large. I was myself rather glad to see so many of my old friends, and to make many new ones. Lady Dalhousie will I suppose hold a drawing-room; and then all will fall into its ordinary course.'

'*March 17th.* I took the Archdeacon, who has returned to Calcutta, to introduce him to Lord and Lady Dalhousie: Lord D. does not look well. I had a great many matters to lay before him. Nothing could exceed his kindness, and readiness to do all I propose. He is far more disposed to build churches than Lord Hardinge, who had a strange idea that in military stations, however large, it was not worth while to erect any, because it was possible the troops might hereafter be differently posted. My answer is—that if your stations induce you to build barracks, storehouses, hospitals, and long rows of bungalows, then you may at least erect at the same time a "house of prayer."'

'*March 20th.* Yesterday the mail came in. The death

of Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, whom I have known for thirty-six years, deeply affects me. I wrote above the line of the letter which communicated the intelligence, these words :—"I hope the Bishop of Chester (Dr. J. B. Sumner) will succeed. No appointment could be so good." The Court of Directors have given us six more chaplains, making fifty-nine ; and, with the usual supernumeraries, sixty-five. This is an immense boon.'

'*Easter Day, April 13th.* I have been enabled to preach my sixteenth Easter sermon. Oh! for a Resurrection blessing. On Good Friday evening I was so exhausted with my hour's sermon (concluding the series of Lent lectures on the Temptation), that I totally forgot to give the Benediction. We have need to pray for our bodies, as well as our souls.'

'*May 2nd.* I have finished reading the incomparable Mac-laurin, and made progress in Hooker's fifth book on Confirmation and the Lord's Supper. Lord Campbell's first volume I have gone through. It is capital in its way, pretty fair towards men of all parties, but wanting perhaps in a just standard of religion and morals. It is too lenient to the Papists. Dear noble Cranmer, and all the Reformers are mangled and trampled on in a terrible manner. Lord Brougham's "Statesmen of the time of George III." is beautiful. The style splendid, vigorous, overwhelming. I never saw Burke, Fox, or Pitt in so bright a light before—Burke especially. Beloved Wilberforce is also well sketched out. Poor George the Fourth is held up to utter contempt, and with a fierceness which betrays itself; whilst his lawyer-like defence of the profligate Queen Caroline, is a disgrace to the writer.

'These books I take up, for half an hour at a time, in the languor and imbecility of April and May afternoons; that is, between the close of my siesta at three o'clock and my drive out at six.'

'*May 5th.* I have had an audience of the Governor-General. There is a kindness and friendliness in him which is most attractive. The Court of Directors have sent out a fierce letter prohibiting any more churches being built. Such is still the anti-Christianity of these worldly-wise merchants. The Governor-General says we must build large school-rooms. And

my notion is to add a little ecclesiastical appearance to them. Thank God I have got my Cathedral !'

'*Sunday May 7th.* It is seven o'clock in the evening, and I am sitting exhausted in my verandah, incapable of anything mental or bodily. I have been dragged twice to church—"faint yet pursuing," and preached once from 1 Peter, ii., 19—25. Oh ! thou good Shepherd and Bishop of souls, do thou be pleased to bless it to the salvation of many. And do Thou be the Bishop of my soul—my inspector—my guardian—my overseer—my watchful gracious protector. May this be my comfort, as an under shepherd, that Thou, the great and good Shepherd, art the Bishop and Ruler of souls in thy Church.'

'*July 10th.* Sir T. F. Buxton's "Life," which has just come in, has roused me, I hope, to an earnest desire to imitate his most exalted character. What a delightful example does he hold out :—the interior of his soul all devotedness, his earnestness never relaxing, his growth in the knowledge of Christ manifest, his acute manly eloquence supported by faith and prayer irresistible. I am mightily taken by the work. His letters are most admirable ; but his deep piety, his reference of everything to God in fervent prayer, his singleness of purpose are most deserving of imitation. His tender affection for his family is very touching. I cannot help thinking the book will do great good in the highest sense.'

'*July 28th.* I was very poorly on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Dr. Webb says it is the chills and heats of the rainy season, and inevitable. He wants me to leave Bengal after October, and proceed to the milder winter of Madras, Bombay, and Ceylon. I have, therefore, spoken to the Governor-General, and sent in the usual public letter. My plan is to hold a Confirmation on November 28th, an Ordination on St. Andrew's day, November 30th ; a Visitation on December 5th ; then to embark on December 6th, arrive at Madras, December 13th, and stay twenty-one days ; arrive at Colombo, January 8th, 1848, and stay twenty-one days ; arrive at Bombay, February 8th, and stay twenty-one days ; arrive again at Calcutta, March 19th. I am very old, very peevish, very fractious, very touchy ; and though I strive against these infirmities, yet they pervade my

conversation and letters, I fear, more than I am aware of. Forgive me. They are the old man's sins and snares. Dr. Webb is not sorry to see a touch of gout as a safety valve. I have my great chair with four staves, to be carried about the house—a hand-carriage to be drawn about the grounds—my flannel shoe to enable me to walk from room to room.'

It is singular to hear of the "great chair," the "hand carriage," and the "flannel shoe," in connection with a contemplated journey by land and sea of five thousand miles. But the mind mastered the body now, as in times past; and the plan proposed for a fifth Visitation was, in the good Providence of God, effectually carried out. The Confirmation and Ordination were held as proposed; and on November 3rd the Bishop delivered his fifth general, and second Metropolitan charge. The consideration of it will belong to a new chapter, and meanwhile the present one will be concluded as before by a few extracts from his Correspondence.

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. PERCIVAL WHITE.

' CALCUTTA, October 6th, 1847.

' Again a mail is about to leave for England, and another is expected to arrive from England. My heart desires to learn how my brother is, and how you bear up yourself. All affliction is designed to draw us nearer to God, to keep us nearer, to wean our affections from earth, to endear the Bible, to kindle new love to Christ, to quicken our prayers, to urge us to do what is to be done with all our might, to sweeten the repose of heaven—these are the blessed fruits of affliction under the Holy Spirit's teaching.

' I am wonderfully well for one in his seventieth year, and am now much occupied in preparing my Consecration sermon. Oh, that Christ may condescend to fill the house with his glory, and may a crowd of black converts hereafter sing in it "Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!"'

¹ A most interesting account, extracted from the *Calcutta Christian Intelligencer*, for August, 1859, will serve to show how this prayer has been heard and answered.

TO DR. WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

'CALCUTTA, *October 23, 1847.*

'Will you allow me to tender through you to Her Most Gracious Majesty a "final Report" of St. Paul's Cathedral, to which Her Majesty has so munificently contributed.

'The service of Communion plate was placed on the sacred table on the day of Consecration, October 8th, and was universally admired. The great eastern window, with West's

On the occasion of the General Thanksgiving, after the Mutinies, to which all India was called by the highest authority on Thursday, July 28, 1859, we read as follows :—

"In Calcutta, the day was commenced by an early service in the Church Missionary Church, Amherst-street, at 7 o'clock, A.M., for the Mission families and other persons in the neighbourhood. It was conducted by the Rev. J. Vaughan ; and whilst it was going on, there was also Divine Service in the Cathedral, in the Bengalee language, at 7½ o'clock, A.M. The native Christians of the Church Missionary Society, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in and about Calcutta, were invited ; and though the hour was rather too early, the distance of the Cathedral from many of them too great, and the calling of them away from their own Churches, on occasion of such a public solemnity, objected to by some of the Missionaries, about two hundred and fifty native Christians assembled in the spacious transepts of the Cathedral—(thus realising one of the prophetic visions of its founder, Daniel Wilson)—and joined in the Public Service of Thanksgiving. The prayers were read by the Rev. Hurry Hur Sandel, native minister attached to the Cathedral, and the sermon preached, at Bishop Cotton's request, by the Rev. T. Sandys, senior missionary to the Church Missionary Society. There were no others of the clergy, besides those just named, present, nor, indeed, any other Europeans, except Mr. Sandys and the Revs. G. G. Cuthbert and H. C. Milward. All was of course in the Bengalee language. A hymn, or chant, composed for the occasion by one of the native Christians, was sung. The following is a translation of it :—

I.

"O, gracious God, thy people spare,
Who humbly trust in Thee ;
Thy mercy hitherto hath spared,
Or here we should not be.

II.

"What terror did our minds assail,
When bloody strife prevailed !
But now We praise thy glorious name
That thou the strife hast quelled.

III.

"Then let us raise in Jesu's name
A loud triumphant cry,
And let it reach to every land
Beneath the vaulted sky.

IV.

"But hear us, Lord, we humbly pray ;
Show mercy, we entreat ;
And bring the Hindoo, bring the Turk,
To worship at Thy feet.

V.

"This promise in Thy Word appears,
'My foes I will subdue :'
Thy foes are humbled in the dust,
And thus Thy Word is true.

VI.

"But, O ! Thou righteous King, we crave
A victory more than this ;
Let all the erring sons of men
Be conquered by Thy Grace.

VII.

"Let all the teachers of Thy Word
Be taught, O Lord ! of Thee ;
And may Thy people only learn
The Truth as 'tis in Thee.

VIII.

"And last we pray, most mighty God,
Our gracious Queen defend ;
Her life through many years prolong,
Her happy rule extend."

superb picture of the "Crucifixion," which Her Majesty sanctioned the gift of, on the part of the Dean and Canons of Windsor, was immediately over the holy table.

'The Appendix to the Report contains the chief correspondence which took place during the eight years that the Cathedral was in building.

'It would have been most gratifying to the Queen's religious and benevolent heart, could Her Majesty have honoured the Consecration with her presence. Such a sight had never been seen in India. A crowded audience filled the sacred edifice, pressed around the doors, and in the lantern and transept, to obtain a sight of what was taking place, and hear the Divine Word. The impression made on the minds of the Christian community, and the native population, was electric. I trust a permanent blessing will follow, if God vouchsafe us His grace in Christ Jesus.

'Daily prayers have been celebrated since, and a steady congregation is being collected.

'The Native Cathedral Mission will be begun wisely and gradually, as the one missionary now appointed, acquires the Bengalee language.

'In a word, I may venture to assure Her Majesty that all the ends proposed in erecting a Protestant Cathedral in heathen India appear likely, under God's blessing, to be effected.

'I commend myself to my Gracious Sovereign's favourable consideration, and am, &c. &c.

'P.S.—I send an aged Bishop's blessing to the Royal House and Family, for whom my prayers are continually put up in this distant land.'

TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

'CALCUTTA, *October 28th*, 1847.

'I have the honour to submit a copy of the "final Report" of St. Paul's Cathedral, to which is prefixed the sermon I
• preached at the Consecration, and an Appendix of documents.

'Everything has succeeded to admiration as to external matters, and we hope that the internal blessing, as regards the salvation of souls, will follow; nor have we any reason to doubt

it, if the Bishop and clergy preserve the simple, pure, evangelical spirit of our Protestant Church.

‘The service lasted five hours; and in the evening, between sixty and seventy sat down to a Consecration dinner at the Palace.

‘Your Grace will not be surprised to hear that my strength broke down after all the excitement of the long previous preparation, and the duties of the day. I am, however, recovering through God’s mercy; and hope to use all diligence to make my “calling and election sure.” I commend myself to your Grace’s prayers, and trust to secure your confidence and affection during my few remaining days.’

To this letter the following reply was received. It was written just one month before the venerable Archbishop’s death, and would be amongst the last he wrote. The trembling hand tells of the effort made.

“LAMBETH, *January 8th, 1848.*

“I cannot sufficiently express my acknowledgments of your kindness in sending me an account of that most interesting solemnity—the Consecration of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul’s, Calcutta. I have received it with those feelings which are naturally excited by the occasion, and are called forth in the highest degree by your Lordship’s description of the ceremonial, and the deep interest felt by the multitudes assembled to witness a sight, the first of the kind which has been ever exhibited in the British dominions in India.

“This edifice, which your Lordship has seen completed, will, I trust, be preserved by the merciful care of God’s providential goodness, to the end of the world, a monument of your zeal and munificence, conspicuous alike for its architectural beauty, and for the application of wealth to the noblest of purposes in a country where, for a length of years, the public attention has been almost solely directed to mercantile and political objects.

“Our satisfaction is only abated by the effect which your Lordship’s exertions have had on your health. We trust that your recovery will be complete, and that you will not fail to

guard against a relapse by all the precautions requisite in an Indian climate.

“I have for some time hardly answered a letter; nor would anything have prompted such an exertion, but the fear of losing a fortnight in expressing the pleasure derived from your recent communication. Commending you heartily to the mercies of God, I am, &c. &c.”

TO COLONEL (THE LATE SIR HENRY) LAWRENCE.

‘CALCUTTA, April 14th, 1847.

‘I am greatly obliged to you for your letter, and for filling up the “title” for Mr. Parker.

‘I beg to add my name to your subscription list (on behalf of the “Lawrence Asylum,” in the hills near Simlah, for the education of the children of English soldiers) for two hundred rupees annually, to date from May, 1847.

‘The single point for Mr. Parker to attend to, is to leave the children whose parents object to our Protestant forms of Church Government, quite free to receive instruction from their parents’ ministers at proper times. But, in truth, the privilege will not often be claimed, if no irritation is excited. It is a noble institution, and will do you infinite honour. And may God bless it abundantly!

‘I am glad your sketch of rules is only experimental. It is better to wait and consider things well, before final arrangements are determined on.’

TO DR. WITHERS, PRINCIPAL OF BISHOP’S COLLEGE.

‘January 1st, 1848.

‘Allow me, in return for your affectionate note, to assure you that I feel deeply indebted to you for all the regard and attention which, for above fifteen years, you have had the goodness to pay to my sacred office and to my person. You may rely upon your prayers being reciprocated. Bishop’s College has ever been one of my grand objects in India. Its principal, professors, and pupils will be still much upon my heart. I must soon appear before the bar of God, and answer

for any omissions I may have been guilty of in promoting that purely evangelical truth which our martyred reformers laboured to infuse into our thirty-nine articles, offices, and homilies, and on which all missionary success must depend. In whatever respects I have erred in this duty, either in defect or in excess, I pray God, for Christ's sake, and also you, my beloved friend, to forgive me.

'The sands of life are running out, and my grand concern is to have a "conscience void of offence towards God and towards man." I have still the strongest possible conviction that the late movement in our Church has been a movement towards the fundamental errors and superstitions of Popery, as the numerous apostasies taking place every month, too sadly testify. May God be pleased of his continual pity to cleanse and defend his Church!

'Whether you have health to return to India (which I earnestly desire) or not, is with God. I am not likely to meet you here, should you revisit the College. But I send you my apostolical benediction, and pray God that we may both of us be "found in Christ" in that day.'

TO HIS GRANDCHILD, LUCY ANN WILSON.

'COSSIPORE, December 8th, 1847.

'I am now sitting at my window at Cossipore in the drawing-room, which opens upon a verandah. The Hooghly is flowing by with its turbid waters. The opposite shore is all jungle, rice-fields, and bamboos. The river is crowded with boats, with their tiny ragged sails. The baggage heavy boats are of the same construction as in the time of Alexander the Great, and the shoutings of the Coolies loading and unloading the vessels give a liveliness to the scene. This is the fifteenth letter I have written this mail, and I endeavour to transport myself in imagination to Huddersfield and Islington, and meditate on what I was doing December 8th, 1845, surrounded by my children and grandchildren. I pray God to bless you all, so that when I lay low in the dust, my grandchildren may arise and call Jesus blessed, and thus one generation declare Christ's praises to another.'

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. PERCIVAL WHITE.

' March 6th, 1848.

' God is exercising me with an indifferent state of health, which may be the taking down of this frail tabernacle. I am endeavouring, therefore, to gather up my affections, to detach myself from this world, and all its concerns, to lower my sails, and go softly towards the haven of rest.

' I have no hope but Christ. All my doings are of his grace, and all unspeakably imperfect, and defiled with original and actual sin. The merit of Christ is the rock on which I build more and more. Religion is with me a very simple thing. I am a sinner, Christ is a Saviour. My faith, I hope, brings forth fruit to prove its sincerity, and distinguish it from hypocrisy and formality. But the fruit does not bear the tree—the tree bears it.

' Evil thoughts are amongst the assaults which Satan makes, I find, upon old age. Our collect for the second Sunday in Lent, and at the commencement of the Communion service, suit well my state of mind. So also the words of the Psalmist "I hate vain thoughts: but Thy law do I love."

' Another temptation of old age arises from familiarity with the theory and language of religion, and the want of reality and meaning in the terms we commonly use in conversation, social exposition, and prayer.

' A third temptation is the acting from habit, and not from love.

' A fourth, the depression of natural spirits, pulling down the soul in duty.

' But Christ is my ALL. There I hope to cling, living and dying.'

TO THE REV. C. JERRAM.

' CALCUTTA, July, 1848.

' You, my beloved friend, are before me in the vale of life. I was reading my notes of our interview at the Vice-Chancellor's in June, 1846, and I found your age marked at seventy-seven. Well, we are in God's hands: "We are immortal,"

said one of the Fathers, "till our work is done." Dealtry is gone to his rest. Archbishop Howley is removed; Simeon, Cecil, Scott, Newton, Foster, Venn, Buchanan, Robinson—all our contemporaries almost are gone to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God. Soon must the time of *our* departure arrive. I am most anxious to END WELL, as Bible Scott used to say. I feel nature sinking, I have not the spirits nor strength which I used to have. And my spiritual feelings sympathise with my natural. I never had much joy. I was always too conscious of the holiness of God, and the obligations of the Law and the Gospel, and too sensible of my inward corruptions, to be very high in joy. No; if I can creep into heaven as the poorest and vilest of sinners, I shall then be prepared to sing with an angel's voice, "Blessing and glory, and honour, and power to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever." I have a hope, but it is a faint one, in the Lord Jesus. But I am quite clear *I have no other hope*. I pray God that I may die with two Scripture sentences in my heart and on my lips—"God be merciful to me a sinner," and "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, WILLIAM BATEMAN, ESQ.

'BISHOPSTOKE, July 1st, 1848.

'I used to write regularly to my beloved sister whilst alive, on my birthday, which falls to-morrow. I write, therefore, to-day to assure you of my affectionate love, and to beg the benefit of your continued prayers for me. Entering to-morrow on the seventy-first year of my age, I feel that my work is done, and that I may daily expect my Lord to be calling me to himself. His long-suffering to me is wonderful. I have been preserved in this mortal climate for a year and seven months since my return. Truly I may say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," and I hope I may add, "I shall dwell," through a Saviour's infinite merits, "in the House," the upper House, "of the Lord for ever."

'Few things encourage me more in looking forward to the near approach of death than the remembrance of the most remarkable consolation and support which my beloved sister

experienced under bodily sufferings so exquisite and long continued previously to her departure. Blessed be God, the love and power of Christ remain the same. His covenant is ordered in all things and sure. His Word is the food of the new life. His Holy Spirit can sustain, sanctify, and cheer, in the dark valley of the shadow of death.

‘My dear brother, let us stand fast in the Lord, and examine ourselves, and see how we may more glorify our God whilst we remain here amongst a world of sinners.

‘My dear nieces, do you make sure work for eternity. A mother’s—a father’s religion will not save you. Each must individually give herself to the Lord in sincerity of soul.’

TO THE CHAPLAIN AT LUCKNOW.

‘CALCUTTA, *July 24th*, 1848.

‘I have duly received your letter inquiring how far it is allowable for a lay gentleman to perform Divine services in a station where there is a resident chaplain.

‘2. The answer is clear. No lay gentleman can lawfully perform Divine services of any sort, in any church consecrated by the Diocesan, without his permission.

‘3. In stations where there are no resident chaplains the Bishop requests the favour of some pious lay member of our Church to read a portion of the prayers, and such a sermon as the Bishop approves, to the Christian flock.

‘4. This is a case of necessity, and ceases when a chaplain resides.

‘5. At Lucknow it appears that the chaplain gives one full service in the cantonment Church every Sunday. No lay gentleman can, therefore, have the least right to perform any services there. The Christian flock can edify themselves during the hours before and after Divine service in private devotions and meditations.

‘I beg of you to communicate this letter to the parties concerned.’

CHAPTER XIX.

FIFTH VISITATION.

1848—1851.

Bishop's Fifth Charge—Voyage to Bombay—Accident—Ceylon—Madras—Calcutta—Journals—Change of Residence—Thanksgiving Sermons—Validity of Ecclesiastical Law in India—Sir Charles Napier—New Palace—Mr. Pratt made Archdeacon—Principal Kaye of Bishop's College—Lord Dalhousie—Journals—Visitation—Church built from *Illustrated London News*—Rev. J. Bloomfield, domestic Chaplain—Rajah Brooke—Voyage to Borneo—Return to Calcutta—Journal—Professor Street's Illness and Death—Cathedral Mission Converts—Dangerous Illness—Correspondence.

THE Charge with which the Bishop commenced his second Metropolitcal and fifth general Visitation was inferior to none of its predecessors. He called it his "dying Charge;" and it was written under the impression that it would be so. Firmness and decision are mingled with gentleness and affection. The style is simple; and the things brought out of the treasury are both new and old. He first dwelt upon the peculiar duties appertaining to the clergy in the stirring times in which they lived; and then entered upon the encouraging statistics of the Diocese, and events of recent occurrence in India. He spoke of the CATHEDRAL: of its completion: its daily prayers: the extent of its design: its bearing upon Missions:—

'An Indian Cathedral,' he said, 'must be for future generations. It will then be seen to have given a STATUS to Christianity in a vast Heathen and Mahometan population. It has at present no charter of incorporation, no canons, no dean, no chapter. We have, however, two Cathedral missionary clergy preparing for their holy labours. I trust the time will come when its canonries shall be established and

thrown open without distinction to all our Dioceses, for such as by their talents, general learning, and the acquisition of the Bengalee, shall be found qualified for discharging the required duties. I rejoice to think that in some future period an Indian Bishop may preside over an Indian Chapter, and administer Divine offices to a crowd of Indian converts in this first Protestant Cathedral of our Eastern possessions.'

The promising condition of the Missions everywhere was then pointed out ; and various topics were suggested as fraught with good promise for India ; especially the order emanating from the late Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, prohibiting the continuance of public works upon the Lord's Day.

From these important matters he turns for a moment to himself, and describes the sensible effect of increasing years upon his mental and bodily powers :—

' As time has been passing on, I can most unfeignedly say that I shrink more and more from the trials and temptations, and from the responsibility also, of the heavy charge committed to me. Increasing age has disabled me from performing with regularity many of the active duties which I formerly delighted to engage in. My powers of body and mind begin to fail. I feel also more and more the extreme difficulty of maintaining the true spirit of the Gospel, and holding that just medium between remissness and particularity which that Gospel breathes. I see how little can be done by mere authority, and how entirely success depends on the Divine grace and mercy. I am persuaded that the secret spring of blessedness in a Diocese is in the Bishop and clergy living near to God, and acting under the impression of "the powers of the world to come." The early years of my episcopacy I see to have been mingled, in a large measure, with human motives. And I can only beg of you to cast yourselves, whilst I endeavour to do the same, on the mighty grace of the Holy Ghost, to assist us in the better discharge of our several ministries, for the few remaining days of our connection with each other. That grace I know is most conspicuously magnified in man's infirmity.

“When I am weak”—would I desire to say with the great Apostle of the Gentiles—“then am I strong.”

Three controverted topics he then proceeds to dwell upon at some length, and with great force. The Church, The Lord's Supper, and Holy Baptism.

As touching the CHURCH, he says :—

‘Whatever a visible Church can do, ours has done for us. But there is one thing which she cannot do, and yet which she supposes in all her Ministers—she cannot infuse THE LIFE OF GOD INTO THE SOUL, she cannot give that spiritual perception and love to Christ and the peculiar truths of his glorious Gospel, on which all real efficiency depends. God keeps these his choicest blessings in his own hands. There is something higher than any forms can reach. No Church can give life.

‘We must be most careful, not to use ambiguous language, as if our own Church was THE CHURCH, and there was no other; or as if men might be saved by it in a sort of corporate capacity, whilst others are left to the uncovenanted mercies of God.’

As touching the Lord's Supper, he says :—

‘To apply terms to the Holy Communion as if it were a sacrifice for the sins of the quick and dead; as if there was a superhuman change of the elements of bread and wine, though we avoid the use of the term Transubstantiation; as if it were valid by the mere *opus operatum*, and there was scarcely any union and communion with Christ but by this means, is to deceive fatally the souls of our hearers.’

As touching Holy Baptism, he quotes Archbishop Cranmer, and Bishop Latimer :—

‘Archbishop Cranmer says, “In Baptism those that come feignedly, and those that come unfeignedly, both be washed

with the Sacramental water, but both be not washed with the Holy Ghost, and clothed with Christ." "Simon Magus," says Bishop Latimer, "came out of the water as great a blackamoor as he went in."'

And after arguing at some length that its efficacy is not absolute, but conditional, he goes on to say :—

'It has always appeared to me that the only safe course is, not to argue forwards but backwards, not to suppose that external privileges and the reception of the Sacrament will prove our individual possession, at any subsequent moment, of the grace and blessings it represents and seals, which they will not, and cannot do ; but to argue back humbly and cautiously from the present actual state of our hearts and affections before God, to the Sacrament, which is the sign and pledge of them. Let us first ascertain by the Scriptural marks laid down by St. John and other inspired writers, that we are really "born of God and love God," and then we may infer with holy joy and gratitude, that we possess all the blessings which the Church and her Ordinances have pronounced. Salvation depends on our personal faith, not on the reception of the Sacraments.'

The Charge concluded by pointing out, what he did not "consider it safe to omit from any Charge," the real nature of the Gospel, and those peculiar doctrines involved in it, which men in general are "so reluctant to embrace."

Certain additions rendered necessary by local circumstances were made at Bombay, Ceylon, and Madras, and the Charge, when printed, was dedicated to the Bishops of those Dioceses. A second and improved adaptation of the "Prayer for the High Court of Parliament" to the circumstances of India, was added as an Appendix. The alteration was but slight, and was sanctioned, so far as possible, by the Archbishop. The first clause ran as follows : the remainder was as in the Prayer Book :—

'Most gracious God, we humbly beseech Thee, as for the

Empire in general, so especially for the High Court of Parliament, under our most religious and gracious Queen assembled; for British India, for the Governor-General, the Governors, the Supreme Courts of Judicature, the Councils, and all who are entrusted with any authority therein: That Thou,' &c.

After the delivery of the Charge, and the usual entertainment given to the clergy, the Bishop at once embarked in the pilot brig *Tavoy*, Captain Hand, and proceeded to sea, with a fair wind: bound first for Bombay. Mr. Pratt accompanied him; and after a pleasant voyage they reached the desired haven on December 4th, 1848. Dr. Carr, the excellent Bishop, and Mr. Pigott, were soon at the ship's side, and in a few hours he was occupying the same comfortable suite of rooms as in March, 1843.

Lord Falkland, the Governor of Bombay, welcomed him very kindly, and Dr. Carr and the Clergy presented him with an affectionate Address. He said he was "a good deal whirled about," and had "no Doctor Webb to look after him:" but was still able to perform all required duties, to deliver his Charge, and preach as usual. The "dear Bishop Carr," he remarks, on leaving, "is goodness itself. He has been thirty-three years in India: longer than any of his Clergy."

The brig *Tavoy* having been previously dispatched, he hastened to overtake her in a small steamer on December 16th, and met with what nearly proved a very dangerous accident. Walking after the captain on the lower deck and not perceiving an open hatchway, he was precipitated down it. Had he fallen on his head the shock might have been fatal. "As I was walking boldly on," he says, describing what took place, "it was on my feet I fell, and I am only now suffering from a livid bruise all down the thigh. God be praised for safety. I must learn not only to look to my guide, but also to the road on which I am walking."

After a short stay at Cottayam and Allepie, he arrived at Colombo in Ceylon, on 29th December. Here for the first time, he found a Bishop, and was "overwhelmed with kindness."

There were many local matters full of embarrassment, but he declined entering into them: confining himself to his duties as Metropolitan. On the last day of the year he writes:—"I have been preaching in the Cathedral before the Governor, Lord Torrington, and a very large audience. My voice rather recovers itself. Thus ends the year 1848, crowned with mercies."

On January 5th, 1849, he delivered his Charge: and the Bishop of Colombo preached the Visitation sermon. On Sunday, January 7th, he preached again, bidding the congregation farewell; and in the evening describes himself as sitting calmly in the beautiful grounds surrounding the house, "meditating on the past, the present, and the future of the Visitation."

On Monday he sailed for Madras: and arrived on February 1st. There were one hundred and sixty-three letters and papers awaiting him, and he was at once immersed in business. No Bishop was in Madras. Bishop Spencer, after long struggling with the climate, had been compelled to leave; and anxious matters of all kinds had accumulated. Sir Henry Pottinger the Governor, sent an aide-de-camp to see him safely across the surf, and when landed, received him with courtesy, and treated him with confidence. He found a home with Archdeacon Shortland, whom he had long known, and much esteemed. The Rev. Mr. Ragland had succeeded Mr. Tucker as Secretary to the Church Missionary Society. Mr. Evans and Mr. Alcock were at the Cathedral, Mr. Lugard at Vepery, Mr. Richards at Black Town, Mr. Symonds at St. Thomé, Mr. Powell at the Mount:—"These," he says, "are all good men and true: so that I almost think Madras surpasses Calcutta, though that is well off." He entered at once into the duties required of him; presided at the anniversaries of the various religious Societies, delivered nine sermons and addresses in fourteen days, held an Ordination, repeated his Charge—and then at once broke down. What might have been done with impunity in former days, proved now too much for his strength. He was attacked with low fever, and even whilst begging for a short respite in order to administer Confirmation to some hundreds of young persons, all prepared and longing

to receive it at his hands, was hurried on board the vessel and sent to sea. His medical advisers were right in anticipating good effects from the sea air. His recovery was rapid: and when he arrived in Calcutta on March 2nd, Dr. Webb said he was looking "very well."

With his residence in Calcutta for awhile, the extracts from his journal-letters will be resumed.

'CALCUTTA, *March*, 1849. Let me say a few words on affliction.

'1. The benefit of a great affliction must come from the same hand that sent it. Afflictions in themselves harden and drive from God, as in the case of the ungodly: but in the case of the righteous they draw us to God and unite us with him.

'2. This effect will be gradual, secret, between God and the soul; and not loquacious and prominent.

'3. It must be sought for in earnest prayer, and by the Grace of the Holy Spirit.

'4. The Psalms are the afflicted soul's cordial, guide, and model.

'5. A new covenant should be made with God, and written out in secret, and kept unseen by all but God.

'6. There is no need to look out for any special and tangible reason for the Divine chastisement. It is God's discipline with all his children, and most with those whom he most loves.

'7. A public station, though honourable and useful, is yet like the pinnacle in our Lord's temptation, from which Satan tries to persuade us to throw ourselves down—to be presumptuous, to make a figure, to aim at display.

'8. A mighty affliction is like the purifier's furnace; to purge away the dross that we may come out as gold: but to come out as gold, in *God's* estimate and in *man's*, are quite different things.

'9. Foolish books and foolish reading should be renounced, and a check put upon all general reading, lest it swallow up too much of the thoughts.

'10. Duties of all kinds must still be actively pursued.

'11. The sensible impression of the affliction will fade by lapse of time, but the sanctified effect will remain to the end of life.

'12. Cecil's or Adam's Thoughts, are excellent books for affliction.

'13. Backsliding in heart from God is more or less, alas ! too common with us all :—afflictions are bitter medicines designed to deplete the soul of the world and sin.

'14. Meditate on eternity—that will swallow up time.

'15. Realise the agonies of Gethsemane and the Cross.

'16. Fix a time for public thanksgiving and receiving the Supper of the Lord.

'17. Write to wise friends for advice.'

'*March 12th.* A gentleman has brought me a letter from the Bishop of Exeter, who says "no difference of sentiment on points even of grave importance can impair my regard for you. May it please God that we meet hereafter in a world where there will be no difference of opinion, no question who is right, no doubt what is truth : but where we shall know even as also we are known." Is not this kind ? I have a still better letter from the Bishop of Oxford in answer to mine, forwarding the "Final Report" of the Cathedral. He at once applied for an audience of the Queen, and when he had read my letter and exhibited the engravings, "the liveliest interest was expressed," he says, "in all that I was doing, and the most earnest desire that all my plans for the good of India might prosper." "I trust," the Bishop says, "that from the other end of the earth you will sometimes think of the son of your old friend, labouring under a burden here at home, the weight of which you can appreciate, on whom rests the Metropolitan Episcopalate of India, and aid him by your effectual prayers to God."'

'*March 15th.* Mr. Macaulay's history gains on me as I read, with the one very serious exception of a want of consistent and grave moral and religious principle. Philosophical liberalism will never have God's blessing. But what a marvellous writer ! What memory ! What power of description ! What nice delineation of character ! His account of the death of Charles II.—his sketch of the Jesuits—his estimate of Burnet, are capital. But all fades before his masterly development

of the character, talents, and views of William. I never clearly understood the grounds of the Revolution before. And the conduct of Mary—how sweet, when she first learnt her future position as Queen! I almost forgot to mention the incomparable opening up of Irish affairs in the second volume. I don't wonder that twenty-five thousand copies were sold off (as we are told here) in four or five days.'

'*March 23rd.* We have been to inspect Mr. Wilberforce Bird's late house in the Chowringhee Road, which I am advised to make the Bishop's Palace, instead of the one which they have inhabited here for eighteen years. The advantages are, its immediate vicinity to the Cathedral—a more airy situation—and ground near which will suit for schools and Missionaries' houses. The disadvantages are, the moving of an old man after sixteen years, the inferiority in appearance, and the accommodation not being so great. The design is merely in embryo. With God are the issues of small as well as great concerns. If it be His will, and for His glory, and the good of my successor, it will take place. Otherwise I would not wish it to succeed for a moment. I am looking daily, I hope, for "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."'

The new arrangement thus referred to was, after some delay, accomplished, and the old Palace exchanged for the new one. No risk was incurred by Government. The Bishop took all that upon himself. Government purchased the new house; the old one was sold. The difference in value (for the old one was the larger, and much more valuable) was to go towards the enlargement and improvement of the new building. In the result, the Bishop expended far more than the "difference" amounted to; and he retained the old Palace in his own hands. The moment that the assent of the Government was expressed, he wrote to the builder, who was charged with the alterations and improvements, as follows:—"April 25th. Now is the time. From April 25th to December 25th are eight months. You must have all finished by the latter day. Let not the sun go down before you have made a beginning." This characteristic note, which was sent at six o'clock in the morning, elicited a corresponding answer the same evening, as follows:—"Agree-

able to your orders, both men and materials were sent to the new Palace, and the work was commenced within a few hours after I received your Lordship's favour of this day.—
C. MACINTOSH."

'*March 31st.* The war is over, and the Punjaub is annexed. It will be placed under Sir Henry Lawrence, a most admirable and pious man, with E. Thornton, Macleod, Montgomery, Pearson, and other men under him—all able, and well-disposed. Surely I shall soon have a Bishop of Agra! for chaplains will be planted all over the newly acquired territories with the army and civilians. Oh! that God would turn British India to Himself, on the footing of these his "marvellous loving kindnesses." I must do what I can to help on this mighty change. I want India, as with the heart of one man, hand joining in hand, to enter into covenant with God in Christ Jesus.'

He did his best to carry out the idea thus expressed in his journal-letter, by preaching two thanksgiving sermons on the victory of Guzerat and the consequent peace.

Lord Dalhousie was absent with the camp at Ferozepore; and, in his "general order" announcing the successful termination of the war, he said:—"While thus congratulating the army and British subjects in India on the triumphant success which has been achieved, the Governor-General desires humbly to acknowledge the Hand by which alone victory is given. He has, accordingly, intimated to the Lord Bishop his wish that on the first Sunday in May, thanksgivings shall be offered to Almighty God for the successful termination of the war in which we have been engaged, and for the restoration to the people of the blessings of peace."

The result of this was a Circular addressed to all the clergy in the diocese, containing an arrangement for morning and evening services, and a form of thanksgiving to be used in all churches on the sixth of May. The Bishop himself preached in the Cathedral from Psalm cvii. 43; and both this, and the discourse preached for the victory of Guzerat, on "the deliver-

ance vouchsafed to King Asa," were printed and circulated throughout India. The sermons were admirable and the effect good. "The second of these sermons," he says, "has led me to meditate much on the love of God. What proofs have I had of this 'darling attribute,' as Bishop Horne calls it, daily in Providence and Grace. How has God led and fed me all life long! How has he blessed me, and my children, and my grandchildren! What honour has he put upon my hoary hairs by my household's walking in the way of righteousness! And looking back upon the forty-eight years of my ministry, how can I bless God enough for Chobham, Oxford, Worton, St. John's, Islington, and Calcutta! May my few remaining days be LOVE to my ever-blessed God in Christ Jesus. I feel quite relieved now that these sermons are done. I fully resolve to print no more."

A question now arose which from small beginnings became great, and demands consideration. It had been customary in India to apply to the Chaplain at each station when permission was required to erect a Mural Tablet in the church, or a monument in the churchyard; and on such permission being granted, a form of application to the Registrar in Calcutta was signed, and a fee of fifty rupees paid. This usage was now resisted simultaneously at Allahabad and Mhow; and the matter being taken up by Government grew into formidable dimensions. The status of the Chaplain, the custody of the church and churchyard, the validity of ecclesiastical law in India, the authority inherent in the Bishop's office; and recognised in his Letters Patent, which assigned to him "all functions peculiar and appropriated to the office of Bishop:"—all these questions were raised; all these rights were doubted, and in some measure denied.

This roused the spirit of the aged Bishop, and he came forth, as in former times, to defend the rights of the Church. "I have been writing," he says, "a long letter to the Governor, in reply to one addressed to me cutting up all my powers as Bishop root and branch. I must for conscience' sake, for religion's sake, and for the sake of my successors, weak and old as I am, maintain the inherent rights of my office. If I fail in my

remonstrance, I must appeal home." And again, a week after, he says, "O Lord! from whom all blessing proceeds, vouchsafe to prosper the long and anxious remonstrance which Thy servant has now prepared for the Government. Whatever the result, may Thy servant rejoice in it as THY WILL. Such is the aspiration with which I sent off this morning the third copy with my own hand of my letter about my spiritual duties. I was six hours at work yesterday, and two this morning. I am quite worn out."

The correspondence was carried on with the Governor-General, who was absent; but the local authorities in Calcutta with whom the Bishop communicated personally, deemed it altogether a question of law, which must be decided at home. The Bishop was quite prepared for this, but it was not eventually found necessary. The discussion ended in something like the following arrangement, so far as the practical part of the matter was concerned:—That in accordance with the Bishop's inherent rights, and in subordination to his authority, the charge of the church was to be considered as vested in the Chaplain for the time being; to whom also appertained the control over the erection of Mural Tablets. The form of application for permission to erect them, was to be the same as heretofore, but the process was to be simplified. The fee of fifty rupees was also to be paid, but not either to Registrar or Chaplain. Three quarters of it was to go towards the payment of church expenses; and one quarter was to be paid in the hands of the Chaplain for charitable purposes.

The general control over the churchyard was to be exercised as heretofore, by the Chaplain, and the key of the entrance gate was to be kept by him. But he was not to be at liberty to give or withhold it at his pleasure. It was always to be given when applied for, for purposes of interment; and no fee in any case was to be demanded for the erection of monuments or tombstones. In places where the whole of the ground was already consecrated, more ground (unconsecrated) was to be added; and in places where the ground was not yet consecrated, some portion was to be reserved for the use of Roman Catholics and others dissenting from the Church of England.

The difficulty connected with these practical matters was thus got over. But the validity of Ecclesiastical Law, and the admission of the Bishop's inherent rights was a different and much wider question. The Government for a time repudiated, what the Bishop strenuously claimed. They were inclined to deny that either Episcopal authority or Ecclesiastical Law were binding upon any persons but the clergy: he asserted that *in spiritual matters* they were binding upon all alike. His words were very moderate, but very clear, as expressed in a letter to Government, dated May 2nd, 1849:—

‘ The Bishop and clergy are doubtless the proper and only direct objects of the ecclesiastical laws, as they all come out under the solemn and express bond of them. Not so the laity and Government, who are merely concerned in them occasionally and incidentally:—the Government, as they are enjoined in the Letters Patent to be aiding and assisting to the Bishop in the discharge of his functions—the laity generally, when they are pleased to apply for the Bishop's spiritual and ecclesiastical help. They then of course conform for the moment to those terms which are necessary according to the ecclesiastical laws, for the exercise of the Bishop's jurisdiction in granting the indulgences and privileges sought for.’

The result, however, of the whole matter was that the Government, who had raised the question, dropped it. From the Council Chamber he received the following letter, dated May 12th, 1849:—

“ I am desired to acknowledge your Lordship's letter, dated May 2nd; and, in reply, to state that the President in Council had no intention, by the observations conveyed in the concluding paragraph of my letter, dated March 24th, to suggest any restriction to the exercise of your Lordship's spiritual functions. With this assurance on the part of the Government, his Honour in Council doubts not that your Lordship will be satisfied.”

“ Blessed be God,” says the Bishop on the receipt of this letter, “ who has all hearts in his hands! The Government

have yielded the two grand points—Mural Tablets, and the Ecclesiastical Laws ;” and in his reply he stated that he should continue to act in all respects as he had hitherto done.

“ I need scarcely repeat,” he says, “ what I stated in my letter of May 2nd, that it is my intention to exercise my proper functions as prescribed in the Letters Patent, and followed by all my predecessors, until the due Ecclesiastical authorities at home should see fit, in solemn form, to revoke or modify the correctional and spiritual jurisdiction entrusted to me. I have only to add, that, as everything is now satisfactorily settled, I have thought it proper to direct that copies of this correspondence should be sent to the Suffragan Bishops for their guidance ; and also to the Archbishop of Canterbury.”

Silence gave consent: the matter ended: and the journal-letters may be again resumed.

‘ *May 8th*,—My ninety-second clerical meeting was peaceful, holy, and edifying, last evening: subject, The Ascension of Christ. It was one of our best and sweetest meetings.

‘ *May 9th*.—Mr. Bethune has taken a good step by opening a native female school for the higher classes. Mrs. Wilson’s schools were for the lower classes. Christianity is not included; but this is a step in advance, considering the totally neglected state of the female sex in India !’

‘ *May 12th*.—Called on Sir Charles Napier, the Commander-in-Chief. He is thin, and pallid, with a very prominent aquiline nose, and a long shaggy beard. Very little passed. He said he should go up the country as soon as he had inspected Dum-Dum and Barrackpore. His aide-de-camp said that their party of six had but forty-one packages altogether. Sir Charles responded, when I referred to his recognition of Divine Providence in the after-dinner speech he made in England before he left: “ Yes; ” he said, “ upon Divine Providence we must trust in small things as well as great.” He thought the waves in the Punjaub must still be ruffled after the storm.

‘ When I met him afterwards at dinner, his beard was adjusted under his cravat. He talked well; said that he had heard at

Aden of the battle of Guzerat, and bitterly repented his coming out. The Duke was quite peremptory on the subject—Either you must go or I. The Duke's health and powers of mind he considered as clear and vigorous as ever. The speech made by him at the India House was delivered with hesitation and without modulation, but was manly and convincing.'

'BISHOP'S COLLEGE, *May 26th*.—I have come over here to my tower-room. Nothing can be more beautiful than this place; the foliage so rich; the river so wide; the lawn so verdant; the chapel so exquisite; the whole edifice so noble. But it wants "the river of the water of life" flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb; and this is the main defect. I have nothing personally to complain of, nor have I had for several years. Mr. Street and Mr. Weidemann (now second Professor) are most truly kind and respectful. My complaint is not this. I had all the students assembled in the dining-room yesterday, and made them an address of forty minutes; and this morning I am to address them again after chapel. I asked Mr. Street what was meant by a young native sitting on a bench outside the chapel door. "He is doing penance," was the reply.'

'*June 3rd*.—I have been able to preach at the Cathedral. But two things are perfectly clear to me: that my *voice* is gone, and my *hearing* affected. Thus the earthly "house of this tabernacle" is being dissolved. The "three warnings" only lack one, my *sight*. This at present remains good.'

'*COSSIPORE, June 8th*.—Sir William and Lady Gomm were at morning prayers yesterday at the Cathedral, and I showed them over it. He called afterwards, and they both dined with me in the evening. He is a very amiable and pleasing person. Five days after his commission had been signed, the panic about Chillianwallah threw all England into terrors, and Sir Charles Napier was hurried off, and arrived in India before Sir William Gomm. The Duke wrote to him to apologise most amply for the unexpected change. Sir William takes it extremely well, and says the Duke was perfectly right.'

'*June 30th*.—I think Mr. Goode's book incomparable. I have read also with attention the whole Report of the Propagation Society for 1848. It strikes me that prodigious

good must be doing on the whole. There may be some formality and High-Churchism; but the frame-work is set up. Look at the Bishop of Capetown for example. What energy! What enterprise! What zeal for souls! And then the entire number of Society's Missionaries, four hundred and thirteen—prodigious indeed!

'NEW PALACE, CALCUTTA, *September 1st.* This is the first day I have come over to study, and write, and meditate. I sit in the third story. The prospect is exquisite. The Cathedral adjoins the compound, the esplanade stretches unobstructed to the south and south-east, the air is delicious. We shall not come to live here most likely till our return from Visitation; for we start again, please God, on September 21st. Now I desire to dedicate this new abode to Thy glory, O Lord! May every succeeding Bishop live and preach Thy Gospel more and more clearly; may every room have its altar of prayer and praise; and may this change be for the comfort and usefulness of Thy servant's successors, and the glory of Thy great and holy name.'

On September 21st, as thus proposed, the Visitation was resumed: and in the usual accommodation-boat the Bishop ascended the river to Allahabad, and then dropped down, stopping at the various stations and performing the required duties. With these stations and duties the reader is now familiar, so that it will be sufficient to state that the journey was performed in safety, and Calcutta regained on January 22nd, 1850. A few important events however require notice. The period of this Visitation was marked by the arrival of Dr. Kay, the new Principal of Bishop's College: by the appointment of Archdeacon Dealtry, whilst in England for health, to the See of Madras, void by the resignation of Bishop Spencer: and by the immediate nomination of Mr. Pratt to the vacant Archdeaconry of Calcutta. The Bishop rejoiced at being able thus to mark his sense of the unwearied and valuable services rendered by Mr. Pratt to himself and India for the space of ten years. The new Archdeacon found also at Bhagulpore, in the daughter of George Brown, Esq., of the Civil Service, one to share his happy prospects, to

promote his domestic happiness, and to walk with him as an heir "of the grace of life."

On the Bishop's arrival in Calcutta, he took up his abode in the New Palace. The journal-letter will tell the particulars :—

'February 2nd, 1850. I came in here to breakfast this morning, and had family prayers for the first time in the new chapel, when we devoted it and ourselves to God our Saviour.'

'February 4th. I found the nearness of the Cathedral most convenient this morning. You might have seen me walking from my house, well-wrapped up, at a quarter to seven, and returning in the warmth of the early sun at a quarter to eight. I like also the chimes, which even my dull ears can follow out distinctly, and which guide my servants day and night. The accommodation will fully answer my expectations when the three new rooms are habitable. The only regret I have is the money I have expended, and the trouble of getting habituated to a new state of things.'

'February 22nd. I have been dreadfully hurried since my return : and the Lent Lectures, preached in the Old Church this year, give me a great deal of work. The subject is, "The Christian armour." One incident last evening was very affecting to me. The Bishop's College students and catechists have been used to sit about the Communion rails, and often became mingled and confused with the congregation. Last night, whom should I see humbly sitting amongst them, but the new Principal, Dr. Kay. I pressed him to take a seat in a pew, but he declined. There he remained like a father with his children. In a proud aristocratic city like Calcutta, this was a bold, but most commendable innovation, like everything else he does : and it endears him to his pupils prodigiously.'

'March 3rd. In the beginning of March I always endeavour to look back with humble thankfulness to March 1796, when the infinite mercy of Christ first touched my heart, and led me to serious thoughtfulness about my soul. Different saints are brought into the fold in different ways. Many gradually and imperceptibly, as my late dearest wife ; others by alarming sickness ; others by the preaching of the Word ; and many

like myself, by some brief admonition addressed in common conversation, and brought home to the conscience by the Spirit of God. But I have never committed the great error of *resting* my evidences for heaven on the supposed date of this impression. No. I thank God with adoring gratitude for that call: but my evidences of adoption must be sought for, in the habitual penitence, faith, love, and obedience of my heart and life. Christ must be to me "all in all:" my "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." May He so be to me to my dying hour! Alas! What am I in his sight as to myself. I enter the fifty-fifth year, lower and deeper I hope in self-abasement than in any one that has preceded it. I quite agree with dear Mr. Simeon, "that no human eye can ever detect the infinite depravity of the heart, nor any person form the least conjecture of what we have been and are."

March 13th. I met Lord and Lady Dalhousie at our Deputy-Governor's last week. Both have recovered their health. Lord Dalhousie chatted pleasantly with me before and after dinner. I attacked him for not answering my private letters. "How ungrateful you are," he said, "I answered all except when you sent me your Charge, when I thought you were the person to teach, and not I."

March 15th. There is nothing like a large dinner party for getting a new house finished. I had not given one for seven years; that is, since October, 1843, when I entertained Lord Auckland. I therefore engaged Lord and Lady Dalhousie for the only day they could spare before going up the country. We sat down at eight o'clock, thirty-four in company, and broke up before ten. All went off well: and Lord Dalhousie told me afterwards he had never spent a more pleasant evening. There is the end, as well as the beginning, of my large parties for this year.

March 20th. My Cathedral missionary, Mr. Davis, has been twice in the Bazaars, preaching the "glorious Gospel;" so that his three divisions of missionary labour have begun: 1. Study with his Pundit. 2. The Allypore school. 3. Bazaar preaching: and all within fourteen months from his first arrival.

March 25th. I am delighted with reading the "Life of

Bishop Shirley." He was truly a first-rate person, so sensible, amiable, and diligent. His remarks on the "Trinitarian Bible Society," and "Irvingism," are incomparable. I learned one important lesson from his most just fear at my appointment in 1832, that my "impetuosity of character" would endanger my usefulness. I pray still that I may be enabled to guard against it. The Bishop's opposition to Tractarianism is noble, and his views of its poison original. His piety, sweetness, influence, and tact are wonderful.'

'*April 1st.* I have finished my Lent Lectures. Sketches of them have appeared in the "Christian Intelligencer." It has been a great effort for me altogether. My voice was stronger whilst delivering the last two, than when I began. The numbers attending I do not know; for they do not count numbers in the Old Church: but on Good Friday evening the church was crammed from end to end, and many were sitting on benches in the verandah outside.'

'*April 12th.* The reading of Dr. Chalmers has succeeded to Bishop Shirley. I have finished with wonder and admiration the first volume. A great man he was—raised up to do a great work. No one, perhaps, has done more. The disclosures of his inmost soul in his Journal are the most touching I ever read.'

'*April 19th.* The Act for the establishment of Liberty of Conscience here, passed on April 11th. This will be as memorable a day as December 4th, 1829, when Lord William Bentinck abolished the rite of Suttee. Now, the Hindoo or Mahometan, who may embrace the Christian faith, will no longer forfeit his inheritance. He will stand, as to civil rights, exactly where he did before. This, with the new plan of education proposed by Mr. Thomason, is a grand step in the right direction. On Wednesday last I had a few friends to dinner. We sat in our new western verandah, with the moon, five days old, beaming upon us, and retired at eight to Mrs. Pratt's drawing-room, who always gives us a hymn at evening prayers. I was in my own room before nine.'

'*April 20th.* The removal of dear Bickersteth, in his sixty-fourth year, much affects me. He is a remarkable instance how love and diligence, with very moderate learning, and no

conspicuous talents, carry it against more brilliant parts. Everybody venerated his sincerity and tenderness of heart. His usefulness, by his early practical writings, continued for thirty or forty years, and will long continue. And he has now safely landed in the heavenly Canaan, leaving a sweet savour of Christ behind him. Mr. Cecil used to say, that it is not by men of great powers God did his work, but by men of holy love. Some exceptions there are, in St. Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Jewell, Hooker, Cecil, who were raised up for special work and rough times; but generally, the quiet, indefatigable, holy minister accomplishes most good.'

'*June 11th.* Experiments are about to be made of an electric telegraph. This will shorten, by seven days, our news from England, and bring it down from thirty-five days, to twenty-eight. How wonderful compared with the four, five, or six months of 1832! A committee is also appointed to prepare a plan for a *one anna* postage, similar to your *one penny* postage, which has so admirably succeeded. Our railroad is also to begin at Howrah, and run to Burdwan.'

'*June 12th.* I am arranging for the resumption of my Visitation in the autumn; and have sent in my public letter to Government. I propose to divide it into two parts, beginning in August with Archdeacon Pratt as my acting chaplain; and ending it in February with my new domestic chaplain, the Rev. J. Bloomfield.'

'*July 2nd.* My nineteenth birthday since I left England in 1832. Surely I am a wonder unto many, as well as to myself! Surely I have to bless God, who has permitted me to enter my seventy-third year. Calvin died in his fifty-fifth, Doddridge in his fiftieth, Baxter in his fifty-seventh, Bishop Ryder in his fifty-eighth, Bishop Middleton in his fifty-fourth, Heber in his forty-third, Bickersteth in his sixty-fourth. Wherefore, am I, a cumberer of the ground, so long spared? I dare not, cannot tell you, nor any human being, the real sense of unprofitableness I have—or ought to have. Oh! that I may end well! May my sun set without a cloud! May I go on consistently, humbly, tenderly! May I leave the morrow with God! May I improve the few days which remain, to the Divine honour! May grace be vouchsafed to me for dying

hours! Oh! for joy, faith, love, hope, resignation, heaven. Christ is "all and in all." I have no other trust—none. His atoning blood, and Holy Spirit, are all I want for eternity.'

In this spirit he prepared for his usual Confirmations and Ordination; and then, on August 5th, 1850, he embarked in the *Damouda* steamer on his route to Dacca. He was soon on entirely new ground; for, after four days' stay at Dacca, and the performance of a busy round of duties, he entered Assam, and made for the station of Gowhatti. Ascending the Brahmaputra river, the vast ranges of mountains, which divide Assam from Thibet on the north, and from the Burman Empire on the south, soon came in sight. The rains were but slight, and the temperature was agreeable; so that the change from Calcutta at its bad season was very advantageous. "We reached Goalpara," says the Bishop, "on Tuesday, August 20th. The view was very pleasing. Its brilliant verdure, its hanging woods, the background of dim mountains, the tranquil river smooth as a lake, quite enchanted us. We determined to stay the night, that we might mount the hill with the aid of elephants, and give divine service to the few scattered gentry. But no one came to welcome and invite us on shore. A kind of clownish negligence (which I never before met with) and indifference, left us to ourselves, and we had no opportunity of landing. Such is this wild place. One passenger, a lieutenant, has joined us, being ordered up the hills beyond Gowhatti, to quiet the restless native tribes."

Gowhatti was reached on the 23rd, and the whole population were delighted with the visit, and warm in their welcome. The Bishop, having determined to stay over three Sundays, all duties were systematically arranged with Mr. Bland, the chaplain, and in due course satisfactorily performed. A handsome church, recently erected, was consecrated, confirmation administered, and several sermons preached. At the Holy Sacrament there were but twelve communicants; but the whole congregation begged permission to be present during the administration. "Perhaps this may be a step onwards," said the Bishop.

They next touched at Tezpore (the city of blood) and then passed up to Dibroghur. "It came into our possession," he says, "in 1835; and a Captain Gordon, the devout Resident, began instantly to build a church, and found a Mission. Colonel Wheeler, so well known and highly esteemed, subscribed five hundred rupees a month to assist the Rev. Mr. Hœberlin in supporting it. Gordon and Hœberlin have both fallen in early life, and in the midst of usefulness; and the Missions here and at Dacca are paralysed. The Church Missionary Society have adopted three out of the seven missionaries, but have not taken up the Mission for want of those funds which rich, but selfish, England might so easily supply."

The arrival of the steamer at Dibroghur caused an immense sensation. No one had ever seen the like. Thousands of natives came flocking down each hour to the river-side, "making poojah" to the engines; and the native pilots, when called to take charge of the vessel, and guide her through the intricacies of the channel, prostrated themselves, in turn, before they took the helm.

Greatly to the honour of the few Christian residents—amongst whom the Bishop mentions Captains Vetch and Reid, with a Mr. Shurlock, the son of the very gentleman at Farnham, Hants, who received and entertained him when in the year 1801 he went to receive Priest's orders—a very handsome church was being erected. The architect was Captain Reid. He had never built a church before, but took the plan from an engraving in the *Illustrated London News*, and for eight thousand rupees, had so nearly completed the structure, that the Bishop was able to perform divine service in it.

Diverging from the upward track, and following a winding stream for thirty miles, the steamer reached and anchored off Seib Saugor, a remote spot, but getting into note by the very successful cultivation of the tea plant. A congregation of nineteen, including some pious American missionaries who had been located here for nine years, and had gathered both converts and schools, was assembled for divine service, and the Bishop preached. This was the extreme point of the Visitation,

and the steamer's head was now turned homewards. Each station was again visited in passing: Mymensing, Burrisaul, Culneah, had a "word in season;" and Calcutta was regained on the 20th September.

'In thirty-six days,' says the Bishop, 'I have preached eighteen times. The good seed sown in these Visitations is of the last importance. I am satisfied a Bishop does nothing more useful. The tone of religion is raised. Individuals are touched. The Gospel is better understood. The clergy are roused. But I shall be glad of rest now, after a journey of two thousand miles, and eight stations, with about a thousand Christians altogether. Most of these have never been visited before. Besides preaching, I have held four Confirmations, have consecrated one church and cemetery, and opened two others. Eben-Ezer! Hitherto the Lord hath helped us. Fine weather, a favourable entrance amongst the people, grace sufficient, good health, our beloved Church strengthened, Tractarianism denounced, Christ alone exalted, many souls, I hope, blessed for ever:—these have been the characteristics of this Visitation.'

In Calcutta he found his new domestic Chaplain, the Rev. J. Bloomfield. "His arrival will form an era," says the Bishop: "a fresh starting-post in life." But whilst rejoicing in this new helper, he was thunderstruck by the receipt of a letter from the Bishop of London, bearing the following direction:—"The Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Sarâwak, Borneo: care of the Rev. Mr. Church at Singapore."

The object was to request him to visit the island of Borneo, which being included in none of the Eastern dioceses, fell under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London; and when there to consecrate the new church recently erected by Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarâwak. A voyage of fourteen weeks, and a journey of four thousand miles, was thus suggested, by the stroke of a pen, to a Bishop in his seventy-third year! For a moment his heart sunk within him, but he had never yet declined the call of duty, and his courage soon revived. He communicated with the Government, and no obstacle presenting

itself, he resolved to go. "On the whole," he says, "I believe it to be my duty; and my concern is only to 'die daily,' leaving results with sovereign faithfulness, love, and power." The Archdeacon and Mrs. Pratt readily and willingly accompanied him. The reader need not be told the history of Rajah Brooke, of his settlement at Borneo, and of the bright hopes once attaching to that beautiful island of the Chinese Archipelago. These hopes have been somewhat dimmed; and they rest now rather on the progress and stability of the Church, than on the aid and protection of the State. But at the time, they were surrounded with something of the halo of romance, and Labuan and Sarâwak had become household words.

The Bishop no doubt felt the influence of this, and since the next part of his Visitation admitted of expansion, he resolved to include Borneo in it. Accordingly, on November 11th, he set sail in the *Tavoy* Pilot Brig, Captain Ransom, bound for Chittagong, Akyab, Moulmein, Penang, Malacca, Singapore, and BORNEO.

Sermons, discussions, addresses, family prayers, conferences, confirmations, consecrations at the various stations above enumerated—with the alternations of calms and storms at sea, may be passed over: and it will suffice to say that the vessel anchored in safety off Singapore on January 11th, 1851. Only a short stay there was contemplated, but embarrassments arose from the absence of the *Nemesis* steamer, which was to have taken on the party to Borneo, and from some uncertainty about the movements of Rajah Brooke. A large steamer, the *Semiramis*, was at Singapore; but there was no accommodation for passengers, and unless the Bishop himself assumed the responsibility, his own little brig, the *Tavoy*, had no orders to proceed beyond Singapore. The arrival, however, of a larger man-of-war, the *Amazon*, soon put all to rights. Captain Barker, who was in command, had run in to Singapore in order to meet the Bishop, and to afford his young midshipmen and ship boys, the opportunity of Confirmation; and in the exercise of his authority, as senior officer, he directed the *Semiramis* to comply with the Bishop's wishes and take the *Tavoy* in tow—thus at once hastening the voyage to Borneo,

and continuing the accommodation. A violent gale, however, frustrated the arrangement, broke the towing hawsers, and compelled both vessels to run for shelter to the nearest bay. It was then agreed that the Bishop and his party should be taken on board the *Semiramis*, though the defective accommodation had previously forbidden the idea. When this was effected, the vessel sped on her way to Borneo against the monsoon, and through an adverse and stormy sea, and arrived at the mouth of the Sarâwak river on the 18th January. Here they remained beating about for fifteen hours, receiving neither letters, messengers, nor pilot. They then pushed on cautiously, and found on arriving at Sarâwak, that Sir James Brooke, being ill with fever, and not expecting them, had left in the *Nemesis* the night before! The Rev. Mr. Macdougall, however, who was then at the head of the Mission, and afterwards became Bishop of Labuan, received them most gladly.

‘A splendid region is this Borneo,’ writes the Bishop, after landing. ‘It is the largest island in the world, abounding with rivers and harbours, and the richest productions of every kind. In 1520 it was visited by the Portuguese, and raised by commerce to a state of unexampled prosperity. But it was subsequently reduced to a state of misery by the Malays settling on the coast, engaging in piratical enterprises, and enslaving the aborigines. Sir J. Brooke, smitten with admiration at the capabilities of the island, arrives, in the year 1838, on a visit of enquiry. He finds Mudo Hassim, the Chief of Sarâwak, unable to subdue the Dyaks, who had risen in rebellion against their oppressors. Sir James is about to quit the country, when Mudo Hassim, in order to retain his invaluable services, makes over to him a large tract of land. The grant is confirmed by the Sultan of Borneo. Sir James then builds houses of wood and mud, calls on the British Government to aid him in suppressing piracy, and with the help of Admiral Cochrane and Captains Keppel and Mundy, accomplishes his object. The China sea from Singapore to Bruné is thus thrown open to European enterprise. The island of Labuan, which is about three hundred miles from Sarâwak, is made over to Her Majesty’s Government. Sir James is nominated first governor, and

Sarâwak remains as his private estate. This generous Englishman devotes his time, fortune, health, body and soul, to the welfare of the people. He joins the commencement of a Christian mission to his other designs; but until he can produce a general security of person and property, the Borneo Mission Committee¹ confine themselves to the sending out a Missionary, and building a Church, a dwelling-house, and a school. Sir James is sending young Mr. Brereton² and Mr. Leet, to reside at Sakarran, the former centre of piracy. He places one hundred thousand souls under their charge. He has moreover just given a glebe of forty acres to the Sarâwak Church. I ask then, was there ever a more inviting field for usefulness since the Ascension of our Lord? If England answer not to the duties of such an opening, it will reflect indelible disgrace upon her Christian character. The statesman is as much interested as the Christian. And the mission will lay the foundation of that faith towards God, which will assist the progress of civilisation and sanctify its benefits.'

The *Semiramis* could only remain a few days at Borneo; but as much edification was condensed into that short period as possible. Pleasant and profitable intercourse of all kinds took place. A little company of sixteen assembled each day for social converse and family prayers. Divine service was celebrated in Mr. Macdougall's house, with a congregation of fifty-five. The church, though not quite covered in, was consecrated amidst an immense assemblage of Chinese, Malays, and Dyaks from all parts of the island. It was built of iron-wood and the palm-tree, and was a handsome structure. "Never," said the Bishop, "did I feel such delight in consecrating a church. The site of it, two years ago, was covered with thick jungle: and Sarâwak itself, ten years ago, was desolated by pirates. The whole is next to miraculous; and if the Evangelical spirit govern the mission, and strong heroic men can be sent forth, full of faith and love, glorious things may be anticipated in future years."

¹ Since transferred to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

² This promising young gentleman, a son of the Rev. C. D. Brereton, Rector of Little Massingham, Norfolk, who was one of the earliest and most devoted friends of the Borneo Mission, died in the midst of his career of usefulness and gallantry.

Having thus accomplished his object, the Bishop embarked in the *Semiramis*, on January 23rd, and arrived at Singapore on the 25th, "exhausted and pale as ashes." Sir James Brooke, though still ill, at once waited on him. "We had a good deal of chat," says the Bishop. "There is evident sweetness, and yet firmness in his countenance. He must have great qualities to have done what he has. Languid in disposition, I understand he is, till aroused: but then full of energy. He has great tact in the management of the natives, and a beneficial influence over them, acquired by mildness, disinterestedness, courage and decision. The very smell of war awakens his whole soul, and he fights like a true hero as he is; but after a victory, he sinks back into silence, meditation, theories, metaphysics.

"When he dined with the Queen at Windsor in 1847, Her Majesty asked him how he could govern so many thousand people without troops. He said, in reply, that he managed the natives easily enough: but that the four or five English he had with him, gave him much more trouble. The Queen laughed heartily, and replied 'I understand that.'"

From Singapore the Bishop set sail on January 30th; and calling at all the stations before visited in order that they might have a double benefit, and then making a long fatiguing journey of fifty miles from Pooree on the coast, to Kuttack in the interior, which was "more than old seventy-three could well bear," he arrived safely at Calcutta on the 14th March.

'Jehovah Jireh!' he says, 'The Lord will provide! Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all through this Visitation. Kind friends have appeared at every station, thirty-five sermons have been delivered, Borneo has for the first time been reached by a Bishop, five thousand one hundred miles have been traversed, my own health with Archdeacon and Mrs. Pratt's preserved, the clergy stirred up, love peace truth zeal promoted, the Church upheld, ten Confirmations administered, three churches and cemeteries consecrated, congregations of three thousand two hundred people addressed, and one hundred and fifty letters written.'

With such words the Bishop entered once more on the duties of Calcutta: and his journal-letters will tell, as before, the narrative of events in the year 1851.

'March 23rd. I lie by on Sundays during Lent, that I may see how I get on with my Friday evening Lectures on the Fifty-first Psalm. What praise and gratitude do I owe to the Lord Jesus for bringing me back again to Calcutta! May it be for some great spiritual good to souls! I am trying to search out my spirit and learn the special duty of OLD AGE in such a world as this Indian Diocese is. Prayer, faith, humiliation, love, joy, peace, hope of a glorious resurrection, mortality swallowed up of life. Such are my desires.'

'March 31st. Mr. Bloomfield preached such a masterly sermon yesterday that I am quite in spirits about him. But I fear for his health.'

'April 10th. I received a Sydney newspaper yesterday giving a really wonderful account of a "Board of Church of England Missions for Australia, and the western islands of the Pacific," which was formed by the six Bishops of Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, Tasmania, New Zealand, and Newcastle (which dioceses were all parts of Calcutta when I came out, and until 1836). There was good speaking, good feeling, and good resolutions. Why cannot we have a meeting of our five Bishops, and form a Board in India? For six reasons. 1. The Court of Directors. 2. The distance of our dioceses. 3. The small number of our Christians. 4. Their floating changing character. 5. The heat of the climate. 6. And chiefly, the want of a commanding mind in the aged and worn-out Metropolitan.'

'April 11th. Our April north-westerns have begun. We have been refreshed by three rain-storms last week. The thermometer instantly fell 10°: and my new little garden at the Palace looks vivid and gay: *δαιτὸν, φίλον, δε. . .*.'

'April 22nd. I was astounded this morning by an alarming account from Dr. Kay, that Professor Street was seized with fever, the result of a cold caught by crossing the river as he went to Geon-Kali for Palm Sunday services. Dr. Kay considers him to be in a dangerous state, and that, even if he is

spared, he will be sent immediately to England. How sudden! I have been praying for him morning and evening since I heard of it.'

'*April 24th.* I truly rejoice to say that Professor Street is better. He said to a young Catechist yesterday "Be of good courage: go up, and possess the land in the length of it, and in the breadth of it:" and to Dr. Kay, who asked him if he felt peace, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison of Thee." There is, however fever still, and the depletion is awful. What lessons are these! Eternity presses upon us on all hands.'

'*April 26th.* At half-past eleven, Dr. Kay wrote as follows:—"May I solicit your prayers on behalf of our dear friend? A change has come over him. I fear he will not last long." I received this at half-past two (for we are five miles on the other side the river), and Pratt and I determined at once to go over to the College. We arrived before five o'clock. The three doctors were there, and reported a possibility of recovery: but that the medicines had not touched the disease. He wished to see me, and we immediately went up. His appearance was death-like, and though from the spasmodic action of the throat, he could not speak, yet his intellect was clear. I simply directed him to the bleeding Lamb, and his one offering for sin, in a few strong words: and then made a short prayer to the same effect—mentioning the righteousness of Christ alone for justification, and the influences of the Holy Spirit for sanctification. I then kissed him, pronounced the benediction, and retired.'

As the Bishop, after thus affectionately ministering to him, was retiring, the dying man raised himself in his bed, and with an effort which taxed all his powers, said "God bless your Lordship." This proved the last interview. The disease prevailed over all the powers of life, and all the resources of medicine. The Bishop went again the following day, but a change had taken place, and he was not permitted to see him. With some anxious friends, however, who were gathered in an adjoining room, he held communion, reading Psalm 130th, and praying for the departing soul.

Professor Street died on April 29th, and was interred on the following evening in the beautiful little chapel of Bishop's College. The Bishop read the funeral service, and a large assembly gathered to show respect to his memory.

The extracts from the journal, interrupted by this sad event, may be now resumed.

' *May 16th.*—The first fruits of our Cathedral Mission have appeared. One of the boys in the school, the son of a high Coolin Brahmin, seventeen years old, has for some months been convinced of the truth of Christianity, and he was baptised in the Cathedral last Sunday by the name of "Paul." A second lad has also declared himself, and, after a due interval, he will be admitted into the visible Church. He has some property, which the new *Lex loci* will secure to him. The family would carry him off if they dared. They have already charged him before the sheriff with a pretended debt of five thousand rupees, for which Archdeacon Pratt and Mr. Davis have been obliged to become bail. The school is reduced from mere fright in consequence of these things, but will soon recover. Indian heathenism in the nineteenth century can no more stop the work of Christianity than the Roman heathenism of the first.'

' *May 26th.*—I am negotiating for a country-house at Serampore; fine air; overhangs the river; accessible by water; opposite Barrackpore; seventeen miles from the Palace; good road. Dr. Webb insists on my having some place out of town, and I thought, by living on the spot, I might encourage and help the newly-appointed chaplain. I dined with John Marshman last night, and found him very friendly. He is full of information, was brought up in India, and knows everybody.'

' *June 3rd.*—Last night the formal resignation of the dear Bishop of Bombay (Dr. Carr) came in, and my acceptance must be given before the vacancy can be declared and acted on. May God direct Lord Broughton's choice.'

' *June 3rd.*—I baptised Mr. Davis's second convert this morning at the Cathedral. His name is John. Blessed be God for this great mercy.'

The very next day the Bishop was attacked with an illness

which assumed a most serious form, and finally became chronic, rendering him liable to dangerous seizures at any moment, and requiring occasional surgical relief to the end of his life. Referring to this, he says,

‘ My dear Saviour knows and orders all. My times are in his hands. I trust, nay, I am persuaded that he will give me grace to meet whatever he may see good to appoint. All the days of my appointed time, I hope to wait, till my change come. Pratt and Boswell visit and pray with me. I endeavour, as much as extreme weakness will allow, to meditate on the prospects, and joys, and rest, and holiness of heaven. My only reliance is in the atoning blood of my great High Priest—mind that, my children! Christ, and Christ only is my hope. If I look to myself I see nothing but imperfection, sin, defilement, insincerity, worldliness, pride, rebellion, guilt. It is only as I look out of myself to Christ, that I have a single ray of light. All I have written and said against Popery and Tractarianism I stand to. Not a sentiment do I retract. With my dying breath do I proclaim the fatal seduction of what is called the Sacramental system. The only point in the controversy which I regret, and have regretted from the beginning, is dear Mr. Gorham’s theory of prevenient grace in the case of infants. This will never stand.’

Again, on June 22nd, he writes, ‘ I am weakness itself, and can hardly command mind enough to scrawl these lines. But Dr. Webb pronounces me WELL. Of course this is a respite only at my time of life, and so I regard it. But I do not the less “love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplication.”

‘ But I cannot write. My soul is swallowed up in wonder and praise; and Dr. Webb says I do not know the twentieth part of the mercy God hath bestowed on me.’

It was a long time before he regained his accustomed strength, and then the time had come round which required him to prepare for the delivery of another Charge; for such is the extent of the Diocese of Calcutta, that, before one visitation is ended,

the three years which render another necessary have very nearly expired.

It was, however, deemed inexpedient that, in the critical state of the Bishop's health, he should encounter the risks and fatigue of a long land journey to the Upper Provinces; and he resolved that, after the preparation and delivery of his Charge, he would remain quietly at Calcutta or Serampore, and give a commission to the Archdeacon to visit the Upper Provinces in his stead. This arrangement was in due time carried out; and, on the 1st October, the clergy in and around Calcutta were assembled to listen to his Sixth Charge. Before, however, it is introduced to the notice of the reader, a small portion of the Correspondence of 1848—51 will be interposed.

TO ARCHDEACON DEALTRY.¹

'BISHOPSTOCKE, CALCUTTA, *March*, 1849.

'I assure you of my love and constant prayers. The dear "Old Church" has been shut up for repairs, but re-opens next Sunday.

'I have written to the Secretary at the India House, to propose, first, that the Bishop of Calcutta should be honestly paid the 5000*l.*, or 50,000 rupees assigned to him by Act of Parliament. Secondly, that 3000*l.*, or 30,000 rupees should remain as the Bishop of Calcutta's stipend. And thirdly, that 2000*l.*, or 20,000 rupees should go to the salary of a new Bishop for Agra. To this the Court of Directors ought to agree, and do it at once. But—but—but——

'Let me affectionately remind you, my most truly beloved Dealtry, how Mr. Cecil for twenty-eight years, and I for sixteen, got on at St. John's. (1.) It was by steady and diligent preparation; (2) hard study; (3) texts chosen on the Sunday night and sermons begun on Monday morning; (4) matter collected from all our great authors during the early days of

¹ When the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel seceded from the Church, Archdeacon Dealtry, then at home for health, was appointed to the temporary charge of St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row.

the week; (5) sermons finished on Friday; (6) Saturdays left for the refreshment of the body by country air; (7) *Saturday night's assurances* obtained by meditation and prayer on the preparation made for the following day.

'An immense congregation of acute lawyers and busy curious merchants, amounting to nearly two thousand, can only be kept together, as a means under God, by such a course of solid, well-digested food, carefully prepared. I would also recommend to you a GOOD CHURCH SPIRIT (without extravagance or Tract follies, of course), to pervade your doctrine, as sugar flavours tea, in order to restore the taste and feeling of the flock.'

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY,

MAY 24TH, 1849.¹

'We, the Bishop and Clergy of Calcutta, beg permission to present through your Honour to the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India, our sincere and heartfelt congratulations on the auspicious return of the birthday of our most gracious Sovereign QUEEN VICTORIA.

'We venture to assure you that the Reverend Clergy of Calcutta are animated, as their religion teaches them to be, with a steady and conscientious loyalty to the sacred person and throne of our illustrious Protestant Queen.

'We cannot but warmly congratulate Her Majesty, and his Lordship, on the signal mercies of Almighty God granted to Her Majesty in the victories of the Punjaub, and the restoration to the people of the blessings of peace.

'Never had British India a fiercer and more formidable foe to contend with; never was a war more manifestly forced upon us by an unprovoked insurrection; never was the moderation of our councils more apparent to the whole world; and never has more complete success for a second time crowned our just arms.

¹ On Her Majesty's Birth-day, the Bishop, surrounded by his clergy, was accustomed to appear for a short time at Government House, and deliver to the Governor-General, or, in his absence, to the President, an address of congratulation, which he had previously prepared. The above short extract is presented as one specimen of these annual addresses.

‘ We doubt not that the incorporation of the country of the “five rivers” into the empire of Her Majesty in British India will not only conduce to the security and consolidation of Her Majesty’s power, but also to the highest benefit of the population thus subjected to Her mild and equitable government.

‘ It is our earnest prayer to Almighty God, that Her Majesty may be preserved for many years to reign over us, and dispense those blessings of the Protestant faith, of social order, and of a moderate and enlightened civil liberty which are the fruits, under Providence, of the Constitution in Church and State, which our ancestors have handed down to us, and which we hope will be transmitted unimpaired to future generations, and which the convulsions in the other states of Europe only the more endear to our affections at the present time.’

TO THE REV. CHARLES JERRAM.

‘ “Tavoy,” *Pilot-brig*, February, 1850.

‘ I seem not to have heard from you for a long time. The wilderness is nearly passed to both of us, dear brother: Canaan is in view: and the Lord will be with us in passing Jordan as he was with the Israelites. Whether that river overflow its banks previously, or not, he will carry us over safely if we fix our eyes on the ARK which goes before us. On looking back on the nearly fifty years of our intimate friendship in the wilderness, what hath God wrought for us! How mercifully hath he borne with us! What blessings hath he showered down upon us! What miracles of grace are we! Oh! we shall sing as loudly as any of the chosen company, unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood. To Him be glory for ever and ever, Amen.

‘ How hath the Lord punished England for her leanings to the apostate Babel, by permitting this insolent aggression of the Pope! We read our sin in the judgments which have followed it. Lord John Russell’s letter, however, and the unanimous voice of Protestant England are tokens for good; and if truth is established more firmly by means of this aggression, we may yet be saved as a Church and nation.’

TO THE SAME.

' June, 1850.

'I find as life flows on, that the evils of the *heart* seem to be more and more apparent; defects in motives; feebleness of faith; decays of love! The Psalmist's prayer suits me, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust, QUICKEN Thou me according to Thy word." Farewell, my beloved friend:—which of us may enter eternity first, who can tell? God knoweth; and may He be with us in the dark valley.

'I hope Chobham is doing well. It is forty-nine years since I first went there. Prayer—prayer—prayer.'

TO MR. AND MRS. PERCIVAL WHITE.

' CALCUTTA, May, 1850.

'How consoling is it to think of infinite wisdom, love, and power managing for us! and what an assurance of all this have we in the condescension and grace of an incarnate Saviour—His sacrifice—His ascension—His high priesthood—and His sympathy with every sickness and trouble which he sees necessary for us.

'My children and grandchildren, and the honourable and important posts which my two sons occupy, are topics of wonder and praise to their aged father. May Islington and Huddersfield know their day of visitation!

'I have been reading lately "Mr. Nottidge's Letters," and the "Life of Mr. Dykes of Hull." The first is a choice collection of the most touching experience I almost ever read. Mr. Dykes' character was soft and gentle as the "former rain." He was fifty-four years at St. John's Church, Hull, and died at Mr. Terry's, in his eighty-sixth year, in the very room where John Scott spent his last days, and which I occupied in 1846, when I preached at Hull. There is a mild, sweet tone of domestic love and sympathy, with devoted piety and simplicity of heart which is very edifying. But the volume does not equal Nottidge's.'

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TO THE SAME.

' May, 1850.

'A visitation; two months of building, repairing, and removing; and increasing infirmities have cut off almost all my correspondence, but leave me quite as keen an appetite for letters, such as yours, as before.

'Mr. Bickersteth's two sermons seem to me sound, Scriptural, and opportune. There appears to me nothing fanciful in them; and the heresies now afloat on what is called "Universal final Salvation," involve a direct denial of the Scriptural doctrine of the eternity of future punishments, and blunt the sharpest arrows of conviction. "Universal Redemption"—that is, the sufficiency of the sacrifice of Christ, and the offers of its blessings to the whole race of mankind, is quite another topic, and clearly Scriptural and necessary.

'I do not agree with Mr. ——. It is going beyond the written Word to determine that the sins of the righteous will not be remembered at the Judgment Day. It is enough that (1) the fruit of their faith will be produced; (2) their final and complete justification be pronounced; (3) and the origin of their blessedness be referred to their being "the children" of their Father, called to an inheritance "prepared for them before the foundation of the world."'

TO MRS. PERCIVAL WHITE.

" "Taboy" Brig, February, 1851.

'Thy Maker is thy Husband, my dear, bereaved sister: the Lord of Hosts is his name. Yes; this is the consolation of the widowed and the desolate. He doeth all things well, whether in Providence, or in the operation of grace. To lie passive in His hands is our wisdom, our interest, our duty, and our happiness. "If we try to carve for ourselves," says an old writer, "we are sure to cut our fingers." The spiritual ties are drawn closer when the temporal are unloosed; and these temporal ties were from the first designed to be temporal, and nothing more. The Lord *lends* our comforts to us with the condition of withdrawing them at his pleasure.

‘The “pillar of the cloud by day, and of fire by night,” will now direct you. Your “shoes shall be iron and brass,” notwithstanding your age and infirmities, “and as your days, so shall your strength be.”’

TO THE ISLINGTON CLERICAL MEETING.

‘CALCUTTA, *November 6th, 1850.*

‘Our state in India is certainly, through God’s mercy, on the improving hand. We have more chaplains and more missionaries, and a brighter prospect of success. Nothing, however, of a striking and wide-spread work of grace is at present apparent; but the preparatory steps have been, and are being taken, which may lead at any moment to an outburst of glory in every part of the East, and the rapid conversion of souls to Christ.

‘The movement follies are confined to very few, and are much modified and restrained where they are theoretically held. At the same time, the tendency of human nature is so strong, and so insidious towards forms and the authority of man, that it is impossible to be too watchful against it.

‘Nor are the opposite errors less agreeable under certain circumstances, to our fallen hearts. The Sadducee is sometimes more seductive than the Pharisee. Both are amongst the abortions of human pride and self-righteousness; and they are to be met by that holy and undoubting faith which we place in the full inspiration of the Scriptures, and by the blessed, interior, experimental efficacy of the truth of those Scriptures in our own hearts. Truth stamps holiness; error, rebellion and every evil work. And that error is more fatal which is built on some great truth. All the heresies in the world have been owing to the taking of unconnected texts, and making them speak whatever the critic pleased. And no one error is ever solitary, as Mr. Cecil said, it is always attended by a thousand others. We have, therefore, as much to watch against Neological fancies, metaphysical subtleties, sceptical doubts on the entire inspiration of the Holy Word, and a rhetorical sort of religion, as we have against what is termed the Sacramental system. The remedy or preventive

of both is the experience of Christ's grace, daily gathered from doctrines well distinguished and applied as they lie in the Divine Book, and precepts and warnings devoutly received and obeyed. The moment the heart breaks off from Christ, Satan comes in with a Bible under his arm—as Bishop Hall says—and deludes us by some plausible error.

‘You will observe that in speaking of the inspiration of the Scriptures, I have used the strongest language. It is a vital point. If the Bible is not the perfect, unadulterated, adequate Revelation of God's will, we have no chart to direct surely our course. The Tractarian system springs from a distrust of the sufficiency of Holy Scripture. Fathers, Church decrees, canons of Popish synods, the abominations of Trent—even the Protestant offices of our own Church, and the writings of our commentators—all these are called in to supply the deficiency of the Inspired Word.

‘Still, dear brethren, let us “look up,” and lift up our heads, for the day of our redemption draweth nigh. The worst state of a Church is a dead calm. Better these evils and tumults known, than concealed.’

CHAPTER XX.

SIXTH VISITATION.

1851—1855.

Charge—Journals—Sudden Deaths of Mr. Weitbrecht and Professor Weidemann—Volume of Sermons on “The Great Atonement”—Bishop of Victoria—Impression made upon him—Love of Flowers—Visitation—Electric Telegraph—Mrs. Ellerton at the Palace—Gathering of the Bishops—Consecration of the Bishop of Labuan—Correspondence.

THE Charge already referred to as preceding the sixth Visitation of the Diocese was dedicated to the three Suffragan Bishops as before, and congratulated two of them, Dr. Dealtry and Dr. Harding, on their appointments to the respective Sees of Madras and Bombay. It bears the same character as those which preceded it, and takes the same wide range of doctrines and duties. The plain speaking, which had now become habitual to him, is very manifest, and breaks through the reserve common on such occasions. Names are mentioned, books are denounced, and systems condemned without reserve: and he seemed more than ever resolved that the last notes of the trumpet should give no uncertain sound. “Don’t tinker it:” he said to his son, when an edition was called for in England: “don’t leave out plain words such as ‘shuffle.’ The only real word to be altered is *pardon* for *person*.”

After the delivery of the Charge, the Clergy were invited, not to dinner as usual, but to breakfast, at the Palace, on the following morning. All met in the Chapel at nine o’clock, and after the devotional services were ended, they had “a most loving, comfortable breakfast.” Both sermon and Charge were to be printed “by request,” and in an hour the Archdeacon

set off on his Visitation, and the Clergy retired each one to his own home.

The first entry in the Bishop's journal-letter for the year 1852, is as follows:—

“Time by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years.”

‘I have been preaching my New Year's Sermon. My six Candidates for Ordination were at church. May I be enabled to begin the new year with a larger measure of the true Circumcision of the Spirit, that my heart and all my members being mortified from all carnal and worldly lusts, I may in all things obey His blessed will, through Jesus Christ our Lord.’

‘*January 24th.* I have been exceedingly interested with a chance book I bought yesterday—“Lord Dudley's Letters.” The volume was published in 1841, but had not attracted my notice. There are seventy-nine letters, almost equal to Cicero's, Sevigné's, or Cowper's. They run from 1814 to 1831, with such brilliant sketches of home politics, persons, and books, and such masterly and original descriptions of Rome and the other chief cities of Italy, Germany, France, and Switzerland, that I have been charmed. The lively impressions of the events of these eighteen years, as the facts occurred, and by a man of first-rate talents, are to an old fellow like me, who remembers from the first outburst of the French Revolution in 1789, to the last of 1848 and 1851, a source of the highest gratification.’

‘*January 26th.* I am thinking of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah for the Lent Lectures this year, which are to be held in St. John's Church. It is an easy subject: and yet a most rich and important one. May the Lord, if it seemeth to him good, preserve me to fulfil this duty once more.’

‘*February 4th.* The Governor-General has arrived in Calcutta, and I had my first audience yesterday. He is in fine health, and very kind. He granted all I asked, and will write home in favour of the Agra Bishopric. He thinks there

will be no Burmese war; expects they will submit: gets on very well with the Court of Directors: will not let them behave uncivilly: has written home a stringent Minute to enforce the building of more churches: wants fifty thousand troops in the Punjaub, and ten Chaplains.'

'SERAMPORE, *February 20th.* I have had ten friends to breakfast with me this morning. By this means I am able to keep up a little hospitality. I have been laying out my little compound. The Agricultural Society have given me an hundred and fifty flowering shrubs, and by lattice work of bamboo against the walls, I shall after the rains, have an ornamental kind of look. The larger garden at the Palace has wonderfully succeeded, and is universally admired.'

'*February 28th.* Bedroom! For my gracious Saviour has again in his mercy and loving kindness laid his hand upon me: blessed be His name! On the day before yesterday, after breakfast, I felt a shivering come upon me; the same as at Umballah in 1845. I knew what it was at once, and went to bed instantly. Dr. Webb was with me in a few minutes, though my hand shook so I could scarcely write to him intelligibly. I had the cold fit of a fever: and the hot fit soon came on. All the evening I was delirious. Strong remedies were administered, and about midnight I came to myself. The moment the case admitted of it, quinine was administered, and to day I am free from fever.'

'*March 3rd.* My progress towards recovery has been very slow: but what then? This is a part of the heavenly chastisement, and shall I not rejoice to lie in my Saviour's arms? What am I that I should look for miracles!

'An astounding event has happened—the sudden death of Mr. Weitbrecht! Yes. It is too true. He preached on Sunday evening for Mr. Boswell, and on Monday March 1st, at 10 A.M., he was a lifeless corpse. Cholera was the disease, which Jesus sent as a messenger to call him to Himself. He had come up to attend a Church Missionary Conference. A presentiment of death was upon him. On Wednesday last he preached an admirable sermon to the missionaries from the words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." He said he thought he was near to Canaan.

On Sunday his text was "Behold I come quickly: even so, come, Lord Jesus." Mr. Boswell says it was such a sublime and heavenly discourse that it made him long to be with Jesus himself. He was not well when he went to church: and on his return he was seized with this mysterious disease. Dr. Webb was with him almost all night—but in vain. God's time was come. We have lost in him one of our best missionaries. I looked on him and Leupolt as our first men. They resemble Swartz, Henry Martyn, Bishop Corrie—such sweetness, such capital sense, such talent, and such indefatigable toil. With a mind well stored, with long experience in India, with influence widely spread, he combined true spirituality and deep love to the Saviour. There was a brightness, a halo of holiness around him, which is indescribable. He was only fifty years old. God's will be done. Amen.'

'*March 30th.*—I had an unexpected blessing on Friday. I had been turning in my mind for some days whether I should write to a gentleman in Calcutta who is well disposed, and ask him to help our labouring "Additional Clergy Society." At last I thought I would call. I did so. And, when I had stated my case, he replied, "Providence has sent you. I had been intending to make a donation to that Institution; but you must promise me not to disclose my name to any human being; not even to your chaplain." I promised. He then intimated that next month he would send me three thousand rupees in bank-notes. I quite started with joy.'

'*April 7th.*—A most melancholy and distressing event happened on Saturday afternoon. Professor Weidemann was drowned by the boat in which he was returning from Howrah to Bishop's College being in one moment upset. The suddenness and violence of the north-wester was almost unprecedented. Weidemann was generally very cautious; quiet, prudent, and never ventured on the river in dangerous or threatening weather. The native boatmen warned him of a coming storm; but he thought he could safely make his way by keeping close to the banks of the river. He was mistaken. The wind raised a thick dust cloud, and, with a violence scarcely ever remembered, the boat was overset. He received some blow on the head, and rose twice; but the boatmen saw him sink at last.

They escaped by clinging to the boat. The sad tidings came to me in a note from Dr. Kay on Sunday morning. We all clung to the hope that he might have struggled to the shore ; but, after two days, the body was found, and at six o'clock last night I read over him the last solemn service. He was a good man and true. I have endeavoured to console the weeping widow and friends. Such a thing has never before happened in my time to any clergyman.'

' *April 10th.*—I have finished the last of my Lent Lectures, thank God. I do not think I shall undertake another course even if I live ; but I may have a few copies of this struck off for my diocese.'

The intention thus signified was in due time carried out. In the following August, a small volume containing this series of Lectures, somewhat altered, under the title of "THE GREAT ATONEMENT," was published, and circulated by himself, as "The Silent Preacher," throughout India. "I am doing it at once," he said, "or I should never do it at all. There will be nothing new. It is only a digest of Vitringa, Michaelis the Good, Calvin, Scott, Henry, Barnes, Hambleton, Gill, Poli Synopsis, Berthier, Poole, Adam Clarke, Venn, Diodati, Simeon, the two Louths, Daillé, Pye Smith, &c. ; and, curious to say, I have my notes of Dr. Blayney's Lectures on this portion of Isaiah taken down in March 1801."

' *April 26th.*—Rangoon and Martaban were taken on the 5th and 15th. Every one's mind is full of it. Further despatches are daily and hourly expected. The electric telegraph has been so successful that the Governor-General has presented Dr. O'Shaughnessy, the head of the enterprise, with 20,000 rupees, and a free passage home to lay his plans before the Court of Directors. This is one of the best things the Governor-General has done. When Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay are united by this mysterious intercommunication, the whole aspect of things in India will be changed.'

' *November 19th.*—I was the first person in India to ride on the Serampore railway. On Thursday Mr. Hunt took me in a truck, impelled by Coolies, for a couple of miles.

The carriages will not be here before February or March next year.'

'*December 1st.*—The Bishop of Victoria arrived this morning. He impressed me at once with love: such a mild, gentle countenance. This morning I introduced him to all my clergy, and he made an address of twenty-five minutes. After the close of the meeting, he arranged his plans for visiting the Propagation Society and Church Missionary stations. He will confirm for me at Burdwan, Krishnaghur, and Barripore. This will relieve me from these (to me) hazardous journeys. He leaves on the 3rd of January. I have invited two parties to meet him at breakfast.'

'*December 6th.*—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" I have read and wept over. The genius, talent at description, choice of scenes, contrasts, are all admirable. The religion is not clear; the conversations are enthusiastic; the character of Cassy ought to have been suppressed.'

'*January 1st, 1853.* How many mercies have followed me in 1852. (1) Health; (2) Recovery; (3) Comfort of my two families at home; (4) Seventy-eight sermons; (5) Two Ordinations; (6) Peace and love amongst all the clergy; (7) Arrival of four holy and able chaplains; (8) Vestry and societies going on well. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! Oh, to be ready! To end well! My motto for 1853 is—"This year thou shalt die."'

'*January 7th.* The dear Bishop of Victoria was present at my hundred and twenty-second clerical meeting. There were thirty-three present—the largest number we have ever had. He gave us a charming farewell address. His visit to the Governor-General has been very satisfactory. He sailed yesterday, having highly gratified us all.'

The Bishop of Victoria himself describes the impression made upon his own mind by this visit, in a letter dated Jan. 8th, 1853. The following is an extract; it was addressed to the Rev. Daniel Wilson, at Islington:—

"Three days ago at Calcutta I took leave of your honoured father, and my dear and reverend friend, the Bishop of Calcutta.

Even now I feel almost sad at not having formally bidden him farewell. He gave me a fatherly kiss, said a few kind words with an affectionate and full heart, and was soon out of the room and in his private study. I thought I should see him again: but his chaplain told me that his pain at parting made him unwilling to have a more formal leave-taking.

“And now how can I express the full feelings of my heart in the remembrance of my month’s visit to him! How describe his rich flow of wisdom—his powerful expositions of Scripture—his affectionate love—his energy—and his glorious anticipations of dying in India at his post! It is one of the most noble, as well as one of the most affecting spectacles I have ever witnessed, to see an aged man like him, voluntarily separated in his last years from his beloved family (and my presence when he read his last letters from his children enabled me to perceive how greatly he loved them), and waiting for his summons in humble faith and love. I never before saw him. I should imagine that he is getting feeble in body, but he retains a wonderful amount of mental energy and vigour, and sits up many hours in the day to his desk, reading or writing. The voice fails him most, so that he does not now preach so often, but gives most powerful expositions at morning and evening family devotions. It has been a great privilege and event in my life to visit India, and enjoy intercourse with the venerable Bishop of Calcutta.”

The journal-letters will again carry on the narrative.

‘*February 9th.* I preach my Lent Lectures this year at the Cathedral, at early morning prayers (seven o’clock), for several reasons. First, crowded churches in the evening, now too much fatigue me. Secondly, my own congregation is entitled to lectures. Thirdly, the Cathedral is the Bishop’s proper place. Fourthly, many can come to early service who have no health for evening service. Fifthly, it is but a trial. Sixthly, the other churches will be set at liberty to begin their own lectures.

‘I have chosen the seven Epistles of our Lord to the Seven Churches of Asia, as the subject.’

‘*SERAMPORE, March 14th.* There is a new superintendent of

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the gardens at Barrackpore Park. He comes over and looks at my flowers. The roof of all my hot-houses is on the level of my drawing-room, where I live when here, and study. I walk out, therefore, continually, morning and evening, and watch the glorious hues of the flowers in their pots. The roofs are flat of course, with a low parapet wall on each side. On these parapets are all the finest flowering shrubs India produces. Think of five thousand five hundred species of flowers in our Indian Hortus alone, and each full of exquisite grace! My knowledge of Botany is nothing. Still I have in it a new field of wonder and adoration opened to me.'

His love of flowers was the solace of his old age: and a walk round the garden with the Målee (or native gardener) a few steps behind him, answering his questions and delighted with his notice, was the general termination of his morning drive, and sometimes its substitute. He bought botanical books of all kinds, and his grounds were well supplied with the choicest plants. A bouquet of flowers was brought each morning, and placed on his study table. When the flowers of which it was composed were more choice than usual, the Målee was sent for after dinner, and the Bishop, pen in hand, would point out each flower in succession, and ask its name. The botanical Latin name was always given: but strange liberties were taken with it. After many vain repetitions, the Bishop, throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing heartily, would appeal to his guests, "What does he say? What does he mean?" Whilst the man with folded hands and glancing eyes seemed to wonder at his master's mirth or ignorance. At length the name of each flower in the nosegay was written down as near the sound as could be, with the date affixed; and a whole book was eventually filled with these memoranda of the "Bishop and the Målee."

'*April 4th.* The Archdeacon and Mrs. Pratt's return to me after an absence of eighteen months, is as life from the dead. I shall now arrange everything I can for my departure hence, for I have the sentence of death in myself.'

'*April 10th.* The Commissioners from Ava have arrived at

Prome, but it remains to be seen whether they will submit to the Treaty which will be proposed to them. Oh! that God would order the sword to be returned to the scabbard.'

'*May 24th.* I presented an address at eleven o'clock to-day, on the Queen's birthday. The Governor-General was very courteous, and told me in a joke that I was the "Grand Inquisitor," alluding to my strictures on the Government plan of education.'

'*July 26th.* I had an audience of the Governor-General yesterday. It is true that his letter decided the ministry. It was to the Duke of Argyle, who asked him about putting off the Indian question. The Governor-General replied "Do what you will with India. Sweep away the Governor-General if you like. But DON'T POSTPONE."'

'*August 6th.* I have been running through the two volumes of Lord John Russell's "Life of Fox." It is a first-rate book of its kind—quite superior to the "Memoirs of Thomas Moore," which are a disgrace to Lord John. The interest Fox's life has awakened, is quite thrilling. I have always been fond of Demosthenes, Pericles, Cicero, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and all great orators. I remember buying in December, 1792, the Morning Chronicle, and almost getting by heart Fox's wonderful speech. To read, therefore, his interior history, his letters, the secret negotiations, George the Third's notes, the progress of the peace of 1783, the coalition, the India Bill, the Regency question—all this was so fresh, that I confess it gratified me not a little. Lord John has done his duty well, honestly, candidly, and with great judgment. The work is awkwardly made up. The moral of it is mournful. Such a display of chicane, craft, depravity of private character, and absence of all reference to religion, is quite disgusting. Bad as public men may be now, they are infinitely better than they were seventy years ago.'

'*August 27th.* I am busy in changing my house at Serampore. The owners (Baboos) would not repair it. I am going into a larger and much better dwelling.'

In the month of October the Bishop's eldest grandson, Daniel Frederick Wilson (with his wife), arrived in Calcutta.

He was gladly received, admitted into Holy Orders, and during the short period of his visit, attached to the Cathedral.

At the commencement of the year 1854, a short visit was paid to the missionary stations of Krishnaghur and Burdwân; but the more lengthened Visitation was reserved for the autumn, when with Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield as his companions, the Bishop ascended the river to Allahabad as in former times. Here he stayed a week, performing the customary duties, and holding an Ordination for three missionary candidates, one of whom was Daoud Singh of Umritsir, who had maintained a steady Christian character for nine years. Then dropping down the river quietly, he performed without fatigue the duties of each successive station, and having "set in order the things that were wanting," he arrived in Calcutta at the close of the year 1854. His journal-letters will tell the history of 1855.

'CALCUTTA, *January 25th*, 1855. Who should come in yesterday about noon, but Dr. Macdougall of Borneo, now the Bishop-elect of Labuan. He landed last evening with wife and child. He had only received Sir George Grey's notice of his appointment: and has come here with the anticipation of being consecrated by my Suffragan Bishops and myself. Many things, however, must be cleared up before I can act: and some months probably must elapse.'

'*January 27th*. Mrs. Ellerton has informed me that Dr. Jackson, with whom she has lived eight years, is going home,¹ as soon as he can settle her in a comfortable residence—"Would I take her in?" "Yes: and rejoice to do it:" was my reply. When the Archdeacon has embarked, she will come and see what accommodation I can give her.² The Bloomfields have four rooms. If Mrs. Ellerton comes, it will be like the ARK at Obed-Edom's, a blessing to my house and family, my guests and clergy.'

'*January 28th*. Bishop Carr was perfectly right, I think,

¹ Mrs. Ellerton was the mother-in-law of Bishop Corrie, and universally respected for her genuine piety, unaffected simplicity, and extensive usefulness.

² Archdeacon Pratt had been compelled, by serious and long-continued illness, to resort to England.

in taking the rectory of Bath—perfectly. To wait for an English Bishopric, would be pride and folly combined in an Indian Bishop.’

‘*February 5th.* On Saturday the East Indian Railway was publicly inaugurated by the Governor-General. Alcoves with flowers, formed a covered way from the Ghât to an ornamented steamer: and other alcoves led up to the station-house. At nine o’clock the Governor-General arrived, and I read a prayer, in my church robes, before the trains started. Mr. Fisher, who was acting as Archdeacon, and Mr. Bloomfield, in their surplices, read some portions of Holy Scripture. Twenty-four carriages then carried six or seven hundred gentlemen to Burdwan, a distance of sixty-seven miles in three hours. There a breakfast was prepared; and a number of excellent speeches were afterwards delivered. I reached home by half-past seven, after eleven hours of great heat and fatigue.’

‘*February 7th.* The hundred and fortieth clerical meeting was held to-day. There were twenty-seven present. My exhortation in Chapel, before breakfast, was on the “Christian Race:” and after breakfast I asked Dr. Macdougall to address the Clergy, and give an account of the Sarâwak Mission.’

‘*February 23rd.* Yesterday I received a telegraphic despatch from Madras. It was as follows:—

“The Bishop of Madras has returned in safety to the Hills and would be glad if the Bishop of Calcutta would come and spend three months of the hot weather with him. An answer is requested.”

‘My answer is:—

“Prepare to come here in October to assist in consecrating the Bishop of Labuan. I cannot go to you.”

‘Now to write by the Dâk, I could not have heard and replied under twenty-eight days: as it is, it has taken twelve hours. What changes are taking place in India! This is almost miraculous!

‘Dr. Macdougall has gone back to Sarâwak, and it is arranged that he shall return for Consecration in October, if all be well and right.’

‘*March 31st.* Mrs. Ellerton came to reside with me on the

27th. She enters her eighty-fourth year on May 30th. She is very chatty and pleasant, and punctual in coming to meals. Many useful remarks fall from her in conversation. She has a turn for humour, and tells anecdotes of former times. There is a savour of downright piety and simplicity of heart in all she says. Her faculties are perfect. She loves authority and obedience. She jokes with me; and calls me "Twice seven" (77). I keep four bearers for her exclusive use. We sit round our tea-table at a little before eight—Mrs. Ellerton, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield, Mr. and Mrs. Yate, myself, Margaret (a school girl, waiting on Mrs. Ellerton), and Andrew, my writer; and then I expound briefly, have a hymn read, and close the day with prayer.'

The picture thus drawn of the family group is surely very interesting, and has something in it of primitive simplicity.

The arrangement by which Mrs. Ellerton was received into the Palace, proved permanent. Her only relatives being absent, and her little property settled on them by will, she spent her last days there in peace. Their intercourse was very pleasant, though chequered with frequent and serious attacks of illness. When she was well, the Bishop would go and sit in her room after dinner for conversation. When ill, he would visit her twice each day, or oftener, for reading and prayer. She survived the Bishop just three weeks.

'April 12th. My last journey certainly did me good, as I hope it may have done spiritual good to my clergy and their flocks. My next plans lie thus, *Deo volente*. In October, my Charge, Ordination, Confirmation, Consecration. Then from November to February the Visitation down the Straits, all by steamers—no sailing—no *dâk* travelling. It will be five years since I visited the Straits, and it will be my first visit to Burmah. But the heavenly visit and transfer may come first.'

'October 11th. I have nearly written out a rough long-hand copy of my poor Charge. I hope to bring it within fifty minutes, which is short for me.'

'October 13th. Things are moving on. The Bishop-elect of Labuan arrived last week; Bishop Smith (Victoria) on the

10th; Bishop and Mrs. Dealtry (Madras) are expected tomorrow. Dr. Macdougall, with his buoyant spirits, fine health, and romantic zeal, is very much liked. All the gentry are asking him to dinner. I have promised him the Offertory on Thursday, and a sermon on the 28th, for the benefit of his Sarâwak Mission.'

'*October 16th.* Yesterday and to-day have almost overset me. I have been in a whirl. I have three Bishops in my house. I have not been able to look at my Charge. A party of forty are invited to breakfast on Friday, and on Saturday and Monday an hundred and twenty more. This morning we sent out two hundred letters of invitation to all the gentry to attend the Consecration. It is the first time such a service has taken place out of England, since the Reformation. We fear a crush. But I endeavour to keep all in a calm, holy, waiting spirit. It is difficult amidst so much unavoidable distraction.'

'*Monday, October 22nd.* The CONSECRATION took place with wonderful success on Thursday. Bishops Dealtry and Smith only just arrived in time. Dealtry preached a glorious sermon, which will be printed. The Cathedral was crowded. Hundreds crammed themselves into every corner; but hundreds could get no admission. The sight of the two assistant Bishops conducting the Bishop-elect in his rochet from the distant vestry, and presenting him to me, was most affecting; and when, having returned to robe himself, he kneeled at the Communion rails, the congregation seemed overwhelmed. The presence of three Bishops in the heart of Heathen India, setting apart a Missionary Bishop for the immense field of Borneo, was an event almost miraculous. Bishops Dealtry and Smith preached yesterday at the Cathedral, and the "Old Church." But I have fallen sick: and was unable to be present at my breakfast this morning. How I shall get on tomorrow with my Charge, I know not. But I am in God's hands, and have only to commit myself to Him in humble penitence, faith, and prayer.'

'*Tuesday, October 23rd,* I have had a great deliverance from my fears. I thought "I shall never be well enough to hold my Visitation and deliver my Charge." But I have held it; and

with the help of my Chaplain; and leaving out some parts, the Charge did not take much more than an hour. Thus an anxiety of four years, and a close application of six months is terminated. But I was not fit for the duty, as you will easily judge when you read the Charge.'

This Charge will introduce as usual a new chapter. The Correspondence which intervenes, and which in this case will run beyond the proper date, shows a pen as vigorous, and a mind as clear as ever.

TO MRS. PERCIVAL WHITE.

'CALCUTTA, *July*, 1851.

'You will have heard how ill I have been. I was seized with a chill, which produced internal inflammation, and at one time threatened my life. I thank God I was more calm in the prospect, than I could have thought. I was enabled, and am enabled, to trust myself simply and without reserve, on the infinite atonement and propitiation of the Son of God, and on his equally boundless wisdom, love, and power. This is enough. I stand to all I have said and taught for twenty years. Not a word do I retract. I only mourn over the mixture of human infirmity in the manner of my defence of the "Truth as it is in Jesus." Farewell, perhaps for ever in this dying world: but in the hope of a reunion and recognition in the world ABOVE.'

TO HIS GRANDCHILD, LUCY ANN WILSON.

'CALCUTTA, *May*, 1851.

'God's love is as much seen in chastisements as in the blessings of prosperity. We soon forget ourselves if everything goes smooth. The "Hill of difficulty" and the "Valley of humiliation" are to be passed, as it were, alternately by the Christian pilgrim; and both conspire to make the views from the "Delectable mountains" brighter and more attractive. I

am looking forward, dearest Lucy, to the RIVER, and whether Christian's fears may be mine, or Hopeful's more cheerful confidence, if I do but pass safely over to the heavenly Canaan all will be well. The grand thing is to stand *prepared* when the Master calls. If HE is with me, I need fear no evil.'

TO MISS CECIL.

'CALCUTTA, *May*, 1852.

'I received a few days since my eight copies of your venerable father's THOUGHTS, and I shall be glad of twelve more copies being sent for me. The work is invaluable. The intertwining of the mysteries of Christ with the feelings and practice of daily life, is unequalled. I know nothing like it in the compass of theology. I lent a copy of the first edition to a young clergyman in sickness, exacting a promise that he would read one a day. I have given a copy of my second edition to one of my Cathedral missionaries under the same condition. Thus I disperse the invaluable blessing far and wide in this dry and desolate land. How does my friend Miss Cecil do? Does she still play the organ in St. John's, Bedford Row? How is that dear old church going on after the earthquake of B. Noel's secession? Seventy years has that "well of salvation" been now open! And how many, many, like Mrs. Hawkes, have been born there! Farewell, till we meet around the throne; and, then, which of us will sing loudest, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain"?''

TO A CHAPLAIN IN THE UPPER PROVINCES.

'CALCUTTA, *February*, 1852.

'Knowing that your own mind privately is fixed, and has been for years, I did not choose to enter into communication with you except in an official manner.

'2. I have now only to state, that you are hereby required to abstain from all the customs and habits to which the venerable Archdeacon, knowing my mind, objected so properly.

'3. You are not to turn your back on the people when reciting the creeds. You are to preach in your black gown, and

not in your surplice. You have an organ and singers who chaunt the *Te Deum*, &c., and sing a Psalm or hymn between the Litany and the Communion service—you will direct them to sing a Psalm or hymn between the Communion service and the sermon also. You are not to use the prayer for the Church Militant except when the blessed Communion is administered. You are not to call the Communion table an “Altar.”

‘4. The practice of this diocese is not to be broken in upon by an individual clergyman or his private opinion.

5. The late Archbishop’s circular-letter, expressly recommends that no old usage, though in strictness rubrical, is to be revived, nor any new usages introduced in times like the present.

‘6. But I take the higher ground—my authority as Bishop, to regulate what usages may be retained, and what omitted in the climate of India: keeping to the practice for an hundred and fifty years at home, as nearly as possible, and to that of my episcopacy for nearly twenty years.’

TO THE REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

‘CALCUTTA, May, 1853.

‘Thanks for your kindest, dearest letter, which is most precious to my soul.

“Hippolytus” is a monstrous congeries, of wild, unscriptural vagaries, which require to be well sifted. I never read four volumes of such stuff—mystical, pantheistic, subject to no law, no creed, no Church; subversive of all doctrine, all national piety, all intelligible exposition of Scripture. Inspiration is virtually given up. The three creeds are cashiered. Even the heathens are allowed to be a sort of precursors of Christianity. His Christian sacrifice annihilates the actual vicarious sacrifice of Christ’s atonement and satisfaction. No doubt he has proved Hippolytus to have been the author, and not Origen, of the work on the Thirty-two Heresies: and has brought forward some curious matter. But even this Hippolytus seems to me an Arian at best. His disquisitions on the Logos would be disgusting if they were not unintelligible.’

TO J. HARFORD, ESQ., BLAISE CASTLE.

‘CALCUTTA, *May*, 1853.

‘I find, amongst my unanswered letters one or two from Mrs. and Mr. (Blaise Castle) Harford. I am rather afraid they must have been long in my possession, if there be no mistakes in the dates. However this may be, the day with me is so fast declining to even-tide, that I am obliged to cast myself on the compassion of my friends for omissions and delays innumerable.

‘I well remember the very pleasant visit I paid to you in 1846, and the restoration from a troublesome cough which your fine air gave me. God still enables me to do a little. I entered on the twenty-second year of my appointment last Sunday, and my text was, “I die daily.” I am expecting hour by hour the summons of the great Master. I am so surrounded with the precursors of death, that I seem to live a dying life: having a desire to depart (not in itself, for nature has a dread of dissolution), but in order to be with Christ, which is far better than a life of conflict, temptation, sorrow, and change.’

TO A CHAPLAIN IN THE PUNJAB.

‘CALCUTTA, *May*, 1853.

‘The question you propose has been long settled in this diocese, as well as in most dioceses at home. The encouragement of piety in the well-disposed soldiers in our larger stations, by a weekly meeting under the direction of the Chaplain, has been ever an object of my ardent wishes.

‘In those meetings I require (1) that the Chaplain should be present and direct the proceedings; (2) that no layman should engage in any part of the service; (3) that a few prayers from the Liturgy, and the second lesson from the New Testament, should be read; (4) that the Chaplain should give a short and familiar address, or exposition of part of the lesson; (5) that a hymn should be sung.

‘These rules being observed, such weekly meetings resemble cottage lectures in our large English parishes, and are approved by our Bishops.

‘The objection from one person being a Baptist, and others

not attending church is of no weight. Nothing can tend to conciliate their minds, and bring them back to our Protestant Apostolical Church so much as the kindness and charity you would thus show them. Repulsion never does good: attraction, always. These weekly meetings would benefit your own soul, draw out your love to Christ and his sheep, and accustom to an easy and intelligible exposition of the Gospel your habits of thought and meditation.'

TO ARCHDEACON PRATT, AT THE CAPE.

'CALCUTTA, June, 1854.

'I have been very poorly for eight days with the same complaint as laid me so low in 1851. Dr. Webb does not anticipate a speedy recovery. Can I wonder that, just completing my seventy-sixth year, I should be "going the way of all the earth?" And ought I not to praise the Lord that the alleviations of my complaint are so great that I can read and write letters, and attend to indispensable business? And shall I not trust His love who has borne with me during a ministry of fifty-three years? Yes: my beloved friends, praise becomes me continually. Mr. Boswell sat with me an hour yesterday; he rejoices in the promise, "At eventide it shall be light:" he says Baxter's last words were "Almost well:" and that Mrs. Fry said, "The brooks of refreshment were more abundant as she drew near her end." He also gave me some Latin lines said to have been hung round the neck of Mary Queen of Scots at her execution:—

"Care mi Jesu,
In durâ cateuâ,
In miserâ penâ,
Plendo, gemendo,
Et genu flectendo,
Adoro, imploro,
Ut liberas me!"

'All Calcutta is quiet, and going on well. Bishop Carr has taken the Abbey Church, Bath, which Mr. Brodrick resigned from ill-health. Mr. — has come out with a prophetic volume which quite chokes me. But it is in a grave and evangelical spirit, and worth reading. The Governor-General has gazetted the notice for a day of Humiliation. "Christ is all" to D. C.'

TO THE REV. DR. STRINKOPFF.

' CALCUTTA, February, 1854.

' Your varied and long-continued trials, my beloved friend, have been ordered by infinite wisdom and love. In one lesson which you speak of having learnt, I can fully sympathise with you—the secret evils of the heart. Yes; the recesses of corruption, the undiscovered territories laid open; this is indeed the lesson I also have been taught by the Divine dealings with me. The government of the thoughts is an especial difficulty with me. The association of ideas, the recurrence of old sins, the defilement of the fancy and imagination: these are my burden and grief. But the infinite atonement of the eternal Son of God is our refuge. There we hide our confusion of face, and look to our heavenly Father with humble confidence. To this blessed Saviour I commend you, my beloved friend, and beg the continuance of your prayers.'

TO THE MOST NOBLE THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

' CALCUTTA, March, 1854.

' I have the honour of acknowledging the letter of Government enclosing a despatch from the Honourable the Court of Directors regarding a munificent bequest of the late Mr. Mackenzie for the erection, repair, and endowment of churches in India, and requesting me to state what would appear to me the best mode of applying the bequest.

' 2. I would first submit, that as the bequest is designed for the whole of India, subject to the East India Company, the entire sum should be divided among the three dioceses in proportion to their extent. For instance, one half of the 80,000 rupees to Calcutta, one-third to Madras, and one-sixth to Bombay.

' 5. With regard to the sum (40,000 rupees) thus allotted to the diocese of Calcutta, I observe that there is a very proper limit assigned—that it should be appropriated to such places and objects as would not in ordinary cases receive assistance from the public revenues.

' 6. This will direct the distribution to the numerous small

stations where there are no resident chaplains. Churches are provided by the Honourable Company for all the stations where chaplains are located, and only for them.

‘ 7. The mode of appropriating the money to these small stations might, perhaps, best be arranged by the Trustees of the “ Church Building Fund for India.”’

‘ 10. The bequest speaks not only of the erection of churches, but also of repairs and endowments.

‘ 11. As to “ endowments,” I fear the whole sum is too limited for such a design. But there is one church where the “ repairs ” are not borne by the Government, and which therefore would come within the limitation laid down by the Honourable Court. The Cathedral of St. Paul’s, Calcutta, is repaired by the vestry and the gentry attending Divine worship. There is a small fund, which has been raised by subscription, but which is utterly inadequate for the end in view. Any portion of the 40,000 rupees which your lordship should judge right to give would fall under one of the main heads specified in the bequest, and not violate the condition of the Honourable Company’s letter.’

TO HIS HONOUR THE GOVERNOR OF THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.

‘ CALCUTTA, *March*, 1854.

‘ I beg leave to submit to your consideration whether, on the great and joyful occasion next month of opening the “ Ganges Canal,” a religious ceremony, of a brief and simple character, would not be an appropriate acknowledgment of the Divine Providence.

‘ 2. It is a fruit of Christianity, performed by a Christian Government, and executed, after many difficulties, and at an immense, but most wisely-arranged expense.

‘ 6. I would myself attend the noble occasion if my health and immediate duties would allow; but the Reverend Chaplain will, under my direction, prepare a short office.

‘ 8. I will furnish him with specific directions when I have had the pleasure of hearing from you.’

TO HIS HONOUR THE PRESIDENT OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL.

'CALCUTTA, June 20th, 1855.

'The extreme emergency of our Ecclesiastical Establishment, in this vast Diocese, induces me to address you on the subject of the "Diocesan Additional Clergy Society," which has now been at work for fourteen years.

'2. The Court have declined acceding, at present, to a proposal which I had the honour to make for the creation of a class of uncovenanted Assistant, or Curate Chaplains. They have, however, expressed a determination to receive favourably any definite proposal for a further increase of the regular establishment. They further give permission for the uncovenanted Clergymen, approved of by the Bishop, to be employed in visiting out-stations.

'3. I feel considerable confidence, therefore, in submitting to the Government the facilities afforded for lessening the difficulties now pressing on us, by public aid being afforded to a well-known and admirable Society, struggling in its finances, but capable of extension in the most easy manner.'

FROM C. BEADON, ESQ., SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT
OF INDIA, IN REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

'July 20, 1855.

"I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated 20th ult., requesting the Government to afford some support to the 'Calcutta Diocesan Additional Clergy Society,' now that the Honourable Court of Directors have refused to sanction the formation of a class of uncovenanted Chaplains.

"2. In reply, I am desired to state that the Hon. the President in Council is not at liberty to subscribe public money for indefinite purposes to a private Society of this kind, however laudable the work may be in which it is engaged. But His Honour in Council will be prepared in any case in which the services of a chaplain of the regular establishment may be required, but not be available for a particular station, to sanction the grant of an allowance of one hundred rupees per mensem to a clergyman of the undermentioned, or any other Society

whom your lordship may appoint for the performance of the duties of such a station, and whom the local governments may recommend for such allowance."

TO ARCHDEACON PRATT.

'CALCUTTA, August, 1855.

'Your account of your own health and Mrs. Pratt's is most gratifying. I look on you both as well—God blessing the fine air of dear old England. To Him we belong who has redeemed us by His only begotten Son our Lord—and His will should in everything be ours.'

'The Educational Provisional Rules on the footing of the Court's Despatch, create uneasiness and fear in the minds of all our good missionaries. They dislike the neutrality on the subject of religion and the Secular Inspectors. They dislike their insisting on the children paying fees, and the grants being limited to the amount locally raised. There is also no provision for founding and maintaining schools in the numerous spots where no zeal exists, nor any friends are found. I believe they are too sensitive. The plan is a vast step in advance. Neutrality is a point gained instead of prohibition. The feeling excited at home and in parliament will compel the Court to supply or modify as may be found necessary. No steps have as yet been taken.'

TO HIS GRANDCHILD, ALICE W. BATEMAN, ON CONFIRMATION.

'SERAMPORE, June, 1855.

'As I hear that you have just been confirmed, I force myself to find strength and spirits to write you a word of love and counsel on the important engagement you have entered into. All depends on yourself, under God. Confirmation will of itself do you little good unless you meant what you solemnly promised; that is, to take on you, now you are come to age, the vows made in your name at your baptism. You were then dedicated and made over by your pious parents to God your Saviour, to renounce the Devil and the miserable slavery and bondage of sin, to believe from your heart all the

great truths of the Gospel made known in the Bible, and to walk in the pleasant path of God's blessed commandments.

'To this end, you must pray, my love, for God's Holy Spirit to teach, to illuminate, to strengthen, and guide you.

'When you begin to pray from your heart, you will soon feel the reluctance of your nature. This reluctance you must overcome by God's Spirit helping you.

'So when you would shut out the vanities of the world, the same opposition will arise, and must be conquered in the same way.

'Religion is a very gradual thing, imperceptible almost (except in the case of very extraordinary conversions), and only to be discerned (like the wind) in its effects. Therefore go on and form good habits, and obey the voice of conscience. Consider all religious duties, not as an end, but as a means towards an end. Perform all your obligations as a scholar, a daughter, a young lady in society, with diligence and simplicity, relying on God for help, and seeking pardon for all your sins and short-comings. Don't be discouraged because you cannot altogether do the things you aim at. You never will, as long as you live. But CHRIST will wash you in his blood, and comfort you if you are sincere.'

TO HIS NIECES, AUGUSTA AND EMILY BATEMAN.

'CALCUTTA, *August*, 1856.

'My love to all my relatives is as warm as ever; and you, the dear daughters of my own eldest sister, that suffering but happy saint, are doubly interesting to me.

'You ask me, my loves, for my advice; but I have nothing to offer but what the best of books contains, both in principle and in detail. (1) The more you meditate upon it day and night, the brighter will be the light that shines from it, through the grace of the blessed Spirit of God. (2) Pray without ceasing, like the widow with the unjust judge. (3) In everything give thanks. (4) Watch over your heart, for out of it are the issues of life. (5) Keep near to Christ as your ALL. (6) Govern your tempers, and the current of your thoughts.

'The Lord be with you and all friends.'

TO HIS GRANDCHILD, LOUISA WILSON.

‘SERAMPORE, *March*, 1857.

‘Follow, my dear grandchild, the steps of your beloved parents in the faith and love of our blessed Redeemer, and you will be happy in time and eternity. Be earnest in your secret prayers. Commit to memory passages of the holy Bible. Thus you will learn what a sinner you are by nature and practice—and what a great Atonement our Lord Christ has made on the Cross. He will give you his grace if you seek it, and by his Holy Spirit will make you a new creature.’

TO THE REV. HENRY VENN.

‘CALCUTTA, *December 24th*, 1856.

‘A few words with my faithful and beloved friend *Henry Venn*, with whom I seem more than ever conjoined, by having in daily reading the touching life and letters of his honoured grandfather. That incomparable volume ought to be far more extensively circulated than it is. I remember well seeing him led into the pew next my own, to hear Mr. Romaine, in 1796 or 1797. He was very feeble, and I was too young to observe much of his features. The union of singular attainments of joy and spirituality, with comprehensiveness of judgment, and soundness of decision on moral questions, is quite unequalled. From his extreme warmth of feeling, you would expect him to break down on practical questions—but no, nothing so wonderful as his insight into difficulties whether in Scripture or in his ministry. Mr. Cecil knew him well, and used to tell me of his manners and way of going on. There was no escaping him—he meets an old and determined opponent, and takes him by the arm with all the affection of a brother, and talks to him about Christ and eternity. His preaching was very unequal; for he would sometimes go exhausted into the pulpit, after two hours eager conversation in private. I remember Mr. J. Pearson mentioned to me what you notice in his life, that his joy at the approach of death, delayed for a time, that to him, wished for event.

‘I have just been passing through the gentle chastisement

of my tender-hearted Redeemer, and my life hangs by a thread. I have been endeavouring to wind up all my matters personal, ecclesiastical, and domestic, aided by the incomparable talent and love of my returned Archdeacon. Oh! that I could secure to him the succession to this Bishopric; and also a See at Agra for some like-minded person. But I leave it with the great Head of the Church, and shall wonder at nothing after the noble appointments at home and in the Colonies. Never since the Reformation has such an era been granted to England.

'I relish Mr. Foster's remarks in the "Eclectic Notes" (I knew him well, and preached for him in 1803), more than those of the other members. I go along with him fully in his confessions. Mr. Scott is also most excellent, and Mr. Venn, and J. Clayton also—whilst of course *Mr. Cecil sparkles*. And "now unto Him that can keep us from falling, the only wise God, be glory and dominion for ever and ever."'

TO A CHAPLAIN IN THE PUNJAUB.

'CALCUTTA, *May*, 1856.

'Nothing can be more honourable to you than the high sentiments you entertain of the dignity and responsibility of your office; and I have the less difficulty in answering the question you propose, because it has been decided again and again by the Supreme Government, and by myself, during the course of my episcopate.

'3. The Roman Catholics are not committed to your care. Your office, as a chaplain of the Hon. Company, is confined to the Protestants in the regiments at your station.

'4. You are expressly prohibited by the Government from provoking the displeasure of the Brigadier, the jealousy of the Romanist priest, and the possible discontent of the soldiers themselves, by attempting to instruct that division of the troops who are Roman Catholics, and have duly salaried priests for their spiritual guidance.

'5. Your Ordination vows direct you to minister the Holy Sacraments "in the congregation when you are lawfully appointed thereto."

‘6. At home, the limits of the parish where a priest is located and licensed, form the boundaries of his calling, and to proceed into other parishes would be an irregularity which would incur spiritual admonition.

‘7. The limits of the chaplain in India are the Protestants in the stations where he is licensed to serve; and even amongst the Protestants he would not be authorised to attempt the proselytism of Presbyterians or Baptists.

‘8. The universal method of Indian chaplains is to hold divine service twice a week with the Protestants in hospital; collecting the convalescents in some convenient verandah, or other place.

‘9. The bed-ridden Protestants are instructed individually by a few words affectionately directed to them in their beds.

‘10. If the sick are too numerous for one visit, they are divided by the chaplain into classes, and he visits first one class and then another, as his time and strength allow.

‘11. In case of any voluntary application to the chaplain on the part of the Romanist, it will be the chaplain’s happiness to comply with it in a mild and unobserved manner.

‘13. It removes all responsibility from your own conscience when you are thus told that you must confine your ministrations to those to whom you are legally appointed and licensed.’

TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA ON ASSISTANT CHAPLAINS.

‘ October, 1856.

‘I have the honour of submitting to your Lordship’s favourable consideration the enclosed petition of the body of Assistant Chaplains.

‘The object is to obtain a settled period when all Assistant Chaplains will be entitled to the higher remuneration of the chaplains on full pay.

‘The present uncertainty of the period of their promotion is depressing to the last degree, and prevents that careful forethought and arrangement for the support of their perhaps growing familie, which a fixed prospect would enable them to form.

‘The larger number of Assistant Chaplains will, indeed, never reach the higher grade till the whole of their period of service has expired ; that is, they will never enjoy it at all.

‘At the same time, the moment they come out, they are liable to be appointed, from the exigencies of the service, to the most weighty and responsible stations ; three have been recently marched off to Peshawur, to cite one example, and another placed in Calcutta.

‘They seem entitled, therefore, to the hope of advancement within some fair and moderate period.

‘Nor do I doubt that our Honourable Masters will cheerfully take the case into their favourable consideration, if only your Lordship in Council would make the warm and urgent representations I am persuaded you will.

‘It is my firm opinion that, taking the circumstances of India into consideration, and the contingent afflictions, separations, and expenses which invariably attend all chaplains, that the ecclesiastical establishment, as respects the assistant chaplains, is underpaid.

‘The indisposition of the Honourable Court to changes I well know. But India is not what it was when the plan of a double measure of remuneration was first devised. The relative position of the assistants has been becoming worse and worse for years. I feel a considerable confidence, therefore, that the petition I now enclose will be conceded to the Reverend Chaplains, who address it, through me, to your Lordship.’

CHAPTER XXI.

SEVENTH AND LAST VISITATION.

1855—1857.

Last Charge—Visitation to Burmah—Meets Lord Dalhousie—Successful applications—Prompt action—American Missionaries—Primitive abode—Model Farm—Takes spiritual possession of Burmah—Sermons—Confirmations—Voyage to Madras—Bishop Dealtry—Visit to Ceylon—Pearl Sermon—Lord and Lady Canning—Calcutta Journals—Thanksgiving Sermon for Peace—Cathedral Improvements—Donation—Terrible Accident—Tenderness of spirit—Re-arrangement of Cathedral Endowment Fund—Plan for a Coadjutor Bishop—Indian Mutinies—Sermon on “Prayer, the Refuge of the afflicted Church”—The Bishop enters his eightieth year—Reflections—Meeting for Prayer—Humiliation Sermon—Captain Peel and the “Shannon”—Trip to Sand-heads—Captain Key and the “Sanspareil”—Five Letters—Receiving Ship—Reflections—Return to Calcutta—His DEATH—Funeral Sermons in Islington—Narrative of Archdeacon Pratt, Dr. Webb, and Mr. Walters—Respect paid to the Bishop’s memory—Testimonies to his worth.

THE Charge which the Bishop delivered on October 23rd, 1855, was HIS LAST. It was based upon the address of St. Paul at Miletus to the elders of the Church at Ephesus. All the parts of that address were carefully expounded and applied to the condition of the Church, and the characters of the clergy in the present day. This was followed by honourable mention of Colonel Forbes, the architect of the Cathedral, of Mr. Weitbrecht, the Church Missionary, and Mr. D. Jones, the Propagation Missionary—all of whom had departed to their rest. The recent Minute of Government for making “grants in aid” for the promotion of education, after the plan of the Privy Council at home, was discussed and approved. The progress of Missions and the statistics of the diocese, with other incidental topics of interest, were introduced. All was gentle, quiet, and subdued; and the last words ever addressed by him to the assembled clergy were as follows:—

‘ And now, brethren, I most affectionately *commend you to God and to the word of His grace*. This is a guardianship under which we may comfortably leave each other. The *inheritance of the Saints in light* is before us. The more we study the Word of God’s grace, the better shall we be prepared for that unspeakable blessedness—an inheritance *incorruptible and undefiled, and which fadeth not away*, as all earthly possessions do, and must—an inheritance *purchased for the Church of God by His own blood*, to which *repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ*, are the means of conducting us—an inheritance for which they only who are *sanctified* and prepared will be admitted.

‘ The time will come on earth when the dearest friends must be torn one from another : but we look forward to a state where nothing shall separate us, nothing give occasion to the words which St. Paul spake, and which were above all grievous to his flock, *that they should see his face no more* ; but where a blessed reunion with those, whom we have loved here below in Christ, will efface every preceding sorrow and trouble, and all the past will be swallowed up in the eternal fruition, and joy, and holiness, and mutual love and transport, of seeing Jesus our Master as He is, and being with Him for ever and ever.’

The whole spirit and tone of the Charge was what it professed to be, paternal and affectionate ; and it bore the same relation to the preceding ones, that the calm and tranquil evening does to the early dawn and sultry day. The Church in India should ask for the re-publication of these seven (or if the Missionary Charge at Tanjore, and the local Charge at Bombay be added—these nine) Charges. No topic of interest was omitted in them. No labour was ever spared. The statistics are most valuable, and the narrative of events most important. Whilst they bear testimony to the Bishop’s faithfulness as a ruler in the house of God, so do they furnish materials for a history of the Church in India. Collected into a small volume, they would prove a valuable deposit for the one, and a lasting memorial of the other.

When the Charge had been delivered, and the usual duties performed, the Bishop and his Chaplain embarked on the

Tenasserim, a large armed steamer, purposing to visit Chit-tagong, Akyab, Rangoon, Prome, Thyat-moo, Moulmein, Penang, Singapore, Point-de-Galle, and Madras. It will not be necessary to follow him over ground already trodden, but the last Burmese war had brought large accessions of territory to British India, and these will require notice. A whole district had been annexed, important places were occupied, large military cantonments were fixed on, a new town (to be called "Dalhousie") was in contemplation, the magnificent Irrawaddy was commanded, commerce was rapidly developing itself, four European and thirteen native regiments kept the peace, and every thing betokened at the time a permanent and profitable occupation of the annexed provinces. To these the Bishop's course was directed, in the hope that he might be enabled to give things a right bias and a strong impulse. Lord Dalhousie, also, was expected for a final visit ere he resigned that authority which he had held with so firm a hand, and so clear a head—but with such short prescience!

After stopping at Akyab, and performing all required duties there, the Bishop pushed on for Rangoon, part of the newly acquired territory, and situated on a navigable river forming part of the network of the Irrawaddy. He arrived on November 14th, and was most kindly received by the Commissioner, Major Phayre, the Brigadier, Colonel Russel, and the Chaplain, Mr. Bull. There was much to be done—chaplains to settle, churches to build, sites to choose, sermons to preach, hospitals and schools to visit. Old times seemed to have returned, and the approach of the Governor-General stimulated him to have all his requests in readiness. Lord Dalhousie landed on November 20th, and fixed the next day to see the Bishop. The result may be best told in his own words:—

‘His Lordship has granted everything I asked. First, three churches, to cost thirty-five thousand rupees each, in the cantonments. Secondly, one church in the town. Thirdly, an order to the Executive Engineer to begin them at once. Fourthly, burial-grounds to be set apart and consecrated. Fifthly, all I asked for Akyab also was granted. Blessed then, be Thou, O God! for these fresh and undeserved mercies. I never had

a larger budget of requests to make, and I obtained them all. The Governor-General asked me to dine with him to-morrow. He embarks for England from Calcutta on the 1st March.'

On the morning of the very next day, the foundation stone of the church in the town was laid. The Bishop made a long address on the occasion, and called the church "St. Andrew's," in reverence and gratitude for "Andrew, Marquis Dalhousie." In the evening he held pleasant intercourse with his Lordship. Large parties were no longer desired by him, for his voice was feeble, and his hearing dull; but a small party like this, when, as he says, "Lord Dalhousie chatted with all freedom and kindness," he thoroughly enjoyed. The talk was of Sebastopol and the Duke. Our commanders were freely criticised, and their errors, as pointed out at home, openly condemned. "Veteran soldiers should have been sent to storm the Redan; and not raw recruits." "Reserves ought to have been in hand to ensure, or to complete success." Had the Duke been alive, the Russian war would never have taken place, nor would the Russian army ever have crossed the Pruth. The Emperor of Russia had a most profound awe for Wellington. When one of the Grand Dukes, his son, came over to England some time back, he had orders to call first upon the Duke, and tender his respects; but the Duke came up at once from Walmer Castle in his green uniform, as a Russian Field Marshal, to anticipate him.

In such racy converse as this, the evening passed away, and the Bishop retired at nine o'clock. The next day the Governor-General and Lady Susan Ramsay, his daughter, embarked for Calcutta; but the Bishop's duties were not completed, and he remained. He staked out the ground for another church, preached several times; held confirmations, re-visited hospitals and schools. He went also to Kanendine in the Jungle, to see the American missionaries labouring amongst the Karens, and found there twelve thousand converts, with four thousand catechumens. The converts not only maintained themselves, but cultivated the land, and were becoming rich. All this excited deep interest.

He then embarked on another steamer called the *Nerbuddah*, and went four hundred miles up the Irrawaddy, passing Donabew and Prome, to Thyat-moo, the most advanced European station on our side the river. Here he arrived on Saturday, the 1st December, and was received by Brigadier Lane into a most primitive abode. It consisted of a few upright wooden posts and beams supporting a house of matting—the roof matting, the floor matting, the walls matting, the partitions matting—through all which the rather chilly wind had free and full circulation. “It is far worse than a tent,” he said. On the Sunday, divine services were performed. On Monday the site of the new church was selected, the ground staked out, and the adjacent cemetery consecrated. The military officers gathered round him when the service was ended, and begged him to consecrate the old ground, in which many of their comrades who had fallen in battle, lay at rest. He hesitated, lest he should give offence to the Roman Catholics, many of whom had been interred there. Finally, however, he consented to walk through the ground, blessing, or consecrating, as he passed, the graves of the Protestants.

The model farm, established by the Governor-General, attracted his notice. Five hundred sheep, purchased at two rupees, or about four shillings a head, had increased an hundred-fold in a single year. Seven hundred bullocks and sixty elephants did the farm work. The object was to breed stock for native farms, and to give an impulse to an improved species of agriculture.

He was then invited to visit the frontier line. It was about ten miles from Thyat-moo, and four miles from Meaday, the extreme station on the opposite shore; and was marked by a lofty pillar. The steamer bore the party up the river to the nearest landing-place; and all then pushed through thick jungle, for about a mile, to the pillar of demarkation. It stood before them, built of brick or stone, and with a flagstaff on the summit. Three steps constituted the basement. The Bishop ascended them, and looking towards the Burmese side, he said, “We bless Thee and praise Thee, O Lord, for the peace and tranquillity granted to this land, and we pray that the light of Thy Blessed Gospel may be diffused throughout it.”

The doxology was then given out, and all present united in singing it.

‘Thus,’ says the Bishop, ‘I dedicated Burmah by faith, to Christ our Lord; as I did the Punjaub, when on my way to Lodianah in 1836 or 1840. May the prayer be answered.’

The officers of the Native Regiments entertained him at dinner. He dined also at the mess of Her Majesty’s 29th Regiment. Long conferences also were held as to the propriety of building the new church of iron or brick; the decision being in favour of iron. In due time the foundation was laid by the Bishop, the troops being all paraded, and thousands of natives assembled.

All this, with sermons and confirmations, wore him out, and he “was quite glad to escape on board his steamer.” “I leave this beautiful station,” were his parting words; “may the Lord Jesus be pleased to establish His own words in many hearts.”

Speeding on to Huzadah, the steamer grounded on a sand-bank, and remained fixed for two days. Divine service had been announced, and the congregation had in due time assembled; but no steamer and no Bishop appeared. “Some accident has happened,” they said, “or he would certainly have been here at the appointed time.” “See,” says the Bishop, commenting upon their words, “the advantage of a good character for punctuality.”

Hence he passed on to Amherst and Moulmein; and, falling into the usual track, performed the usual duties. The 27th December found him again in Calcutta, not very well, but waiting for the Peninsular and Oriental Company’s steamer *Bengal* to take him as a passenger to Madras. On his arrival there he was welcomed by Bishop Dealtry, his old friend, and Lord Harris, the new Governor. His stay was limited by the steamer to twenty-four hours. So that he could not do much. At a public evening meeting he renewed his friendship with all the clergy and a large body of the influential

laity. At a morning breakfast the next day the Governor and all the authorities were invited to meet him. On both occasions he made addresses. After the second, Bishop Dealtry said to him, 'Now, my Lord, you need do no more. You have delivered your 'charge' last evening and this morning.'

"So good is God," adds the Bishop, "so wonderful are his dealings. Nothing more than this was or could be required of the Metropolitan with such an admirable Bishop in the Diocese. I cannot bless God enough for my two suffragans."

The absence of the Bishop of Colombo from Ceylon, in consequence of ill-health, made a visit to that island expedient; and, on January 30th, he was on his way thither. But he was now again deprived of the services of his chaplain, for the Rev. J. Bloomfield had found it necessary to accompany his wife and family to England. For this part of the visitation therefore the Bishop was happy to secure the aid of Mr. Tarleton, his "curate at Serampore." He arrived at Ceylon on the first of February, and was received gladly by Archdeacon Matthias and the clergy. Purposing to stay four days, he was detained, by the delay of the mail steamer from England, for eighteen. This time was divided between Colombo and Point-de-Galle, and fully occupied. He was much struck with the general progress of things, and greatly admired the new Cathedral and College, reared by the liberality and labours of Bishop Chapman. He found, however, that daily prayers in the Cathedral were gradually superseding prayers in the family. This did not please him, and he resolved to have a short exposition and prayer, "in his own way," each day during his short stay. Every Sunday also he preached; and, on one occasion, having selected for his subject the "pearl of great price," he covered his table with books on the subject of the pearl fishery in the Gulf of Manaar; and thus, as in former times, discoursed upon, 1st, The Pearl; 2ndly, The Search; 3rdly, The Purchase; in a manner familiar and very interesting to a Ceylon auditory.

He was delighted also to welcome Lord and Lady Canning, who touched at Point-de-Galle on their way to Calcutta; and

then stretching across the Bay of Bengal, so often traversed, he visited Singapore, Malacca, and Penang: but having now, for the first time, no vessel at his own command, he did not reach Calcutta himself till the 17th April.

Surely no one can read even this sketch of the Bishop's last Visitation without astonishment at his vigour, decision, and success. He was seventy-eight years' old, and compassed about with infirmities. Yet he travelled thousands of miles, penetrated new countries, shrunk from no labours, and, whilst God gave health, used it all to his glory!

The return to Calcutta brings forward once more his journal-letters.

' April 23rd.—I had my first audience of the new Governor-General on Monday. He was kindness itself; and Lady Canning is the sweetest of ladies. When I had done my business with the Governor-General, I rang the little bell I had with me in my cabinet-box (for I now always go with all my papers in a box), and he smiled at finding I brought everything with me. In the evening I took Lady Canning in to dinner, and had much pleasant conversation about the dear Queen and the royal children. She gave me Caird's sermon, preached before the Queen, which I read both with pleasure and displeasure. It is a Scotch sermon, and sound at bottom; but all is put, not simply and evangelically, but abstractedly. There being no light of Christ shining in the discourse, I fear it will do little good.

' I have been deep in Thiers' History 1809—10. He surpasses Alison. He is striking, elegant, laborious, lucid; and as fair to THE DUKE as perhaps a Frenchman can be. Napoleon he condemns without reserve. His account of the Battle of Busaco is superb; Massena graphically described; Torres Vedras minutely pictured; style beautiful.

' On board the steamer also, as it brought me to Calcutta, I found Macaulay's third and fourth volumes. I was asking casually at the breakfast table if any of the passengers from England had seen it, when Mr. Parkes, our Consul at Siam, said his wife would lend it me with pleasure. I was overjoyed. I lent him my "Thiers," and "The Quarterly," instantly, and

gave him my little volume on "The Atonement." I put aside all books, and, in four days, had read through the sixteen hundred pages. My admiration is increased. The faults are still glaring. There is (1) a sceptical unsettled mind; (2) irreverence in quoting Scripture; (3) a morality too loose and worldly; (4) unfairness to the Church of England; (5) language too positive and sweeping. But, on the whole, it is a most important addition to our knowledge of James, William, and their times. The style is purely English. There is no mere finery, no balance of sentences like Gibbon, no affected aim at eloquence. Then there is an engaging, fascinating, and almost romantic story, told with a carelessness at times which marks the rapid penman full of his subject. Next, the light thrown on the theory of our Constitution is to me very instructive. The fine development of the great statesman William is charming. The characters, minute and graphical, of the great men of the day, are excellent. And the new facts crown the just praises of these wonderful volumes.'

'*May 8th.*—Last evening Mrs. Ellerton and I went to see the Misses Suter at their normal school for providing and training teachers for the females of India. They are now in a temporary home near Mr. Sandy's at Calcutta. The institution flourishes under these dear ladies. Nineteen females are being educated. Three have gone out to respectable native gentlemen's families, two of whom have admittance into the Zenana. Miss Sophy Suter marries my Mr. Tarleton; and I have agreed to let her and her husband live with me till he obtains his chaplaincy. My spirits and strength are low; my digestion weak; my sleep full of dreams.'

'*June 2nd.*—I am deep in Elliott's "Warburton Lectures." The style is rather obscure, but the plan very good. The "Christian Observer" for April has an excellent article against the fripperies of Godwin. The "Quarterly" and "Edinburgh" are capital. The "Life of Wardlaw" is very heavy. I can't get on with it. I have written to Mr. Mangles and Sir P. Melville about my applications for chaplaincies—with thanks for eight good men arrived, and three more expected. Bishop Dealtry is to be here the end of October to spend five months in visiting for me the Upper Provinces. It is twelve years since my last visit.'

'*June 14th.* On Thursday I had the wonderful young Editor of the "Friend of India," to breakfast, with Mr. Hunt the great railway man, and Mr. Wylie, who is one of those noble, kind-hearted, thoroughly good men, of whom there are so few in the world. On Friday I had a very different breakfast party—Dr. and Mrs. Duff. I had not seen him for some years. He is indeed a marked man in his generation—like Dr. Chalmers. But he has worn himself out at the age of forty-eight. Still he is as well here as in England. He visits his magnificent schools, and has built a school-house at an expense of eighty thousand rupees. A lady in England has sent him sixteen thousand rupees to build a church. I have finished Elliott's "Warburton Lectures," with great approbation on the whole. His scheme is at least consistent and comprehensive. I look on two points as clear, almost to demonstration—the meaning of the term Antichrist—and the year-day theory.'

'SERAMPORE, *July 10th.* At length after sixteen months residence at the Palace, Mrs. Ellerton has accompanied me to this place. I have fitted up spare rooms for her and her little maid, and very happy she seems. She has not been at Serampore for fifty years! She made me take her to Henry Martyn's Pagoda. She remembers the neighbourhood, and Ghareddy Ghât and House, in Sir Eyre Coote's time (1783). At the distance of seventy-four years she recalls everything. The ancient Governor of Chinsurah, with his fat Dutch wife, is full in her mind. When she visited him with her first husband (she was then sixteen), the old Dutchman cried out—"Oh, if you would find me such a nice little wife, I would give you ten thousand rupees!"

'Mr. and Mrs. Tarleton have joined us after their marriage and rustication. I am at the middle of "Dr. Kitto's Life," a most marvellous life of a deaf man attaining the elevation of a literary character. He was with Groves, the Dentist, Preacher, Missionary, Plymouth Brother, Baptist, &c., whom I saw here twenty years since, and who disturbed the minds of some unstable professors. I have his "Pictorial Bible," but have not much consulted it. I disliked the title.'

'*July 20th.* I have been preaching, and shall probably print

my "Thanksgiving Sermon," on the peace with Russia. I was anxious to pour out my whole mind as to what the Government should do here as a mark of thanksgiving to Almighty God. The Governor-General and Lady Canning were at the Cathedral. On leaving, the Governor-General said to his aide-de-camp "The Bishop has given us plenty to do." ¹

'BARRACKPORE, *August 17th*. I came over here to preach, after five years absence, for the "Additional Clergy Society." Colonel Wheeler put an hundred rupees into the collection, and a few days ago he gave a thousand rupees to the Malta College collection. He is an excellent man. I am reading Blunt's three first Centuries. It is a capital book in its way; and shows a most acute mind. I heard one of the Lectures at Cambridge in 1846.

'Mr. Tyng, Dr. Milner's successor at New York, has sent me a kind letter and one of his works. American affairs seem to be very alarming. But the American Missionaries are full of life in India and Pegu.

'I have finished "Alison's" last volume, and my indignation is kindled at his absurd and wicked condemnation of Wilberforce. And yet I like the instruction he conveys. Much is new to me; and the documents he has dug up are authentic and valuable.'

'*August 25th*.—I am in correspondence with Dr. Oliffe, the Vicar Apostolic. He is a true Italian priest. He called some time ago. I was very civil of course; but did not return the call. However, I sent him a copy of my "Prince of Peace" sermon. He returned it the next day, with some warmth, as having given him personal offence by ascribing corruption of doctrine and morals to the greater part of Christendom. I replied off-hand that I had no intention of offending him individually.

¹ This sermon was printed and circulated throughout the length and breadth of India. The suggestions offered in it had respect (1) to the desired increase of true religion and piety amongst all classes of Christians, as the ruling power in India; (2) to the continuance and extension of that humane policy which had abolished Suttees, Thuggism, Infanticide, and the gross abominations of Heathenism; (3) to the discountenancing of the prevalent gambling spirit, whether in the form of pleasure or commerce—the race-course or the opium traffic; (4) to the discontinuance of the favour shown to the system of Mahometanism; (5) to the better observance of the Lord's Day; (6) to the imperative duty of permitting religious instruction to be added to secular learning in Government Schools, whenever the opportunity occurred and the wish was expressed; (7) to the increase of national piety by the increase of individual piety.

He answered, and sent me "Dr. Wiseman on the Rule of Faith;" and entreated me to "consult my salvation" by submitting to Peter and the Pope. Whether I shall send him Goode's incomparable "Divine Rule" I do not know; or whether I shall let him drop.'

'*October 6th.*—I have been led to begin the seventh and eighth volumes of Lord John Russell's "Life of Thomas Moore." It is very amusing, and lets the eye penetrate into the recesses of the world's life. And what a vapid, heartless, irreligious life! I am contrasting it with the "Life of Venn" of Huddersfield.'

'*October 4th.* I met the other day Prescott's "Histories." I am delighted. His style is simple, pure, and attractive; his research unwearied; his selection of topics full of tact. I wish he was a Christian man:—but he is nearly as good as Robertson and Tytler.'

'*October 22nd.* I am half through Milman's sixth volume. He is as industrious and prying as Prescott; and has read everything—except Dean Milner! He has done the great Wickliffe justice. John Huss is brought out nobly. Æneas Sylvius (afterwards Pius II.), is exposed in his vileness. Indeed Dean Milman excels in describing the private characters of the Popes, which are often a compound of every vice. His sixth volume will do immense good as against Popery: but he sadly fails in spiritual and evangelical views, as all the Ecclesiastical historians do:—except Milner.'

'*October 29th.* On Sunday I was very poorly; but this morning I had all my Calcutta clergy and their wives, to breakfast, to meet Bishop Dealtry, who has arrived. There were forty-six present. Dr. Dealtry expounded in chapel the 139th Psalm: and after breakfast, addressed our friends excellently for half an hour. We then sang "We thank Thee Lord for this our food," &c., and the Doxology: and the whole house was filled with the resounding notes of nearly fifty voices, like Mary's ointment, the odour of which filled all the house where our Lord and his disciples were assembled. My "Thoughts of Peace," which I read each morning in common with you, my children, were mislaid, but have been recovered. I read this morning "Number 300."'

‘*November 5th.* I have received twenty-five copies of Archdeacon Pratt’s “Eclectic Notes.” I go through two or three pages every day for devotional reading. They delight and edify me.’

‘*November 7th.* I have read straight through “Dred.” It is admirable: equal I think to “Uncle Tom.” I look upon “Dred’s” character as a fine conception of the fanaticism engendered by Scripture phrases in an oppressed and powerful mind.’

‘*November 25th.* Hurried, hurried with the dear Archdeacon Pratt’s arrival, and the transfer of three years’ arrears from dearest Fisher: with service thrice a day with poor Mrs. Ellerton: and with current duties. The Archdeacon is full of love, and is putting his shoulders to the wheel with all his heart. He preached on Sunday at the Cathedral after an interval of three years. Bishop Dealtry is gone on his Visitation of the Upper Provinces for me, on one side of India: and Bishop Harding is going on the other.’

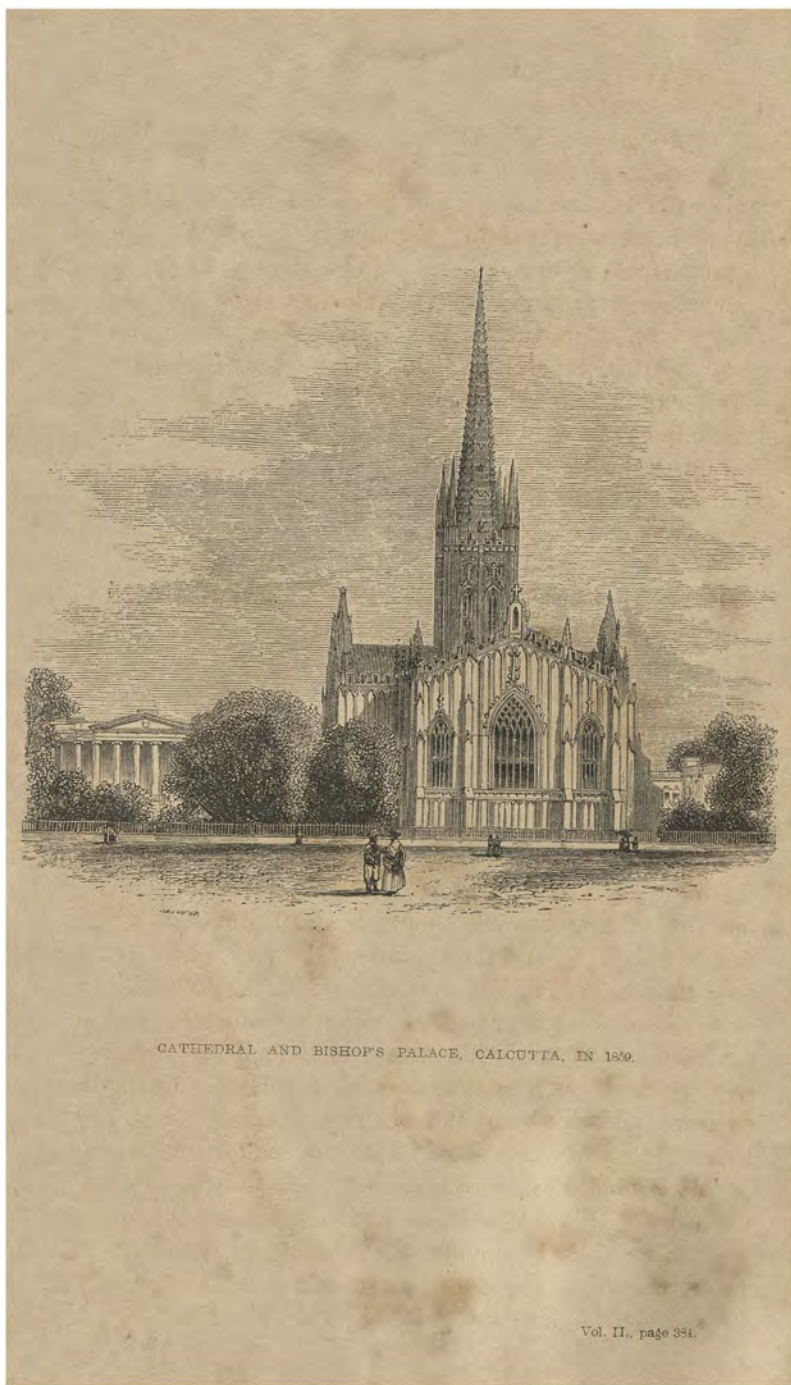
‘*December 8th.* I have begun the delicious “Life of J. Haldane Stewart,” my friend of fifty-two years! There have been few such men!’

‘*December 10th.* We have settled a noble series of finishings for the Cathedral. There are to be four porches to the side doors, a pent roof over the flat one, the eastern window is to be defended by an outer covering, and a handsome screen to be placed behind the Communion Table. For all this our repairing fund must suffice. I give to it what economy and giving up other objects will enable me to do: and thus after twenty years, this Oriental Cathedral, which gives the first status to our Church in India, will I trust be finished, whilst the grand spiritual ends are made more prominent than ever. Then if my endowment fund is settled wisely, I shall indeed be ready to sing my *Nunc dimittis*.’

It is thus he speaks of a donation of twelve thousand rupees. These last repairs and improvements of his Cathedral, including a raised and pointed roof, “light, strong, and not expensive,” to use the words of the Engineer officer, were estimated at twenty thousand rupees. Towards this amount he resolved to give himself twelve thousand rupees, though he had but three thousand at the time to give. Finding on

enquiry, however, that cheques, signed during his lifetime, would be valid after his death, he sent the Archdeacon all the money he had, and added nine signed cheques for one thousand rupees each, in order to ensure the payment of his benefaction and to prevent the necessity of a codicil to his Will. Whilst these sheets were passing through the press, the suggested improvements were completed : and a view of the Cathedral in connection with the Bishop's Palace, arrived from India in time to be engraven for this work. The Archdeacon, who kindly sent it, reports that the change has called forth "universal expressions of approval in Calcutta." And surely all the helpers and well-wishers in England will reciprocate the feeling, when they look upon a print which charms the eye, and satisfies the taste, and upon which photography has affixed the stamp of truth.

Thus the year 1856 drew towards its close. It had been chequered with many attacks of illness more or less severe, though not requiring specific enumeration : but had been characterised on the whole by great energy and success. From the journal-extracts just given it will be seen how fresh and healthy was his mind, and how he kept up with all the current literature of the day. His criticism from India was oftentimes the first announcement to his children of the publication of some work in England. His love of home and country never faded. His interest in what was going on never ceased. No one cut the leaves of the Quarterly and Edinburgh, of Blackwood's Magazine, and the Christian Observer, with more eagerness than he did : no one ever rejoiced more over good articles, or mourned more over bad. It was not indifference to English associations that made him cleave to India, for his recollections were as vivid, his friends as dear, his family affections as strong as ever. But his great and oftentimes expressed desire was to END WELL : and where should a Bishop end his course so well as in his own diocese ? Where rest so calmly as in his own Cathedral ? This conviction and determination removed all uncertainty from his mind. He felt that he was in his proper place, and doing his proper work : and hence he waited God's time for deliverance, and gratefully recognised God's mercies.



CATHEDRAL AND BISHOP'S PALACE, CALCUTTA, IN 1839.

But with the opening of the year 1857 the narrative must be resumed. One of the attacks to which he was now frequently subject, had prostrated him towards the close of the year, and kept him from church and duty.

"I have just crawled out of bed," he says, referring to it on December 17th, "for an hour or two. I am in St. Peter's Epistles, in my annual journey through the Bible, to be finished, if God pleases, on December 31st. Very, very instructive are these Epistles, commending, as they do, (1) precious faith, (2) precious promises, (3) precious JESUS. May I have more of the first, that I may lay hold more firmly of the second, in order to attain through all eternity the fruition of the third."

He was recovering from this attack, and was able to go out, when a terrible accident happened to him, intelligence of which was conveyed to his family by Archdeacon Pratt, who was now happily again domesticated at the Palace. The Bishop was walking alone in the verandah of the Palace, when, looking at his watch, he found that it was four o'clock. This was his dinner hour; and urged by his habits of punctuality, he suddenly and hastily turned round to enter the room, and thus came into violent collision with a sun-shade, or wooden screen, fixed to the wall to divert the rays of the sun without excluding the air. The shock brought him to the ground, and he fell violently upon the right hip. His chief Sirdar, a faithful old servant, entering the room at the moment, rushed to his help, raised him up, and with assistance led him down stairs. Not feeling much pain, he sat down to dinner as usual, with Mr. and Mrs. Leupolt, who were on a visit. In the middle of dinner, however, he turned faint and giddy, and was borne in a chair to bed. An accurate examination at first was impossible; but the next day, under the action of chloroform, Dr. Webb discovered that the great trochanter, or upper part of the thigh bone was fractured in the socket: the bone itself also was displaced. With great skill this was replaced: splints and bandages were applied: and then nature, assisted, was left to work. Permanent lameness was not anticipated, but the effects of confinement to the bed,

and a continuance in one posture, were much dreaded. Even here, however, God showed mercy, and by His blessing upon the means employed, the danger was averted. The fracture closed, the wounds healed, the lameness gradually passed away, and the measure of health previously enjoyed was regained. It was a wonderful cure for one nearly entering his eightieth year, and showed vast constitutional vigour. The state of his mind whilst thus lying helpless, is portrayed in his own letters. Some have thought him wanting in tenderness: can they read the touching expressions he makes use of, and see how his abiding still in India was the result of self-control and mastery over his own will, without arriving at a very different conclusion?

‘On the whole,’ he says, ‘I believe I am doing well. I was able to pray a good deal in the night, and to cast myself simply upon Christ, just as I am. Sins come with awe to my remembrance—secret sins—sins of the heart. The glory of that God I have so often provoked strikes me through and through!’

‘I consider his great mercies. I contrast the comforts and alleviations of my case with those of others. I have kind friends; good servants; nice house, bed, and every relief of an external kind; spared to the age of seventy-eight; twenty-five years residence in India; five thousand seven hundred and sixty-five sermons preached from 1801, and two thousand two hundred and twenty-three of them in India; my will signed; public accounts all straight; no debts; finishing of the Cathedral settled; clergy all love!’

‘One thing I could have wished for, if it had been God’s will; that I might have died in the midst of my beloved family; that Eliza and Lucy might have closed my eyes, and Daniel and Josiah comforted me in my dying moments. I should have loved to have urged my grandchildren to stand fast and be decided for THE LORD! But we shall soon meet in heaven, never to part again, if we are indeed born of God, and led by the Spirit of Christ.’

To the earnest request of his children, called forth by this

event, that he would retire from his scene of labour, return home, and rest in the bosom of his family, his reply in due course was as follows:—

‘Your letters, my beloved ones, convinced me, by the abundant love with which they are filled, of the deep impression which the account of my fractured limb made on you. But it is gone by. I walk, though not as firmly, yet as really as ever. Your tears, however, are dear to a father’s heart, especially yours, my sweet Eliza! They will be returned into your own bosom. Your passionate wishes that I should at once come home, would be all disappointed if I complied. No: I hope to leave my bones in India whenever God may call me from this miserable world to the blessedness of being for ever with him in heaven.’

The gradual progress towards the recovery thus announced is given in his previous journal-letters.

‘*January 1st, 1857.* A happy new year to all my beloved ones, in that true circumcision of the Spirit which we this day pray for. Thank God, I am somewhat better. The wind couch is a great relief. I slept somewhat, and can move my limb, and am free from pain. I finished the glorious book of the Revelations last night, and am beginning with Genesis to-day: the “seed of the Woman” (Gen. ii.) is thus connected with “the bright and morning star.” (Rev. xxii.)’

‘*January 3rd.* Blessed be God, last night, the eleventh since the accident, I was enabled really to close my eyes in sleep. The refreshment, from contrast, was most lively. The first time I awoke, I could not believe I had been sleeping. I burst out into praises to the God of my mercies!’

‘*January 7th.* Dr. Webb considers me to be improving still. I have found four jewels in my search from Genesis the fifteenth to the eighteenth.

‘1. “I am thy shield and thine exceeding great reward.”

‘2. “Abraham believed God, and he counted it unto him for righteousness.”

‘3. The giving of Circumcision.

‘4. “I am the Almighty God : walk before me, and be thou perfect.”’

‘*January 26th.* I have taken drives for four days, and am to have a warm bath to-day. I may hope to walk in a fortnight. My chief difficulty is want of sleep, and a teasing cough, which, however, are in God’s hands, as every part of this gracious visitation is.’

‘*February 2nd.* I still sleep very indifferently, but in the measure God pleases. And what mercies have I received in the six weeks which have elapsed since the fracture took place ! They have been new every morning. Oh ! for spiritual blessings above all.’

‘*February 8th.* I have returned thanks at church this morning after nine Sundays’ absence. Dr. Webb told me as we came from church, that at one time he thought I should never have entered it again ; nor, indeed, that my life would have been preserved. May gratitude and love fill my whole heart !’

‘*March 11th.* Last Sunday I preached at Serampore, after a silence of thirteen Sundays. Yesterday I confirmed one hundred and ninety young persons in the Cathedral. I addressed them for half-an-hour from the pulpit ; and then, by walking to and fro within the Communion rails, I was much exhausted, and my lame limb wearied.

‘I have offered my domestic Chaplaincy to the Rev. Mr. Walters, and he has accepted it. I have resolved never to let any of my privileges remain in abeyance in this new and anomalous diocese.’

His attention was seriously directed at this time to the state of his “Cathedral Endowment Fund.” The original design had contemplated a body of Canons, partly honorary, partly missionary, to whom this fund was to be entrusted, and by whom the interest of it was to be dispensed. But the failure to obtain a charter had thrown the whole burden upon the Bishop and Archdeacon, and they were unable to bear it in addition to all their other duties. They found by an experience of ten years, that it was impossible to obtain men of sufficient energy and ability in India : that it was equally impossible to obtain a continuous supply of such men from England : that the

difficulty of raising special funds annually for the support of the necessary schools, schoolmasters, and catechists, was very great; and that the inability to provide an outfit when the missionary was coming into the field of labour, or a pension when he was retiring from it, constituted a serious drawback: so that on the whole a change in the "Declaration of Trust" which had been appended to the Bishop's Will, and would have proved legally binding on his successors, was deemed imperative. Arrangements were accordingly made with the representatives of the "Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," and the "Church Missionary Society," to transfer to them the management of the funds. The capital, amounting to about three lacs of rupees, or thirty thousand pounds, could not be touched: this, therefore, remained vested in the Bishop and Archdeacon of Calcutta for the time being. But the interest accruing from it, year by year, could be divided at the Bishop's pleasure. He accordingly returned to the Incorporated Society what they had so generously bestowed. They had consented to maintain a "Canon" for his Cathedral: he now resolved to maintain a "Missionary" on their establishment. This is explained in the following letter to Dr. Kay, who, as the Principal of Bishop's College, represented the Society in India.

'CALCUTTA, *July 2nd, 1857.*

'Having found it impracticable to carry on an independent Mission in connexion with the Cathedral, from various causes, I have resolved to carry out the purpose I had in view in raising the "Endowment Fund for Missions," by employing the agency of the two great Missionary Societies already in operation in Calcutta, as in other parts.

'The "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" subscribed towards the Endowment Fund on its first formation, for the support of a "native Canon." I altogether failed in obtaining a Charter for the foundation of a Chapter, and therefore have no Canonries. As the nearest approximation to this, I wish to devote a portion of the interest of the fund for a native missionary of your Society, labouring in Calcutta; and am glad to know that there is one, the Rev. Hurry Hur Sandel, who is eligible for this appointment. His

aggregate monthly salary of one hundred and fifty rupees will be paid by the Trustees in half-yearly instalments.

‘A further sum of fifty rupees a month. I propose to set apart for a “Reader of daily morning prayers at the Cathedral,” and shall be glad to know whether you can propose any candidate for this appointment.’

The following reply was received from Dr. Kay :—

‘ July 2nd, 1857.

“I return my best acknowledgments on the part of the “Propagation Society” for the consideration shown to the Society in your Lordship’s recent arrangements for taking one of its native missionaries upon the “Cathedral endowment Fund.” I have every reason to think that Mr. Sandel has been labouring with great steadiness and conscientiousness.

‘I feel much confidence in recommending a student of the College, Mr. Bell, for the work of “Cathedral Reader,” and believe that I shall be acting rightly, if I advise the Society to adopt him as an assistant in the Hindûstan Mission. He is fairly read in both Urdu and Persian.

‘I shall have much pleasure in sending home a copy of your Lordship’s letter.’

Mr. Bell was accordingly received as a candidate by the Bishop, and in due time ordained, and placed partially, as to his salary, on “the Cathedral Fund;” and this arrangement remained unaltered at the Bishop’s death.

The remainder of the interest of the fund was placed at the disposal of the “Church Missionary Society;” and the accompanying resolution of the Parent Committee in London shows the terms on which they accepted the trust :—“Resolved, that the Committee are prepared thankfully to accept the management of such part of the ‘Cathedral Endowment Fund Mission,’ as the Bishop and Archdeacon of Calcutta may transfer to them, provided that so long as the Society has such management, the missionaries shall in all respects be upon the same footing as to their appointment, control, and removal, as the other missionaries of the society.”

A separate account was accordingly opened with the Bank of Bengal, entitled, the "Saint Paul's Cathedral Church Mission account," to which this part of the fund was transferred. The Bishop and Archdeacon were trustees, as before; and they paid over such part of the interest as was required, to the Church Missionary Society, on the understanding that the money was to be laid out solely on the salaries of the Missionaries, and providing them with dwellings; that they were to be called "Cathedral Missionaries," as being supported by the fund; that they were to be employed in Calcutta; but in all other respects to be considered and treated as missionaries in the Society's employment.

This arrangement was signed by the Bishop, and duly carried out to his great satisfaction, and the composure of his mind; and it is dwelt upon with some particularity, because of the public character of the Trust committed to him, and of his scrupulous exactness in all pecuniary transactions.

About this time also another matter of importance engaged his attention. Hearing from the Rev. Henry Venn, with whom he held constant and most friendly intercourse, that a plan had been devised for relieving the Bishop of Jamaica from part of the labours of his diocese, he at once attempted to adapt the precedent thus set, to his own case. It simply involved the appointment of a coadjutor, and the assignment to him of part of the Bishop's salary. Thus the Bishop was not superseded, nor the diocese neglected. This exactly coincided with his own desires. He had no wish to leave his post, and yet he felt personally inadequate to the performance of its active duties. He proposed, therefore, that 1500*l.* per annum should be deducted from his own salary, and assigned to Archdeacon Pratt as a coadjutor Bishop. He himself would continue to reside at Calcutta, visiting Madras, Bombay, Ceylon, the Straits, and as far north as Allahabad, when occasion required; whilst his coadjutor Bishop would reside at Agra, and have charge of the Upper Provinces and the Punjaub. The experience of one Bishop would thus combine with the activity of the other, and both would work, without any extra cost, for the welfare of the diocese.

He earnestly pressed this scheme, and wrote many letters, mail after mail, to various influential persons, entreating their co-operation; but it was deemed liable to misconstruction, and was certainly encompassed with difficulties. The authority of the Queen in India was not the same as in a crown colony, like Jamaica. A Coadjutor would naturally expect to succeed his Principal, and could not easily be overlooked. When a vacancy, therefore, really occurred, the Minister in office at the time would find himself virtually despoiled of his patronage. The plan finally came to nought, and passed away, leaving no great cause for permanent regret. For the time, though as yet unforeseen, was close at hand, when all Visitations necessarily ceased; and when the sympathies, prayers, and exhortations of a Bishop of eighty years, were more valuable than all the activity and energy of a younger man.

The Indian Mutiny had begun!

This terrible event, inviting narration at least, if not discussion, must not however be allowed to turn aside the course of this biography. When first the intelligence arrived, the Bishop felt, as all old Indians did, bewildered and incredulous. It was a thing unknown, unheard of, difficult to be believed, impossible to be realised. But soon his sympathies were roused, and his heart touched. Valued friends, whom he had known and loved, were cut down in all parts of India. His own clergy and missionaries were falling—Mr. Jennings, the chaplain of Delhi; Mr. Hubbard, the Propagation missionary; Mr. Sandys, the son of his Church Missionary friend—were amongst the first victims. “Thus,” he said, commemorating them, “the noble army of martyrs is being increased.” Soon the danger drew near. The conspiracy was matured amongst three native regiments, and on Sunday morning, June 14th, all Barrackpore and Serampore were to have been given up to murder and rapine. The plot was just discovered in time; and on Saturday night a Highland regiment entered the cantonments from Chinsurah. Their gallant bearing, and a battery of guns, prevented the outbreak; and the mutineers gave up their arms. At the very moment the disarmament was taking place on one side the river, the

Bishop, all unconscious, was preaching at the little church at Serampore, from the words of Scripture, "Peter was kept in the prison, but prayer was made without ceasing unto God for him," Acts xii. 5. The imminence of the danger, even when known, produced no personal alarm. Some of his guests betook themselves to Calcutta; but he remained unmoved for another fortnight. "I have my servants about me," was his only reply to all remonstrances.

But when a conspiracy was imagined or detected in Calcutta itself, when the King of Oude was arrested and confined in Fort William, when the native gentry at Serampore took refuge each night within the walls of the college, when the festival of the Ruth Jattrra was at hand and a gathering of eighty thousand Mahometans anticipated, he took the advice seriously tendered, and returned to the seat of Government.

'I am advised,' he says, writing to Archdeacon Pratt, on June 20th, 'not to stay here over Tuesday, when the ordinary crowds of the Ruth Jattrra will be in a state of dangerous excitement by the admixture of the mutineers. I have the fullest confidence that all will be put down under God's good providence, and also that a new plan of government in India will be adopted, as it respects (1) the Mahometans, (2) the Hindoos, (3) the native army, (4) the proper avowal of our Christianity. It is a crisis, but not a catastrophe.'

He now set himself to enlarge the sermon just referred to, and to point out in it the duty which seemed to him to be required by the present crisis—the duty of "UNITED PRAYER AS THE REFUGE OF A DISTRESSED CHURCH." In the sermon, which was preached in Calcutta, and afterwards printed and widely circulated, he dwelt upon the *occasion* for such prayers, the *character* of the prayers, and the temporal and spiritual blessings which might be expected as their *result*. Being anxious neither to exaggerate, nor lessen unduly the surrounding perils, he had collected information with great care and caution. For this purpose he had an interview with the Governor-General, and called on Sir Patrick Grant, General Lowe, Dr. Duff and others. His great object was "to express

sympathy, and err by excess rather than defect in meeting the incredible occurrences of the passing moment." His end was answered, and his suggestion of UNITED PRAYER met with a response from every true Christian heart. It was the call of one just entering his eightieth year.

'CALCUTTA, *July 2nd*, 1857. Is it possible? Have I, a poor weak creature, been preserved to enter my EIGHTIETH year? Well, it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. But think only of last December, when, all in a moment, I fractured my thigh, and was for three months hanging between life and death! The chief public duty I have performed since (and for which perhaps I have been in part preserved) is this "Refuge" sermon. And now I believe I have done. Tottering limbs, exhausted strength, giddy head, stomach past work, waking from disturbed sleep at the "voice of the bird," and feeble appetite, are warnings more than enough to remind me that "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." I enter however on this year with gratitude, humiliation, faith, hope, love, anticipations of heaven!'

All Calcutta was now crowded with fugitives from the Upper Provinces, and large funds were raised (the Bishop gladly joining) to meet their immediate necessities. The press had been put under restraint. A special Council had been held at Government House, and despatches sent to Madras for guns, tents, and reinforcements. When preaching himself on a public occasion at Barrackpore, General Hearsey had surrounded the church with a guard of soldiers, as a precautionary measure. Rumours of all kinds were afloat. Men's hearts were almost everywhere failing them for fear.

"At this critical moment," says the Bishop, "WE ARE ALL PASSENGERS TOGETHER IN A SINKING SHIP:" and he applied to the Governor-General for a day of Humiliation, and invited all the ministers and missionaries of every name and denomination in Calcutta to meet and unite with him in prayer.

The Governor-General declined acceding to his request in

any official and authoritative manner ; but left him at liberty to pursue his own course in his own way. Prompt action followed. Notice of a special sermon in the Cathedral on Friday, July 24th, was given, and Divine service was fixed at an hour when all public functionaries and mercantile men could attend. Proper Psalms and Lessons were also selected and printed ; and every chaplain throughout India received a copy, and was *recommended* to use it. “ It is all illegal I know,” says the Bishop, “ but I trust it will be passed over and forgiven ; and that the extraordinary circumstances of the insurrection will warrant my taking these unusual steps.”

These notices being issued, the meeting for united prayer was held. Thirty-five assembled at the Palace. The Bishop began, and Dr. Duff, Mr. Herdman, and Mr. Sandys in succession followed. Portions of Holy Scripture were interposed. Psalm 27th ; 2 Chronicles xx. 1—19 ; and Psalm 46th were read, and then all rose to sing :

“ The Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation, too,” &c.

and

“ From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator’s praise arise,” &c.

Slight refreshments were handed round, and then every one went to his own home. “ A true spirit of prayer and humiliation seemed to prevail : ” such was the Bishop’s comment on the meeting.

He now set himself to prepare for his “ Humiliation sermon ; ” and, whilst doing so, the clouds grew darker and darker. Sir Henry Wheeler was killed, and the horrible massacre at Cawnpore consummated. Lucknow was besieged, and Sir Henry Lawrence dead. Disbanded Sepoys were prowling about every where, and none could tell “ whereunto all this would grow.” It was truly a time to humble the soul before God ; and to this, in default of public authority, the Bishop called all India in a noble sermon preached on July 24th, from the words, “ Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, mine Holy one ? We shall not die, O Lord : Thou hast ordained them for judgment : and, O mighty God, thou hast established them for

correction." (Hab. i. 12.) There was encouragement as well as humiliation in these words, and such was the object proposed by the sermon founded on them. Strength was granted equal to the day. The words spoken were such as an Elijah or Jonah might address to a land over which God's judgment was impending; whilst, at the same time, they conveyed encouragement and inspired hope. The sins most prevalent in India were pointed out:—the close connection with idolatry, the accumulating guilt resulting from it, the opium traffic, the recognition of caste, the neglect of the Lord's Day, the prevalence of licentiousness, the deadly slumber of infidelity, and the shortcomings of "the sanctuary."

Many grounds of hope were then suggested, if God's people should be brought to humble themselves before Him, and to put away the evil of their doings: and the whole address concluded with the following striking appeal to "all sorts and conditions of men":—

' But I hasten to conclude.

' Is it possible that any professed Christian can harden himself against the gracious designs of the everlasting God, the Holy One, now that his judgments are in the earth; and not only in the earth, but in our neighbourhood, in our houses, our families, amongst our brethren, our relatives, our children?

' Did any ever harden himself against God and prosper? Did Pharaoh? Did the King of Assyria? Did Nebuchadnezzar, or Belshazzar, or Herod Agrippa? Did the generation of Israel which rejected their Messiah, and whose descendants continuing in their forefathers' unbelief, have been wandering for eighteen centuries over the face of the earth?

' No, sinner, when God contends, he will overcome.

' To-day then, I pray you, hear His voice, *and harden not your hearts*; yield to His merciful designs, I beseech you, in your afflictions.

' Scorners, bow before the *Creator of the ends of the earth*.

' Vain Reasoner, prostrate yourself before the wisdom of God in his revealed Word.

‘ Self-confident boaster, humble yourself under the merciful hand of the Lord Christ.

‘ False religionist, tremble before the Omniscient Jehovah, who searches the heart.

‘ Dead and sleepy professor, awake from thy fatal slumber ; the sun is up ; the true light now shineth.

‘ Captive of Satan and of thy lusts, break from thy chains ; liberty is proclaimed in Jesus Christ.

‘ Procrastinating worldling, remember that at such an hour as you think not, the Son of Man cometh : to-morrow is not yours.

‘ Evangelical controversialist, examine the real amount of your self-knowledge, humility, and love. Examine how far you practically believe in Christ and obey Him.

‘ Intellectual listener and approver of the Gospel, linger no longer in a critical hearing of truth, but seek for holy affections and a new heart.

‘ Humble enquirer, fear not ; Christ will not break “ the bruised reed.”

‘ Sincere Christians, renew your covenant with your God on the footing of our sublime text. Do all in your power to promote HUMILIATION, REPENTANCE, AND HOPE in your own hearts, and in all around you. If India turns a deaf ear to the voice of mercy, she is doomed.

‘ Hasten, then, by earnest and united prayer, the promised hour, when the mountain of the Lord’s house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills ; and all nations shall flow unto it.

‘ When the Jews shall acknowledge their Divine Messiah ; and with India and China, and the remotest islands of the sea, shall worship the EVERLASTING God in Christ, as THEIR OWN and THEIR HOLY ONE.

‘ When all national and individual sufferings and sorrows, ORDAINED FOR JUDGMENT, and ESTABLISHED FOR CORRECTION, shall have ceased.

‘ When men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks ; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

‘Finally, when HOPE ITSELF shall give place to fruition; and Christ the Lord, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, the One and only God of Salvation, shall be known, adored, and glorified throughout the earth! Amen.’

This was the last sermon, and these the last words publicly addressed to India by the Bishop. The flame burnt brightly—then flickered—and went out. When printed, it was dedicated to Lord Canning, and accompanied by a short Pastoral Address, conveying the assurance that the day was so seriously and devoutly observed that the act of Humiliation before God might well be considered National.

‘We must wait, however,’ he says, ‘God’s time for our deliverance. His providential dealings are far above out of our sight. But we may be humbly assured that He will overrule at length all these dark and unparalleled visitations of His chastening hand, to the ultimate furtherance of that blessed Gospel of salvation, which can alone lay the firm and lasting foundations of loyal and cheerful obedience to lawful authority, in all classes of society in India or elsewhere. Satan now reigns, and works upon the idolatrous and superstitious minds of an ignorant and bigoted population, to bring forth fruit unto death. But the same grace which has made Britain what she is, can subdue the hearts of Hindoos and Mahometans, and turn them as one man unto the Lord Christ, whose atoning blood and sanctifying Spirit can bring the blessing of pardon, and infuse new and holy affections into the minds and habits of the fierce rebels and unbelievers who are now raging around us.

‘To the grace and mercy of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three persons and one God, the only true God and Saviour, I commend you all; begging the benefit of your fervent prayers for myself and India.’

The arrival of Lord Elgin, Sir Colin Campbell, and Captain Peel excited the Bishop’s lively attention at this time. He saw them all, and was invited by Captain Peel to visit his noble vessel, the *Shannon*. This invitation he at once accepted;

and went on board, accompanied by the Archdeacon and his Chaplain. Captain Peel received him on the quarter-deck, and the moment he set foot on it, the band struck up its liveliest notes of welcome. The officers were then introduced, and amongst them the young midshipman, with the Victoria Cross upon his breast, who had bound up his captain's wounded arm, under a heavy fire, at the siege of Sebastopol. The sight of the sixty-eight pounders, constituting the *Shannon's* armament, excited great interest; and, whilst the Bishop was viewing them with wonder, the shrill sound of the whistle called the four hundred men comprising the naval brigade, and preparing for active service in India, upon deck. Each man passed before the Bishop, cap in hand, and a "noble body of men," he said, "they were." He addressed a few words to them, recommending religion as the "one thing needful," and encouraging them to go forth and do their part in the deliverance of India. An allusion in his address to their gallant captain aroused their enthusiasm; and, at the close, three spontaneous and hearty cheers were given "for the Bishop." He returned to Calcutta delighted with the visit.

Now also, when the time seemed passed, a day of public national humiliation, in compliance with a numerously signed memorial, was proclaimed by the Government: and the 4th October fixed for its observance. The Bishop gladly prepared the proper forms: but he was too ill on the appointed day to take any public part in the services. Referring to his illness he says:—"Perhaps this attack is the last blessed summons to my Master's presence. At all events it is sent to humble, empty, sanctify, to clear my heart from creature love, and make more room for CHRIST as the Lord of conscience and the spring of joy. I know the Lord's main design. It is to bring me back to himself: to humble: to empty me of selfishness and pride: to make me feel the sins of a long life more deeply: to open to me the 'chambers of imagery' in the recesses of the heart: to make me more dependent upon Christ: to heighten my view of the praise and glory of His grace whereby I am 'accepted in the beloved.' Christ must now be 'all in all' to my soul in his atonement and by His Spirit; entire silence before God is my duty as to the manner and time of my departure hence.

And I must be prepared for heaven's holiness, company, employments, and joy, by increasing sanctification."

On September 20th, he says, "I am again the Lord's prisoner. My attack will not yield to treatment, and what course it may take is with God, the only wise, the Almighty, whose name is LOVE; and that is enough and more than enough for a sinner like me. May I be sanctified in the furnace of the great Refiner and Purifier of silver. This is the anniversary of my Ordination as Deacon in 1801, at Farnham Castle, where the beloved Charles Sumner has now been Bishop for thirty years. What a mercy to the Church! All the clergy in my own diocese, except perhaps one, have been born within the period of my ministry. I have been reading over the three services for Deacon, Priest and Bishop. Humiliation, sorrow, and repentance, mingle with gratitude, praise, and adoration."

'*October 4th.* This is the day proclaimed for special prayer and humiliation. It is my fifth silent Sunday: nor am I now permitted to attend church, though I so very much desired it. It is quite clear upon the whole that I am losing ground every week as to my poor mortal frame. I have been reading the Eleventh Chapter of St. John this morning with Scott's Notes. There Christ says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die:"—that is enough. His weeping at the grave of Lazarus assures me of His PITY: His being the Resurrection and the Life assures me of His POWER. To keep near Christ in submission, dependence, love:—this is my duty, interest, happiness. Jehovah Jireh. Amen.'

To stay, if possible, the progress of his malady, a trip to sea was recommended: and on October 30th he embarked on the *Francis Gordon* steamer, accompanied by Dr. Webb, bound for the Sand-heads. "Perhaps," he says, "it may please God to make the trip conducive to my general health: but I do not expect much. The old building may be patched

up a little, but it is worn out. The order of nature fixes its speedy dissolution, and the purposes of the 'only wise God' will direct the time and the way."

Soon after starting, the *Francis Gordon* was recalled by telegraph to attend upon the *Sanspareil*, a noble screw three-decker, of seventy-two guns, twelve of them sixty-eight pounders, Captain Astley Cooper Key:—the largest man-of-war which had ever ventured up the Hooghly, and anchored off Calcutta. Her formidable appearance and tremendous guns had done much to cheer the timid and daunt the mutinous: and she was now on her way to China. Whilst the two vessels were anchored side by side on Saturday evening, the Chaplain of the *Sanspareil* came on board the *Francis Gordon*, and begged the Bishop to visit and address his men on Sunday morning. He consented, and having breakfasted with Captain Key, Divine service was performed on the quarter deck. One who was present describes the scene as never to be forgotten. The venerable old Bishop, so feeble that he was obliged to be hoisted upon deck, and so frail that he seemed unequal to the duty, addressed the men when prayers were ended, for some time. He sat in his chair, wore no robes, took no text: but dwelt upon four points. The first was, we have all souls to be saved. The second, we are all sinners and are lost unless we find a Saviour. The third, our great concern is at once and without delay, to renounce our sins and to believe in Christ with a true and lively faith. The fourth, the Holy Spirit can alone regenerate and change our hearts and enable us to believe, and walk in the way of God's commandments from a principle of love: and the grace of this Holy Spirit must be sought in earnest prayer. The day was very sultry; there was not a breath of air; and the Bishop was much exhausted. But he spoke with great earnestness and power: and thus this gallant Captain and his ship's company heard what may be called his last words. He returned to Calcutta, appeared in the Cathedral, held an Ordination, expounded in the pilot vessel: but these were the last words spoken in the "great congregation," and they contained the substance of what he had been teaching and preaching for fifty-six years.

Called back once and again, the steamer never reached the sea, and the Bishop derived no benefit. He returned to Calcutta to hear of the relief of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell, and of the death of the renowned and lamented Havelock: and then, when the weather grew cold, and the disease still remained, he was recommended to leave Calcutta for a time, and establish himself in what was called the "Receiving Ship," a vessel of four hundred tons, cruising about the Sandheads, within a range of seven miles, to receive on board pilots who have been in charge of vessels to and from Calcutta. The plan was not unusual; and the vessel was provided with a skilful surgeon, a good table, and comfortable accommodation for invalids to whom sea-air was desirable. This expedient, or a trip to Singapore was deemed essential. "I am disinclined to either of these courses," said the Bishop. "At the age of eighty it seems cowardly and foolish to be going about hunting after health. It is more becoming in a Christian Bishop to resign himself to the Lord's will, and die in his nest: and there is no place for comfort to be compared with home. But I must do what is right, and not follow my own will."

Accordingly, after some little delay, he prepared for his departure. During the interval, and a little before and after, he wrote a few letters to old friends—kind, gentle letters they were, breathing piety and humility. The first, to his old friend the Rev. John William Cunningham, is dated Nov. 20th.

'A letter fallen as it were from the skies, from my old and dear friend, arouses all my torpid feelings; and to write to you. I am resolved, whatever else I neglect. I am myself fast sliding off the platform into the dark abyss on either side; but not without a Divine hand bearing me through the gloomy valley of the shadow of death, and hope gilding the scene on the further shore. Whether I have "Christian's" or "Hopeful's" experience at the departing hour, I trust the bright messengers will be waiting for me, as ministering spirits, and under God's appointment, to waft my spirit to the bosom of Him, "whom, not having seen, I love; in whom, though now

I see him not, believing, I rejoice." I cannot quite finish the text. I have always taken very low ground. It is generally safer than the higher. Well, the truth is, I have now had pressing upon me the native disease of diarrhœa for three months, or more; and in my eightieth year, mind and body are effete, incapable of thought and action, only floating down the stream. I have not preached at the Cathedral since July 24th—the very sermon on "humiliation and hope," which I desired my son to send to you. Still God is with me, and I cheerfully sink into His paternal arms!

'I am much gratified with the "Christian Observer." You have evidently raised its tone. God only be praised!

'Farewell, beloved brother. The Lord bless you and yours, and also dear Francis.'

The next letter is to Mrs. Pearson, the widow of his earliest friend, the late Dean of Salisbury; and is dated Nov. 24th.

'I cannot allow your sweet favour just received, to remain a single post, without assuring you of the extreme pleasure which the account of my old and endeared friend's last days afforded me. It was, indeed, a Christian's end; and must be a source of inexhaustible comfort to you and your family during the remainder of your struggle through this troubled life to another and a better.

'How rich and endless are the mercies of God in the atoning sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ to us, miserable sinners that we are—rebels—traitors in arms against His Sovereign Majesty, and deserving nothing but His just wrath. The more does His grace shine forth conspicuously, in turning us from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God; and the more is His upholding and recovering mercy displayed in restoring our souls, and leading us back into the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

'Oh! to END WELL, as my beloved friend has indeed done. I shall not be long after him. In my eightieth year the seeds of death are fast maturing, and a long weakening indisposition is laying me so prostrate, mind and body, that even this hasty note is an effort almost beyond my strength. May I follow

my dear friend, in his last hours, as he followed Christ. There is no other Saviour. His atoning blood and justifying righteousness, His sanctifying spirit and renewal of the heart, are my religion. I have no other. My study is my Bible ; and my labour is to cleanse myself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.

‘My love in Christ Jesus to Charles and all your circle. I beg your prayers, that I may hold out to the end, and not from any fear of death, fall away from Him.’

The third is an extract from a letter to Dr. Steinkopff, dated November 25th.

‘I have your letter of May 11th before me, and write one line of affectionate remembrance, now that you have recovered your health, and resumed your ministerial duties. One thing I must mention to you, and that is, the humiliating conviction in my mind that you vastly overrate the usefulness you think I have been the means of doing. Alas! alas! you do not know my heart—the pride, the corrupt motives, the narrowness, the half-heartedness, the selfishness, the Laodicean lukewarmness there. I have no life but in Christ, as my “wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption”—my “all in all.” I am in my eightieth year, and my strength has been decaying for the last three or four months. I am much emaciated. Such is God’s gentle method of letting me down into the valley *at present*. To Him I commit the unknown to-morrow, where I ought to repose it. What times are passing over India! What a blessing that the Bible Society is at work, and ready with its abundant funds. Surely the Lord has some great things in hand in permitting this awful insurrection! His eternal kingdom will be attended with the convulsion of the nations, as we have reason to believe.’

The fourth is to the Bishop of Madras, dated December 5th.

‘You will have heard how impossible it is for me to come to Madras, even privately, and as an invalid. Such is God’s

will, to which it is, I hope, my desire, as I am sure it is my duty, to bow with filial trust and joy. Dr. Webb's advice now drives me to the Sand-heads, in order to avoid the bitter cold in December. What the result of this flight may be is with God; but at my extreme age, I don't expect much. No; I hope I am looking for a city of habitation whose builder and maker is God.'

The last is of the same date to Dr. Harding, Bishop of Bombay.

'I fear I must say I cannot hope to see Bombay this winter. But to one in his eightieth year, all is gracious and merciful on the part of my adorable God and Saviour. The wonder is that in my twenty-sixth year of residence I am so well. Indeed, God's blessings are innumerable. My cup runneth over. The burden and shame of my heart is sin, indwelling sin, corruption of motives, the dregs of a long life at the bottom of the cup, defiling the memory and imagination. The atoning blood, however, and the sanctifying grace of my adorable Saviour are my hope, my trust, my joy, my sure confidence. I am still in the epistle to the Romans (chap. vii. 14, to chap. viii. 4). My anxiety and prayer is, as good Father Scott used to say, *THAT I MAY END WELL*; and that Christ may be magnified in my body both in life and death. God, be merciful (through a propitiation) to me *the sinner*: this, I hope, will be my last prayer. I beg the benefit of your prayers, and those of all your clergy, for my departing spirit, whenever God may call me to that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

He now prepared to leave Calcutta for a time, and in the narrative which follows, the words must be all his own, for they are becoming "precious."

'*December 9th.* My luggage is all going off to the *Nubia*, which takes me to the "Receiving vessel." I dislike leaving my home, and distrust the remedial virtues of the Sand-heads. But I am in God's blessed hands for life or for death, and at

my age I say with David, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest."

'I shall still write on in my journal-letter, which is numbered "273," and send it as opportunity may offer: and your letters will reach me in like manner.

'And now to the God of Peace I commend you all and myself. My times are in His hands: that is enough for a poor guilty unworthy sinner. I probably may never finish number "273." But to wake in heaven, and see Jesus as he is—what inconceivable bliss!'

'*December 12th.* I hope to be placed this evening on the "Receiving Ship." I have a large cabin allotted to me in the *Nubia*, and the surgeon has been very kind. I am now approaching my "Patmos" at the Sand-heads, not knowing the things that may befall me there. But God knows, and that is enough. My concern is to lie passive in his hands, waiting for the Master, with my loins girded and my lamp burning, that when He cometh, I may open to Him immediately. The evils of the heart are my burden and my grief.'

'*Brig "Guide."* CAPTAIN RANSOM. *December 14th.* The thermometer in my cabin was 76° at five o'clock this morning. In Calcutta it would be 56°, so that the deliverance from the bitter cold is complete. The air also is fresh and exhilarating. I have the largest cabin I think I ever had. It is about twenty-two feet by fourteen. The brig is of four hundred tons, and the accommodation corresponds. It is too early to judge what benefit I may derive; but I have every external help and comfort. It is, however, quite clear to me, that whilst my complaint is unabated, my general strength, and all the vital powers, are more and more enfeebled. I am sensible of this in a thousand ways, and to my all-wise and all-gracious Saviour I endeavour to commit myself and all that appertains to me for time and for eternity.'

'*December 16th.* Nothing can exceed the kind attentions of my old friend Captain Ransom. Everything is done to consult my accommodation as to food, and every kind of convenience; but as yet my complaint, so far as I can judge, is not abated. The doctor agrees with Dr. Webb, that it is better not to go on with medicines, but to hope that the fine mild sea air, and

as much exercise as I can take, may be efficacious in restoring me. I retire to rest at nine o'clock, and at five in the morning take a cup of tea. We breakfast at half-past eight, dine at three, have family prayers at five, and then I resort to my cabin, shut the ports, and guard against the night air. After breakfast I have my desk on the cuddy table, and begin my morning reading—Hebrew Bible, Hindustâni Testament, Virgil, Horace, Worsley's "Luther," &c. This latter I have finished, under the disadvantage of having read the second volume first. It is an admirable work. Luther's fine noble character is not half understood. The depth of his convictions of sin accompanied him through life, and rendered Christ, simply Christ in his justifying righteousness, his grand theme. Here lay the secret of his success, and his profound personal religion. Then the astonishing combination of natural talents, learning, musical command of Germany, playful humour, and especially COMMON SENSE, with intimate knowledge of Scripture, qualified him for the rough coarse work he had to perform against the Pope in all his formidable array. His faults were, (1) a great error in judgment in dispensing with the bigamy of the Landgrave; (2) Consubstantiation—he held with our famous Archdeacon, that both the pious and the wicked equally eat the body of Christ; (3) depreciation of Episcopacy and Church order—Erastianism; (4) denial of the obligation of the Christian Sabbath; (5) occasional excess of violent invective; and perhaps some others. But these are mere spots in the sun, compared with his indescribable excellencies.'

'*December 18th.* By the last parcel I have just received the Bishop of Llandaff's (Dr. Ollivant) Charge. It assaults most boldly Jowett, Parker, Maurice, and all the pretended Spiritualists, as they call themselves—because they make their moral sensations, and not inspired Scripture, the standard of truth. But his chief attack is on Mr. Williams of Lampeter. This Mr. Williams obtained Mr. Muir's prize of 500*l.*, offered through me, to the University of Cambridge, in 1845. How the judges could ever have awarded the prize to such a book I cannot understand. The Oxford prize, given by the same Mr. Muir, was an equal monster of error and secret infidelity,

and yet gained the prize. How different the result of Dr. Buchanan's proceedings in 1805 or 1806! They roused all England to a sense of its duty to prostrate India. The best papers I have read on our present circumstances in India, are those by Mr. Venn, and the Bishop of Oxford in his speech at Chester. *If I had health, which I have not, I should attempt something before I put off this tabernacle. God's will be done.'*

'December 23rd. This is the anniversary of God's wonderful deliverance of me from the effects of the fractured hip-bone in 1856. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me during the interval, though for the last four or five months I have been brought low indeed. My complaint has exhausted me in body and mind, and left me no power of thought. I am scarcely capable of moving about; my nights are disturbed, and *now* there is an access of fever: so that I am on the narrow edge of existence. I have derived at present no benefit from the fine sea air, moderate temperature, excellent food, large cabin, and kind attentions of Captain Ransom and all on board. But I still may have some improved health, if the Lord will; for into His hands I cast myself as the only wise God my Saviour. Probably this will be my last letter, and I wish to make a thank-offering to the God of my mercies: so that I have ordered the Agra Bank to send you 80*l.* to be divided between you. This will, I hope, be a mark of my gratitude to God.'

'Christmas Day. The Captain says the bag is making up, and he wants my letter. I have been very, very poorly—worse than ever. Indeed my residence at the Sand-heads for a fortnight has been unfavourable. So it has pleased God. Many many mercies do I look upon during the past year. One is the failure of the Coadjutorship. Had it succeeded, Pratt would have been for these six months at Lahore and Agra. Now he is in Calcutta, and a more efficient helper than ever. Another mercy seems to be the failure of the Charter I desired for my Cathedral, and the transfer of my three lacs to the Church Missionary and Propagation Societies. Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before His presence with exceeding joy. To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.'

'*Saturday, December 26th.* About nine o'clock last night the steamer passed us, and took my "Number 273" on to London: so that the Captain's warning at dinner was very opportune. But I was ill able to finish it, and still less able am I this morning to begin "Number 274." My complaint has so increased, that I get very little sleep at night. My stomach also refuses the medicines prescribed, and my appetite is less active and natural than it was. The result is what I cannot describe—exhaustion, inanition, flesh falling away, clothes hanging loose about me, no strength to think or walk, or support myself when I move; the head also gives way, and I seem as if I might fall at every step. Of course this is an invalid's report of himself.

'But I have every mercy granted that the Lord sees good for me: and alleviations of various kinds are vouchsafed. And I know that "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, will, with Him, freely give us all things." Oh! for anticipations of Heaven. I was reading the fourth and fifth chapters of Revelations last night, (I have travelled so far since January 1st, at about eight pages of Scott a day,) and the rapturous praises of God and of the Lamb, and the songs ceasing not day nor night of the Seraphim and Angelic Host, fill me with longing to be admitted to their company, "and to be made meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." In this world they are in darkness: but then in light.'

'*December 28th.* I am now led to think it best for me to return to Calcutta at the first moment. I have tried the Sand-heads for sixteen days with no benefit, but rather with increased disease. I have no means of communication with Dr. Webb. I believe I should have gone on till my time in January was completed; but fever came on, with hands burning hot, and a perpetual cough, and I thought then that I had better return to Calcutta: and this morning, a vessel called the *Harbinger*, passing by, I was received by the Captain with every kindness. He actually gave up his own cabin to me, having none other suitable. My obligation to him is extreme. The cabin is perfectly fitted up for comfort and convenience, the bed is soft and excellent—in fact it is a *bijou*.'

“*“Harbinger,” Tuesday, December 29th.* I came on board at seven o'clock yesterday morning, and soon after lay down in the Captain's luxurious cabin, having first prepared a telegraphic message to be sent off to Archdeacon Pratt from Saugor.’

‘*CALCUTTA. Wednesday, December 30th.* Now by God's goodness I have been brought under Dr. Webb once more. Certainly I should have sunk had I continued on the Receiving Ship. At three o'clock, the Captain and Mr. Walters found me fallen out of bed in my sleep. No bone was broken. I have had two or three falls since. Webb thinks me very ill, with a new disease. There is fever with a bad cough, and some affection of the left side requiring a blister.’

‘*Thursday, December 31st, 1857.* This morning at eight o'clock Dr. Webb pronounced my placid pulse much better. I would not for a moment change any one of the Divine dealings with me —’

A few trembling and unintelligible words followed, respecting an entry made by him in Scott's Bible: and the above paragraph was closed by the ascription of praise and adoration—“Blessed be God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, the God of salvation, now and for ever. Amen.”

The pen was then laid down, and the letter left unfinished.—

Long before it reached the hands of those for whom it was intended, the electric telegraph had flashed across both land and sea, seven words of mournful import, which, mingled with accounts of rebels overthrown, and victories gained, sufficed to fill many hearts with grief and many eyes with tears. It said that “THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA DIED JANUARY 2ND.”

No further intelligence arrived for many days: and full confirmation of the sad tidings was not obtained till February 14th, which was the day fixed for funeral and commemorative services in Islington. On that day the Parish Church was hung in black, the bells rang muffled peals, the family were assembled, and immense congregations clad in mourning garb came together to listen to three admirable and affecting sermons preached by the Bishop of Winchester, the Rev. Henry Venn, and the Rev. John Hambleton. These sermons,

which bore in turn upon the Episcopal, Missionary, and Ministerial character of the deceased Prelate were full of interesting details, and were subsequently printed.

In due time, all further particulars, so anxiously expected, arrived. They had been collected by Archdeacon Pratt, partly from notes made by the Rev. Mr. Walters, when, as chaplain, he accompanied the Bishop to the Sand-heads; partly from reminiscences by Dr. Webb; and partly from his own personal observation and intercourse. They furnish the data upon which the following narrative is founded.

It appears that for a few days after reaching the Receiving Ship, the Bishop rallied and gained strength; so that he walked the deck, and mounted the ship's ladder without inconvenience. He read much, and wrote letters. All on board were assembled regularly for evening prayers at five o'clock, and on the second lesson for the day he made always many striking expository remarks, and many strong appeals to conscience. On the Sundays also, and on Christmas Day, he joined in divine service, and spoke briefly from appropriate texts. The improvement, however, had been rather apparent than real. He was getting weaker, and on December 27th, when addressing the officers present, he told them they would hear his voice no more.

Attacked with fever, and feeling very ill, he held a consultation with the Captain and others, and resolved to return at once to Calcutta. On the Sunday night he fell out of his cot, though the vessel was at anchor, and the sea calm. The Captain heard him, and ran at once to his succour. No bad result followed: nor could he himself account for it. His only remark to his Chaplain was, "I wonder how it happened."

On Monday a steamer appeared in sight, but not being the one expected, the Bishop was asked whether he would avail himself of the opportunity, or wait. "I am in your hands, Captain," he replied, "I leave the decision with you." The steamer was signalled for, and proved to be the *Harbinger* from Madras. The Bishop and his Chaplain were kindly received at once, and sped on their way to Calcutta. He was

very weak; "I feel like a log on the water," was his expression, "I can neither read nor think."

About three o'clock, the vessel anchored off the Ghât; and the Bishop, in a very helpless state, was lowered down the side, and borne quickly to the Palace.

He was thenceforth under the care of Archdeacon Pratt and Dr. Webb, and the materials of the subsequent narrative are derived from their accounts. Seven letters had been written to the Archdeacon during his absence, and the last, dated Dec. 26th, ended as follows:—

'I am surrounded with undeserved alleviations. God is very good. I know that all is under His infinitely wise guidance. I have nothing to do but

"To praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come."

'But my powers of body and mind fail me, there is no collection of thoughts, no power of meditation. I seem to be waiting for the instant coming of the Lord, for whom I long, to whom alone I look for pardon and grace, and on whom ONLY I rely for time and eternity.'

His return had been anxiously expected, and it was hoped that the benefit derived from the change would yet appear; but God appointed otherwise. The end was at hand.

He looked very worn on his arrival. Dr. Webb pronounced him seriously ill, and recognised in the symptoms an attack of pericarditis of a rheumatic or gouty character, which would prove mortal. The probable seat of the disease was mentioned to him; and his attention was called to an attack of a similar character in time past. But he did not recollect it, and said with one of his peculiar looks and gestures, "I don't believe, doctor, I have had anything the matter with my heart in my life."

"I feel," was his expression afterwards, "as if I could slip out of life at any moment." "That feeling is instinctive," was the reply. "It indicates a real truth. The heart is embarrassed in its movements, and death may take place at any time."

A blister was applied, and in the morning he was better. And so often had he risen even from the gates of death, that hope was not abandoned.

After breakfast he asked the Archdeacon to pray with him, but a fit of coughing so violent and continuous came on, that he was obliged to defer it; and in the course of the morning sent for his Chaplain to read the Bible, which, he said, he wished "to get into his heart."

The 31st was a quiet day. He seemed more comfortable, and gave the Archdeacon some letters to read. But after a little conversation he turned wearily away from the subject. He was recommended to seek rest in sleep; but before attempting it he called for prayer, and the expression "none but Christ" having been used, he stretched out his feeble arms and with deep emotion exclaimed, "Ah! that is all I want; and all I have." In the afternoon he sat for some short time in the verandah, conversing quietly with Mrs. Pratt on a variety of subjects. In the evening he remembered that it was the last day of the year, and begged his Chaplain to read his portion of Scott's comment—the last four chapters of the Book of Revelations.

This night he had no sleep; and the medicine given to induce it having failed, he remained in a dreamy half-wandering mood for a while, seeming disinclined to speak. On seeing his medical attendant, however, he roused himself, and expressed deep gratitude to God who had so ordered events that the old chronic disease, to which he had been subject, and which was so much to be dreaded, had not appeared. He sat up and wrote an order for two hundred rupees as a donation to the doctor's Native Hospital: but found it a painful effort. He struck his hand upon his chest, and exclaimed, "These old castle walls are tumbling down." He then added, "I think last night I was in 'the valley,' doctor: the valley of the shadow of death: and I think so still." Then, after a pause, "I wonder if my Master has any more work for me to do here. Ah! doctor, you cannot tell me that." He then related a strange dream he had had:—"I thought I was going to preach once again; and with more than usual difficulty I mounted to

the pulpit ; but, when arrived at the top of the stairs, I found it was cut off, and I could not get in. There was more of it ; but my memory is gone—gone.”

He expressed a wish this day that all books and letters should be kept from him, and that the servants should have orders accordingly. The Archdeacon was surprised ; for all business communications had been purposely withheld. But the matter was explained by his turning round and taking from the bedside “*Livingstone’s travels*,” which the bookseller had sent, and the servants delivered. “I cannot read this book,” he said, “but it is a first-rate book, by a first-rate man.” He had evidently been glancing over, and trying to read it in his old way ; and had found the effort too great.

It was the first day of the new year, and he called upon his Chaplain to read three chapters of the Book of Genesis. After listening to the account of the Creation, and the Fall of man, he said, “The difficulties raised and felt by some as to the account given of the Creation are nothing to me. But I wish to be deeply humbled by a view of the fallen state of man.” “I thank you,” he added, holding out his hand, “for having read : it has been refreshing to me.” They parted—and met no more.

Whilst the Archdeacon was attending morning service at the Cathedral, the Bishop sent a little paper across to him with these words written on it :—“January 1, 1858. Bishop’s New Year’s offering, 200 rupees. D. C.” After service was over, it was explained to him that it had not been usual to administer the Holy Communion in the Cathedral at the Feast of the Circumcision ; and that his alms therefore had not been needed. “Give it then,” he said, “as you see best, in whole or in portions ; it is my offering to any object you may choose.”

In the afternoon, when the doctor called for the second time, there was “more of the shadow gathering round him.” He felt distressed at the failure of memory and loss of power. He asked for the date of the new year. Looking at his watch, he let it fall, broke the glass, and stopped the action of the repeater : this troubled him a good deal. He showed a

FACSIMILE OF THE BISHOP'S HANDWRITING A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

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reluctance to have anything done for him which he had been accustomed to do for himself: and, when a cup of tea was held to his mouth, he refused to drink. The sense of his own extreme weakness seemed to agitate him; and, when the doctor expressed sympathy, and said he would send for some pomegranates to quench his thirst, he said, "You don't think I care about thirst."

The very last words written by his dying hand were sent in by a servant to the Archdeacon's room about half-past seven o'clock this evening. He had evidently intended to make the usual daily entry in his private note-book; for the words, faintly written on a new page, are as follows:—"Frid. Jan. 1, 1858;" but, finding probably the book too heavy, or his weakness too great, he took a sheet of paper from the table by his side, and wrote the words of which a fac-simile is annexed. It will be perceived that a part, be it one word, or more, is unintelligible; but the most probable rendering is this:—

"No. 17. Bishop's private notes. Jan. 1st. Friday evening, 7½ p.m. All going on well; but I am dead almost. D. C. (Daniel Calcutta). Firm in hope."

These words were partially, but not completely torn from the sheet. Probably, even for this, his strength sufficed not; and he sent it as it was into the Archdeacon's room to be entered in the book.

The Archdeacon at once went to him; and, about the same time, the doctor arrived for the third visit. He talked to the latter on his large family and private affairs, and prospects of retirement. "Ah! ten children: well, God bless you, God bless you all." These were the last words the doctor heard him speak.

Conversation on religious subjects followed with the Archdeacon. The Bishop said he had been pondering on those glorious chapters in the Epistle to the Hebrews which he had lately read and expounded at family prayers; and which, it appears, had not only deeply impressed his own mind, but the minds of all who heard his glowing exposition. Some of the topics then dwelt upon were repeated in order to save his mind the fatigue of thought and recollection; and sleep was

recommended. But he was restless and sleepless ; and, about half-past ten, sent for the Archdeacon, and resumed the conversation. It lasted for an hour. Several times the Bishop said, "Good night," then called him back, and began to converse again. "I thought I should just like to see you before you went to bed. Therefore I sent for you. You don't seem much interested in those English letters which I lent you to read." "Indeed I was," said the Archdeacon, "but, when I returned them, you were too weary to talk much." "They were a great delight to me. How graphic Josiah's description of his visit to the dear Archbishop, was it not ?"

Conversation then turned upon the Archbishop ; and on the plans recently devised for obtaining a coadjutor-Bishop ; and he alluded to what he had said about it in his last letter home. Through the whole conversation he spoke with difficulty and hesitation, as if something was in his mouth. But his mind was clear and cloudless. Little did the Archdeacon, that true friend of nineteen years' standing, realise the fact that he was then talking to a dying man, and that this was the last flickering of the light of former days. He was about to leave once more, when, in a marked and emphatic manner, the Bishop said, "My love to you ;" and gave him his hand to kiss ; adding, "My love to Mrs. Pratt also, ten thousand times heaped up." "We all love you, my Lord," was the reply, "and pity you in your weakness ; but rejoice in your firm faith." "Ah ! I am like old father Scott," he said ; and added many humiliating remarks about himself, showing that the broken heart and contrite spirit was the sacrifice he was offering to God. He was reminded how much Divine grace had done for him ; and that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." He seemed to take the comfort ; but, referring to former conversations in which he had strongly deprecated the readiness with which some take that text without the context, he said, "Ah ! yes ; but remember it is for those who 'walk in the light.'" "There is no perfection," said the Archdeacon, "on this side the grave. You have walked 'in the light,' and may claim the promise."

He then with difficulty opened the desk at his side, and

made the Archdeacon read the last paragraph of his letter to his children at home. He reminded him that Monday next was the day appointed for the vestry meeting. "I fear I cannot be there," he said, "but you will manage it all for me, will you not?" He was asked, "Do you feel any pain?" "None whatever," was the reply. Occasionally his mouth was moistened with an orange as it got parched; and some of Dr. Webb's pomegranates were the last things tendered to him. "Now you had better go:" he said, as the night drew on, "I only thought I should like to see you once again before you retired." He was asked to send a summons at any time during the night if he wanted anything, and was then recommended to compose himself to sleep. "SLEEP," he replied, "I AM ASLEEP ALREADY. I AM TALKING IN MY SLEEP." Remarkable words! Death in his case was felt without being realised. It was the "SLEEP OF DEATH."

As the Archdeacon was rising early in the morning to visit the sick room, a servant came running to call him. Through the night, it appeared, the Bishop had been somewhat restless as aforetime. At half-past five in the morning he had his usual cup of tea: and the bearer, at his wish, combed the few thin white hairs which were to him "a crown of glory." He then lay down again, and seemed to fall into a doze. His old and faithful Sirdar, the man who had assisted him when fallen in the verandah the year before, sat with the other servants, just inside the door, waiting and watching. As time passed on, they were all struck with the unusual stillness—not a sound was heard, not a movement made—all was silent and motionless. At length they became frightened, and one ran for help. The Archdeacon hurried to the room, and found the Bishop lying calm, and apparently unconscious. Doubtful whether what he saw was life or death, and unwilling to utter a disturbing word, he instantly knelt down, and offered up the prayer appointed for a departing soul—"Wash it in the blood of that immaculate Lamb that was slain to take away the sins of the world, that whatever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through

the lusts of the flesh or the wiles of Satan, being purged away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee."

Then rising from his knees, he kissed the pale cold cheek, and sought for any lingering signs of life. But none appeared. Without a struggle, or a sigh, the soul had left its earthly tenement: and in that hour the Master had fulfilled the oft repeated prayer that his servant might "END WELL."

Soon a little group of mourners stood around the lifeless body. It lay upon a couch in the study where so many hours had been passed, surrounded by books and papers; the eyes closed, the features calm, the hands gently crossed upon the breast. On a table by his side stood the desk so lately opened by his trembling hands. There also lay the broken watch, the unfinished letter, and the oft-read Bible. It was a sight inexpressibly affecting to those loving friends, and sent them at once to the throne of grace, and the God of all comfort. Thanksgivings mingled with their prayers. They thanked God for having taken to Himself the soul of the departed in such perfect peace, and prayed that they might follow him as he had followed Christ. Then rising from their knees, they went to duty.

The Governor-General was at once informed of the Bishop's death: and on the same day an extraordinary Gazette appeared, containing the following tribute from his own pen:—

DEATH OF BISHOP WILSON.

"FORT WILLIAM, HOME DEPARTMENT, ECCLESIASTICAL.

"2nd January, 1858.

"NOTIFICATION.—With deep sorrow the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council, publicly notifies the death this morning of the Right Reverend DANIEL WILSON, Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

"After a career of pious Christian usefulness as Metropolitan, extending through a quarter of a century, marked by a zeal which age could not chill, and by an open-handed charity and liberality which have rarely been equalled, this venerable

Prelate has closed his long life, leaving a name to be remembered and honoured throughout British India.

“The Governor-General in Council requests that the Principal Officers of Government, Civil and Military, and all who may desire to take this opportunity to mark their respect for the memory of the deceased Bishop, will attend the sad ceremony of his interment.

“The flag of Fort William will be hoisted half-mast high at sunrise on the morning of Monday, the 4th of January, which will be the day of the funeral.

“By command of the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council.

“CECIL BEADON.

“*Secretary to the Government of India.*”

Funerals in India take place commonly and of necessity without delay: and a morning's death requires an evening's burial. But in the present case it was resolved, with certain precautions, to postpone the interment for two days. It took place accordingly on the 4th January: and the following is the account as taken chiefly from one of the Calcutta Journals:—

“The mortal remains of this venerable prelate were consigned to their last resting-place at St. Paul's Cathedral, which was in deep mourning, on Monday evening last. At about a quarter after four p.m., the coffin, which was of mahogany, covered with silk velvet, and suitably adorned, was removed from the Bishop's Palace to the Cathedral. It was placed on a large bier, borne by twelve English sailors, picked men of good repute, from H. M. S. *Hotspur*, then lying in the river; and was followed by the Governor-General, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Members of Council, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the secretaries, many civil and military officers, almost all the clergy and missionaries, and a large concourse of people of all classes, male and female. In this order the solemn procession arrived at the gate of the Cathedral, where it was preceded by the Reverend Messrs. Moule and Burney, the former reading a portion of the burial service till they entered

the church, when the rest of the service was gone through by both of the clergymen above named. The doleful peals of the organ at the conclusion of the service added to the solemnity of the occasion, and though the Cathedral was crowded to suffocation, the quiet maintained throughout was admirable. Every one vied with each other to have a last parting look at the place where the venerable divine's remains were laid, and every one seemed impressed with deep sorrow for the loss they had sustained. The coffin is laid immediately under the Communion Table, in a vault constructed for the purpose. The bells of all the Established Churches sounded their solemn knoll from three o'clock to the hour of burial. Thus ended the career of this pious and faithful servant of Christ. Overwhelmed with the care of his flock, he spared neither health nor comfort at the advanced age of eighty to watch over their spiritual interests, even to the last moment of his existence. His charitable disposition and kindness of heart will ever be remembered with feelings of deep and lasting gratitude. His end was peace! Well may he have said with St. Paul—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day."

The organs of public opinion, differing on all other points, agreed in paying tribute to the worth of the departed, and doing honour to his memory.

The following extracts from the *Bengal Hurkaru*, *The Friend of India*, and the *Christian Intelligencer*, may be quoted as specimens of many others, and will be read with interest:—

"The grave has closed over what was mortal of Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta. He died in India at the age of eighty, a rare occurrence to a European. He made India his home, and for its benefit were all his princely liberalities bestowed. He was one of the last links of a past age. A boy when the first French Revolution broke out, he lived to see wondrous changes in the world. He was the associate of



THE CHANCEL OF THE CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE STONE OVER THE
BISHOP'S TOMB.

Wilberforce and Clarkson in the abolition of slavery, and a warm advocate of the righteous measure of Catholic emancipation. He was an earnest Christian, without being a bigot. He was devoted to the discharge of his duties, possessed a rare zeal, great liberality of mind, a profuse charity, and an energy and vigour which have left their mark upon his time. His mind was highly cultivated, and he was a great reader to the last. His knowledge of French literature was very extensive, particularly, as may be supposed, that of a theological character. His sermons were masterly both in matter and delivery. He made constant Visitations over his vast diocese, until driven home by sickness in 1845, for eighteen months. After his return, his Visitations were resumed, and his active life was continued until within the last few years. His health for many months past had been failing. He had paid a visit to the Sand-heads lately, in the hope of gaining strength, but he returned more feeble than before, on Tuesday last. During the last few days of his life he was getting gradually worse, and considering his advanced age and infirmities, his death could scarcely be said to excite surprise. This event took place on the morning of Saturday, the 2nd of January. But though he has departed in peace and in a ripe old age, he cannot but leave to the many who loved and revered his character, a sense of loss and sorrowing.”—*Bengal Hurkaru*.

“Amidst the sorrow which cannot but be felt at the removal of one so gifted, so faithful, and so eminent as a Christian, as was DANIEL WILSON, and the many reflections which fill the mind in contemplating the solemn event, perhaps the most prominent feeling is that of thankfulness, that our revered Bishop was taken away before the wreck of his noble powers, intellectual and physical, and the decay of his eminent gifts and graces of a spiritual character, had become apparent, as from his advanced age must soon undoubtedly have been the case. Thus was his removal, in this, and perhaps other respects, a gracious instance of “the righteous” being taken away “from the evil to come.” What man of God shall be found fit to take up the pastoral staff fallen from the hand of the departed?”—*Christian Intelligencer*.

“The Church of England in India, when Bishop Wilson arrived, had few chaplains, few churches, imperfect organisation, and no influence beyond that which had been gained by Heber, Corrie, Martyn, and a few more in a comparatively narrow circle. He saw the whole aspect of things changed, and the energy of the Christian community expanding with the increase of the diocese. His preaching in all parts of India, contributions to religious purposes, the example of his zeal, his firmness in resisting doctrinal error, his growing catholicity of spirit, and his private influence, concurred powerfully with other causes, to strengthen the English Church, to raise the tone of public sentiment, and to attract to India the attention of many who never had thought of her before. We do not purpose to sketch minutely his public or his private character, but none who knew Bishop Wilson can have overlooked the steadfastness of his friendships, the warmth of his piety, the clearness of his views, the keenness of his sagacity, the power of his memory, and the undiminished vigour of his understanding to the close. His acquaintance with many of the best men of bygone years had given him a fund of interesting knowledge, and his extensive experience of life enabled him to discern the characters of men with remarkably quick penetration. There have been many who have mistaken both his character and manner; many who have been unable to appreciate his sterling excellencies and the difficulties of his position; many who have been offended by his preaching. But his powers were as undoubted as his zeal; and England will cherish his memory. Many such she has given to India for other kinds of public service, and recent intelligence has shown the promptitude of our countrymen to demand for them justice and rewards. But ‘peace hath her victories no less renowned than war,’ and we doubt not that the finished course of this venerable servant of God will strike a chord in the heart of England, and kindle into life the latent energies of many who will emulate his faith and holiness.”—*Friend of India*.

Nor was America wanting in her tribute:—

“The news has just reached us that the venerable and

apostolic Bishop Wilson has been called to his rest. We have long regarded him as one of the great lights of the Church here below. We ought to be devoutly thankful to God that he has been permitted to stay so long, and, now that he is taken away, it is our privilege to mourn his loss, and feel that a great man is fallen in Israel. Upon whom will his mantle fall? Where shall we look for another in whom there is such a combination of everything we might wish to see in a Christian Bishop? He had talents of a high order, extensive learning, and a holy zeal. As a preacher of the Gospel, I presume he had no superiors, and but few equals. May the Lord send forth another like-minded, and with equal gifts, to take his place! When such men are taken away, it is a great comfort to feel that all things are in the hands of an Almighty and ever-present Saviour. 'Let not your hearts be troubled,' is the language of this Saviour to his Church at this time."—*Record, March 26th. Letter from America, signed "America."*

The Bishop of Madras preached a funeral sermon, which he repeated in Calcutta on the 20th February, 1858, when called to the temporary charge of the vacant diocese. He bears the following eloquent testimony to the deceased:—

"I believe, as a clear, simple, and forcible expounder of the Word of God, and an ambassador to enforce its claims upon the hearts and consciences of men, he has hardly left an equal in the Church of Christ, and his popularity never waned. To within a short period of his death his natural powers were unabated, and the same attractive influence attended his ministry to the last; and in the sermons he has left behind him, published a very short time before his death, there is the same power and vigour as formerly, if not more so; so that 'he being dead yet speaketh.'

"I scarcely think it would be modest in me to speak of him in the discharge of his Episcopal functions. It would be the less animadverting on the greater, the pupil on the master. I would only observe that I believe, as an authoritative and public teacher, he was seldom if ever excelled: as a ruler and Governor in the Church he was blessed with a high order of

administrative talent, and has done more to enlarge and consolidate the Church in India than all his predecessors, and that his moral qualifications were such as to commend themselves to the imitation of ministers and people. I could hardly add more, I could not say less.

“Most of the voluntary societies for the promotion of truth which are now at work throughout this country, have either been raised through his unbounded generosity and energy, or had an impulse given to them which has raised them to the efficiency which they possess. The Chaplains and Missionaries have been more than doubled through his exertions; and the Churches throughout the Bengal Presidency multiplied at least ten-fold under his watchful care, zeal, and benevolence. But his great work, and that on which his heart was fully bent, and which he believed would give a status to religion in this country which it never yet possessed, was the new Cathedral in Calcutta. To that building he devoted from his own resources at least two lacs and a quarter of rupees, and labour and trouble more than can be conceived. I believe that his heart was single in what he did, and that God will not wipe out this love and enlarged liberality for His House and the services thereof.

“In a word, his life has been spent in honouring God by manifesting the influence of Christian principles in his own conduct and experience, and by urging the ministers of religion and all Christian people to spread the blessings of the Gospel to every creature under heaven. For this end all that God gave him both of mind and body, of spiritual gifts and graces, of worldly substance, and influence of position, have been consecrated to the service of his God and Saviour: and I believe no living man has been in God’s mercy more successful in their application. He has been pre-eminently a blessing to India.”

The Archdeacon of Calcutta, also, and most of the chaplains throughout India, following his example, preached funeral sermons on the occasion.

Individual testimonies, also, were not wanting, and two brief extracts may be admitted from public letters written by Dr. Duff and Mr. Wylie. Both being members of the Free Church of Scotland, their testimony is at least impartial. Dr. Duff says:—

“It is not for me to attempt to delineate the character and labours of such a man. And yet I should be false to my own convictions, and a traitor to the great cause of the communion and brotherhood of saints, were I to pass over in silence the departure from amongst us of such a ‘master in Israel.’ When he arrived here a quarter of a century ago, he was in the very zenith of his powers of active usefulness; and certainly few men have toiled more, or to more good purpose. Naturally endowed with great energies of mind and body—energies, in his case, happily sanctified and consecrated exclusively to the promotion of God’s glory,—he kept all around him in a state of constant friction and glow. About his manner of speech and action there were some peculiarities, and even eccentricities, which might have proved fatal to the credit and influence of a more ordinary man; but in him, like the somewhat corresponding qualities in Rowland Hill, they served only to impart a certain spicy zest to all his appearances, alike public and private. While fondly and conscientiously attached to the government and discipline of his own Church, he had a large catholic heart, which eagerly embraced and sympathised with whatever was really good, holy, or excellent in the membership of any other.

“Besides his services in the cause of Christ generally, those which he rendered to the cause of Missions must ever be conspicuous. The evangelisation of the world at large, and of India in particular, was ever uppermost in his heart as a subject of prayer and exhortation. Under this head, perhaps, his most notable achievement was the authoritative repudiation and ejection of the Caste system from the Native Churches of Southern India. His task was all the more difficult from its having been tolerated in modified forms by Swartz and his associates, and treated and connived at as a civil rather than a religious institution by the gentle Heber and his successors in the Indian Episcopate. But the principle of Caste being evil and heathenish to the very core, and entering into the very essence of Hindooism, did not fail, however guarded and fenced, gradually to issue in intolerable practical abuses. With these Bishop Wilson was called upon, at an early period of his career, officially to grapple; and it redounds

to his eternal credit that he did so in a Josiah-like style. Having fairly mastered the subject, and satisfied himself of its utterly anti-Christian character, he proposed no mere half-measures—no merely modifying liminary regulations. No! his firm and resolute decree was, that the system must be extirpated, root and branch, from the membership of the Native Churches, or the members of the Native Churches must be ejected from their bosom, until they heartily abjured and flung out the evil thing from among them. This decree swept through the Churches like the blast of a hurricane through an ancient forest. All that was crazy with age, or gnawed into cankers, or crusted with the moss of rottenness, fell before it. But the cause of truth and righteousness was all the better for the clearance. And the future sons and daughters of India's expurgated Churches will rise up to bless the memory of Bishop Wilson."

Mr. Wylie says :—

"As an expositor of Scripture, I never met his equal. In private life, I am sure that few men ever shone more. It was a great enjoyment to be with him alone, and to listen to the constant flow of wisdom in practical observations on things past and present, intermingled with racy and familiar anecdotes of great men long departed, by which you seemed to be introduced into their very company and friendship. . . . His active mind was continually gathering up fresh materials. He always had his Bible, his hymn-book, some classical author, some of the best periodicals, some old standard writer, and at least one new publication at hand, for daily reading; and I do not think there was a man in all India of equal industry, even when he was within six weeks of his end, and was in his eightieth year. . . . In his last hours, he spoke to Archdeacon Pratt in terms of the most affecting humility and self-condemnation; utterly renouncing every vain hope, and casting himself prostrate before the cross of Christ. The Archdeacon reminded him of the assurance, that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;' but he instantly said, 'Ah! but, my dear friend, we have talked of that before. You

must take it with the context,—it is for those who are “walking in the light!” And justly did Mr. Pratt comfort him with the testimony, that *he* had so striven to walk.”

It need scarcely be added, that Bishop's College, and the various committees of religious societies in Calcutta, were prompt in recording the loss they had sustained by the Bishop's death; and these sentiments were fully endorsed by the parent societies at home.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, after recording in a “Minute” the particulars of his connection with them for almost fifty years, concluded thus:—

“The Committee have much satisfaction in placing on record this tribute to the memory of one of the Society's oldest and most valued friends. While they thank God for his long and honourable life, they also reflect with gratitude on its tranquil happy close; for they are told ‘that he expired without pain and in perfect peace, in a profoundly humble view of himself, and in full reliance on the mercy of God in Christ his Saviour.’”

A similar testimony was borne, and with still greater warmth of affection, by the Church Missionary Society. They also passed a special “Minute” on the occasion, in which the following passage occurs:—“The Society records the death of the Bishop of Calcutta with mingled feelings of deep sorrow at the loss of one of their oldest and most valued friends and patrons, and of praise and thanksgiving to God that the benefit of his able, zealous, and most effective aid has been continued to the Society for more than fifty-four years, and that he has entered into his rest in the fulness of years and of the grace which is in Christ Jesus.”

After tracing the valuable services rendered by the deceased in the defence of the Society in England, the active furtherance of its objects in India, and the mutual confidence which existed to the very last, they conclude by saying,—“In the review of such a lengthened blessing as the Society has enjoyed in the patronage of Bishop Wilson, the Committee would humbly

ascribe all the glory to the great Head of the Church, and earnestly supplicate the same grace to be given to the successor who may be appointed to so responsible a post of labour and authority."

The venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in their Annual Report refer to the event as follows:—

"Since the publication of the last Annual Report, it has pleased God to take to Himself the venerable Bishop of Calcutta. He had long been a member of the Board, previously to his elevation to the Bishopric of Calcutta. The Society had been in frequent correspondence with this excellent and energetic Prelate from that year up to a short time before his decease."

The Archdeacon's account of his death, and the Governor-General's, "just tribute" to his memory are then recorded, and the Society expresses its sense of the loss sustained by that event.

The Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, noticing the event in their Annual Report, say:—

"The most conspicuous figure has disappeared from the Indian Mission-field. The Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan of all India, after a long life of faithful service, has been summoned to his rest. With respect to his character, and the estimation in which he was universally held in India, the Society has great satisfaction in putting on record the judgment of those who had the best opportunities of knowing him:—

"At a meeting of the Council of Bishop's College, on January 15th, 1858, the following Minute was agreed to:—

"Before proceeding with the routine of business, the Council desire to record an expression of their great respect for their late Visitor and Diocesan, who died on the second instant.

"Of his unceasing zeal for the spiritual welfare of all who have resided in this College, and of his anxiety that the

Institution should flourish in whatever tends to the glory of God and the good of man, none who have known him can doubt.

“As a more special proof of the interest he took in the College, it may be mentioned :—

“1. That in 1836, and some subsequent years, he maintained seven students here from the Begum Sumroo's Fund.

“2. That in 1837, he visited the College every week, renting the adjacent house at Shalimah for that purpose ; and in the following years, 1838 and 1839, when the College was left without any resident Professor or Tutor, he and his Chaplain (the present Archdeacon) resided in College two or three days a week, and took lectures.

“3. That he made over to the College Foundation, for the establishment of a native Fellowship, a sum of 1000*l.*, which had been placed at his absolute disposal by the late Rev. John Natt, of London.

“Although, of late years, the growing infirmities of age, and repeated attacks of illness made his visits to the College less frequent ; and the Cathedral scheme, to which he so munificently contributed, naturally occupied the largest share of his attention, the Council have always been well assured of the continuance of his good-will to them and the College ; as one proof of which, they may refer to the message that accompanied the donation of two thousand rupees, made in 1853-4 :—‘I send it for any little purpose in College that may remind you of me when I am gone.’

“Besides joining most cordially in the sentiments of the above Minute, the Principal feels that he should be very deficient in his duty if he did not here place on record his deep sense of the paternal kindness he has received from the late Visitor, from the time of his first arrival in India.”

When Bishop Cotton, the successor whom God was pleased to appoint to take up the staff fallen from Bishop Wilson's hands, first touched at Ceylon on his way to his new Diocese, he was met with mingled congratulations and regrets. The address which he received from the Clergy of that island, said :—

“On the excellence of your predecessor, whom it has pleased God to remove from among us, after a life as remarkable in such a climate, for its prolonged duration, as for its unwearied devotion to the service of his heavenly Master, and in blessing to the Church at large, this is neither the time nor place to dwell. His memory will long be cherished by us. He still lives among us by his good works, and has left in his character and example a rich inheritance to all time, which those who follow him, if they may not be able to surpass, will thankfully both reverence and emulate.”

Besides these affectionate tributes to his memory, it was deemed right that some lasting memorial should be raised : and in India steps were immediately taken for placing his portrait in the Town Hall of Calcutta,¹ and for founding four scholarships in the High School. Soon afterwards the idea of a Native Pastorate Fund was suggested by the Rev. Mr. French of Agra : the object being to raise funds in commemoration of Bishop Wilson, for the support of a Native Ministry in connection with Church of England Missions. The Archdeacon who had suggested the first object, warmly patronised the second also when proposed. Both are of great importance to the interests of India, and deserving of the support of all to whom the name of Bishop Wilson is dear.

In England also a subscription has been opened, and a site purchased for the erection of a Memorial Church in Islington, which shall be free to all, and serve to prove the truth of the inspired word :—that “the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.”

Extracts from the Bishop's last Will and Testament will fitly conclude this chapter. It is a striking document, and in perfect harmony with all that has been said in this Biography.

¹ This is the portrait which stands as the Frontispiece to the second volume of this work. It was painted by Claxton, when he visited India, shortly before the Bishop's death. It was brought home and exhibited in Trafalgar-square. The vessel which carried it back to Calcutta was lost at the mouth of the Hooghly, and the picture disappeared. But, in some strange way, it appeared again in the Bazaar ; and, admitting of entire reparation, now graces the Town Hall, with the portraits of other eminent men. Happily, a single photograph was taken by Claxton before he parted with the original picture : and from that our engraving was taken.

It sets, as it were, his seal to all those great truths he held and taught through life, manifests unfeigned humility and self abasement before God, and scatters charity with no sparing hands.

Thus it commences :—

“ IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY AND UNDIVIDED TRINITY, FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

“ THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of me, the Right Reverend Father in God, Daniel Wilson Doctor of Divinity, by Divine permission Lord Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan of India. I desire first humbly to commend my soul to that most gracious Father of mercies, who hath, as I humbly trust, saved me, and called me with an holy calling, not according to my works, but according to his own purpose and grace which was given me in Christ Jesus before the world began, and I desire and hope at the day of judgment to be found in Christ, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith. I renounce all the fruits of holiness and good works which I have in any measure produced, as any the least ground whatever of my justification before the tribunal of God, as they have sprung only from the grace of Christ and the operations of his Spirit, and have been so defiled with sin as to be utterly unworthy in themselves of the divine acceptance. I die as I have lived from my youth up, in the communion of the Protestant Reformed Episcopal and Apostolical Church of England and Ireland, and I hold and follow now, as I have ever done, the doctrine and discipline of that Church, according to the mind of the first Reformers, and in the plain, grammatical, natural, and full sense of the Articles, Liturgy, and Homilies thereof; and secondly, I commend my body to the Almighty hands of my gracious Saviour, in humble hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life. Next, I appoint as executors to act in the execution of my Will in England or elsewhere, except in India, my dear son, the Reverend Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, in the county of Middlesex; my son-in-law, the Reverend Josiah Bateman, late Vicar of Huddersfield, in the county of York; and John Symes, Esquire, of Fenchurch Street, London, Solicitor. And I appoint as

executors of my will in India, and not elsewhere, the Reverend John Henry Pratt, M.A., and now Archdeacon of Calcutta ; Robert Molloy, of Calcutta, Esquire ; and Allan Webb, of the Bengal Medical Service, at present resident in Calcutta, Esquire. I desire that if I die in India my body may be interred in the vault which has been erected under the communion table of Saint Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, but if I die in England then that my body may be interred in my own family vault in Islington Church, where my late most beloved wife, now with God, is interred ; and I direct that my funeral be as private as possible, and that a plain mural tablet, without ornament, be placed on the walls of the communion table in Saint Paul's Cathedral, and in Bishop's College Chapel at Calcutta, and also in the Church of Saint Mary's, Islington, simply recording my name, time of birth, and period that I was Vicar of Islington and Bishop of Calcutta, and date of death, and nothing more, and that under this inscription the following words be engraven "Ὁ Θεὸς, ἰλασθητί μοι τῷ ἁμαρτωλῷ," (Luke xviii., 13.¹)

After various bequests of a private character, he leaves to the Bishop of Calcutta and the Archdeacon of Calcutta for the time being, all his books deposited in the Cathedral and the Palace, and numbering more than eight thousand, for the use of St. Paul's Cathedral for ever ; and also the large clock and inkstand presented to him by the Parishioners of Islington.

Also to his successors, Bishops of Calcutta, he bequeaths his iron chest, silver plate, plated ware, linen, china, glass, household furniture, carriages, and robes of office, to be used at pleasure and handed down in succession.

The following legacies are then bequeathed as tokens of his esteem, or in recognition of past services. Partaking thus of a public character they may fairly be enumerated :—

	Rupees.
To the Bishop of Winchester for the Additional Curates	
Aid Society	1000

¹ The Greek was selected doubtless because of the stronger emphasis attaching to the confession of sin ; and of the propitiation involved in the mercy sought for.—See p. 405.

	Rupees.
To the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts	1000
To the Church Missionary Society for Northern India.	2000
British and Foreign Bible Society for Indian translations	1000
Church Pastoral Aid Society	1000
Calcutta Diocesan Additional Clergy Society	10,000
Colonial Church and School Society (Calcutta branch)	1000
Metropolitan Training School in Islington	1000
The Poor of Islington	1000
New Church Building Fund (Islington)	2000
Church Missionary's Children's Home	1000
John Henry Pratt, the Archdeacon of Calcutta	1000
Allan Webb, his Medical Attendant	1000
The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Sumner), as a token of love and remembrance	1000
The Earl of Shaftesbury, for religious purposes	1000
The Bishop of Madras, as a token of love and gratitude	1000
Dr. Kay, Principal of Bishop's College	1000
Captain Young, Member of Cathedral Vestry	1000
Mrs. Forbes, Widow of General Forbes the Architect of his Cathedral	2000

CHAPTER XXII.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BISHOP'S CHARACTER.

His energy—The simplicity of his aim—His deep piety—Spirit of Prayer—Study of Scripture—Moral courage—Untiring industry—Consistency—Deep self-abasement—Fidelity to Christ—Missionary zeal—Growing charity—Unbounded liberality—Fearlessness—Peculiarities.

THE reader of this biography is now set free : but before the writer lays down his pen, a few remarks upon some of the chief points in the Bishop's character may be expected. It is no slight ordeal through which that character has had to pass. The public actions, private journals, familiar letters, and personal habits of a life prolonged through eighty years, have been thrown into the crucible, and tried so as by fire. Nothing but real gold could abide the test.

1. Mark the *energy of his character*. This ran through every phase of life. St. Edmund's Hall, Chobham, Oxford, Worton, St. John's, Islington, India ; all were scenes on which it was displayed. To translate and re-translate all Cicero's Epistles in order to acquire a good Latin style :—to keep a journal and correspond for years in Latin with familiar friends, in order to retain and improve that style :—to act as a pioneer through England, Ireland, and the adjacent isles, in order to arouse a missionary spirit and plant associations in fruitful soils :—to move reluctant parishioners and induce them, as one man, to lay a rate and build three churches :—to enter Burmah at the age of seventy-eight, live in houses made of mats, found churches in Christ's honour, and take spiritual possession of the whole country in God's name :—all these are surely proofs of the untiring energy which characterised him through life. He wearied others : but was never weary himself.

2. Mark the *simplicity of his aim*. Men said he was ambitious and loved power. But if so: it was only as a means to an end. The great end and object of life with him, was to save the souls of men: and to this, time, talents, influence, and property were all devoted. "We may err in administering the diocese," he was wont to say, "but we cannot err in preaching the Gospel." "I have made ten thousand mistakes: but I have preached five thousand sermons." His motto through life might have been—"If that by any means I may save some."

3. Mark his *deep piety*. Religion was never laid aside, never forgotten. It was his comfort, his solace, his delight, his joy! It was entwined about his heart, and wrought into the very fabric of his nature. It constituted his strength. By it he upheld every one in his house.

4. Mark his *spirit of prayer*. Everything was referred to God, and made matter of prayer. Meet him upon business—prayer began the discussion, and followed the decision. Call upon him in sickness, his first and last word was—"My dear friend, please pray with me." Latterly it occupied almost half his day. He prayed in the Cathedral, prayed in his private chamber, prayed at the domestic altar, prayed with the sick inmate, prayed with the confidential friend, prayed when the sun was setting, and prayed when the hour of rest arrived. In the decline of life he was not able to kneel down: but bowed himself upon the table with folded hands and uplifted eyes.

Rising from prayer one evening after having read Ephesians 4th: he said to a lady present, "Oh! my dear child, if we could but live more in the spirit of Ephesians 4th, we should be much happier. I am quite overwhelmed when I think of what the true tendency of the Gospel is, and of what we ought to be."

"See what a poor creature I am," he said on entering the breakfast-room one morning, "and pity me. I fell asleep last night at my prayers."

5. Mark his *study of Scripture*. It may be doubted whether

any one ever read more of the simple Word of God than he did. "Tell me how much time you give to the Bible: and I will tell you what you are as a Christian:" was a remark he often made to others, and one very applicable to himself. His Bible was read through every year. "The more we read it," he used to say, "the more we may. It is certain that we shall never exhaust it." In private, he always read it with Scott's Notes, whom he revered as a commentator, and loved as a friend. "Thomas Scott was a wonderful man," he would say, "as wonderful in his way as Milton or Burke. He overcame great difficulties, and lived down great unpopularity. Why, he was at first quite hooted in London for his long sermons. It used to take him nearly fifty minutes to get through his first head—so copious was his mind—so full of matter. And then he would have to hurry over his second and his third. When half-way through his great Commentary, funds failed on the one hand, and subscribers claimed the fulfilment of his engagement on the other, so that he described himself as 'something like an ass with a heavy load on his back, in a miry lane: he could neither go backwards nor forwards.'"

He never passed a copy of this Commentary, however old the edition, without buying it. His love for books was well known, and he seldom returned home from his morning drive without finding a little bazaar established at his gates. Thither the various books purchased at book-sales, so frequent in Calcutta, were brought and spread before him. He could not pass without examining the contents of the stalls: and if an old copy of "Scott" appeared, it was at once bought, and given away.

His habitual study of a Commentary did not, however, make his own exposition of Scripture timid. On the contrary, he was bold, independent, and most impressive: mingling clear explanations with strong appeals to conscience. A young child would sit motionless before him gazing on his countenance and listening to his words; whilst the most experienced Christian would be receiving instruction and godly edifying.

6. Mark his *moral courage*. In this respect the mind controlled and commanded the body. When, halting on his first

visitation between Bombay and the Himalayahs, he received from Bishop Corrie a letter warning him of danger, and entreating him to return: he paused, reflected, took counsel, saw no real cause for alarm; and then calmly and courageously persevered in his journey.

Who but he, or one like-minded, would have linked his little Pilot Brig to a great steamer, and faced the Monsoon in the China Seas, in order to carry out his purpose of reaching Borneo?

Who but he would have ventured to grapple with the Caste question in the way which has been described? The evil was admitted; the moral courage was exhibited in applying the remedy.

Compare his handling of Tractarianism with the modified and timid disapprobation it met with at the hands of others. He gave utterance to his own deep convictions, and openly denounced it as "another gospel." To stand in the gap thus fearlessly, as a rallying point for others, demands, and manifests high moral courage.

7. Mark his *untiring industry*. It served him instead of originality and genius. It made him learned, powerful, useful, influential. No labour daunted him when some important work was in hand. His charges were written over five or six times—his Church-Missionary sermon nine times—each time removing some defect or adding some beauty. His sermon in Ceylon on the "Pearl of Great Price" has been mentioned. He was seventy-eight years old—his desk was full of sermons—any one might have been preached without labour to himself and with profit to the hearers. But he is in the neighbourhood of the pearl fishery, the subject will be interesting, attention may be arrested and good done. Hence, on the Saturday, his table is covered with books; and, on the Sunday, every description is lively, every allusion correct. His industry never failed. When action did not so much require it, study had it. No man in India read half so much as he did; and his comments and criticisms prove how well the reading was digested. Even on the very last day of his life, he was looking at "Livingstone" and learning something about "Africa."

8. Mark his *consistency*. Early in life he had grasped the primary truths of the Gospel, and he held them firmly to the end. Many secondary truths were added, but they were kept secondary. He never rode a hobby in Divinity. Some men ride over the fields of unfulfilled prophecy, some leap the barriers of the Church; but he kept in the old path of Evangelical truth and Church order. His sermons were always good to hear, his books always safe to read. In a Charge delivered in 1851, he could say, "I retain the sentiments I publicly expressed in 1817." This inspired confidence: and the idea of instability and changeableness was never attached to his character. He had no opinion of those who, in order to give the public the benefit of their own thoughts, neglected what had been previously thought and said by others. He laid aside a recent commentary, unread, because the author professed to have written it without consulting previous commentators.

9. Mark his *deep self-abasement*. It ran through life, and found expression everywhere. The "bitter things" he wrote against himself would make unobservant men deem him a sinner above others. But he only had a deeper insight into his own heart, and a higher sense of the holiness of God. The extent of the sorrow is the point of difference amongst God's people, and not the extent of the sin. St. Paul called and felt himself the "chief of sinners." In the character we have been considering, Grace had much to do, and did it. Speaking once of having been in the ministry for fifty-six years, he said, "Ah yes; it is a long time to have to answer for. None can answer for me but ONE, and that one CHRIST JESUS. I cannot answer for myself." A favourite sentence with him was—"Whether in man or woman, I have long ceased to expect perfection in this world. As Cecil once said to me, 'However good a person may be, he will surely be found to break down somewhere.'"

10. Mark his *fidelity to Christ*. He never ceased to teach and preach JESUS CHRIST: and when he quarrelled with any scheme of doctrine, it was chiefly because it took from Christ the honour due unto his name. The savour of His name was in

every sermon, the pleading of His merits marked every prayer. To add to His dominion, to extol His grace, and to extend His Church was the very joy of his heart. Every doctrine of the Gospel had its niche, but Christ was on the pedestal—nothing was put before Him, nothing suffered to obscure His glory.

11. Mark his *Missionary zeal*. He wished every chaplain to be a missionary. He toiled at Bengalee, Hindustâni, Sanscrit, to qualify himself to deal with Missions. His half-expressed desire to lay down the pastoral staff of Calcutta, and take up that of Tanjore, had its significance. It expressed what he often felt.

12. Mark his *growing charity*. No man stood by the Church more strongly than he did; but he was always ready to hold out the right hand of fellowship to those that differed. His warfare was defensive. This catholicity increased with his years; till, at length, in his "Humiliation sermon," he uttered those memorable words, significant at all events of his own aspirations for India:—"Unity and love prevail amongst the different divisions of the Protestant family here. We no longer maintain the old and fatal mistake that Christian men are not to co-operate for anything, till they agree in everything. We now hold the antagonistic and true maxim, that Christian men should act together so far as they are agreed."

13. Mark his *unbounded liberality*. None will know its extent; but very nearly all that he ever received from India, was returned to India. That was his principle: and even the half-year's salary, assigned by law to a Bishop of Calcutta dying at his post, was more than anticipated by the long list of charities already enumerated. It must not however be supposed that he was unmindful of his family. He assisted them most affectionately both in public matters and in private; and there was not a church, parsonage, or school in their large parishes of Islington and Huddersfield to which he was not a contributor.

One instance, however, in connection with this topic, may

excite a smile. About the year 1839, a sum of 5000*l.* had accumulated in the Bishop's hands, and he wrote to his children at home to ask whether he should hold it and send them the interest accruing from it, or whether they would prefer having the principal to invest at home. They preferred the latter of the two, and wrote accordingly; but, before their letter arrived in India, the idea of the Cathedral had entered the Bishop's mind, and he had written to say that the alternative no longer existed—that all his money was now devoted—that he sent his blessing—that God would make it up to them—and they would be no losers. It need not be added that their cheerful acquiescence followed his determination.

During the long period of his episcopacy, he probably received something like one hundred and forty thousand pounds: for, besides his annual stipend, the East India Company, with their accustomed liberality, always allowed a handsome monthly sum for travelling expenses during the visitations:—yet, when he died, he left very little more than six thousand pounds. This one fact speaks volumes; and renders further comment needless.

14. *He feared the face of no man in a righteous cause.* When he saw anything which required a word of caution, the rank of the individual never daunted him. The fitting occasion was watched for, the friendly word spoken, or the private note sent. If the desired effect was produced, he rejoiced; if the interference was resented, he bore it as “a cross,” but it never made him angry. Public scandals, however, drew from him public condemnation; and it often made the breath come short to hear him from the pulpit denounce an offence, and almost name the offender. On one occasion of a public scandal, after frequent public demonstrations of this kind, he invited thirty or forty influential ladies to his house, and entreated them in private to stem, by their influence, the current of immorality which was setting in.

At one period it was customary at Government House to rise from table soon after dinner, and for the ladies and gentlemen to retire together to the drawing-room. A large party was thus retiring one evening, when a loud voice was heard—“Come back, come back.” It was the Bishop, who, in defi-

ance of all etiquette, thus reminded them that "grace had not been said."

15. This leads naturally to the remark, that there were *peculiarities* attaching to his character which ought not to be omitted in this enumeration.

He suffered them to grow, and they became marked features. It was not originality or eccentricity, so much as peculiarity and oddity—an odd way of saying and doing odd things. And yet there was something of originality in what was thus done and said—something of set purpose—something which gave point to the expression, and took firm hold upon the memory.

It was discernible in his conversation. To young chaplains when first they arrived in India, he would say, "Don't see the sun for two years." "Don't eat too much—don't stuff." "The most healthy complexion for India is that of a boiled chicken. The great secret of health is a contented mind."

Speaking of a missionary who had sought, and obtained a chaplaincy, he said, "Ah! he was a true missionary; perhaps there was not a better in India. But Satan and Eve have persuaded him to quit the work."

One of the chaplains in the Upper Provinces had preached a sermon in his presence strongly directed against Calvinism. The argument was elaborate, and claimed to be triumphant. The Bishop said nothing at the time; but when about to step into his palanquin, and leave the station, he shook hands kindly with the chaplain's wife, and thanked her for her courtesy, adding:—"Please to tell your husband that he has not settled that question!"

He would often join together a commendation and a caution. Thus, introducing a chaplain to the Governor, he mentioned him as one "who bids fair to be very valuable to us, if only God keeps him humble."

It appeared in his actions. When ill once at Serampore and unable to join the dinner circle, a little portion had been sent into his study. He had just eaten it when the doctor called to enquire after his health; "How are you now, my Lord?" "Better, thank you. I have been eating a little dinner." "It will be well for you then to lie down by-and-bye, and rest for

an hour or two." He rang his hand-bell and when the servants appeared, said, "Lord Sahib sota" (The Lord Bishop sleeps). The next instant he had left the study, laid down in his bed, and covered himself up for sleep—leaving the doctor amazed at the sudden result of his prescription.

Mrs. Ellerton, the valued inmate of his house, was often on the very brink of the grave; and the great age of both, had made them familiar with death and its accessories. One evening, being very ill, she sent for the Bishop to bid him farewell, and to leave with him some instructions respecting her coffin. He promised compliance, and after awhile left her. During the night she rallied, and in the morning sent for him, to countermand her directions. He came running up to her, and on finding how matters stood, said, it was too late for her to change: he had sent for the undertaker at once, as she wished, and the work was done!

It characterised his expositions of Scripture. One of his Chaplains was ordered up to the Punjaub, but his wife was unwilling to go. In the course of the morning's reading it happened that this passage occurred—"Having his children and his household in subjection with all gravity." "Now," said the Bishop, commenting upon it, "I don't call it having his household in subjection with all gravity, when one of my Chaplains is ordered up to Lahore, and his wife says she won't go!"

His lectures on the Epistles to Timothy or Titus, to his candidates for Ordination, have been already alluded to. They were invaluable—full of force, and calculated to impress the mind most beneficially. But here also he sometimes forgot himself, and said more than he meant. The candidates were required to take down the lectures, and the examination of their notes formed part of the preparatory trial. On one occasion some quick clever candidates took down every word; but before the papers were submitted to the Bishop, they brought them to his Chaplain, pointing out many odd remarks and strong expressions, and asking whether they should be left out. "Not a line, not a letter," said the Chaplain. The papers were accordingly handed in, and the perusal of them was to the Bishop, like a man beholding his natural face in a

glass. He could scarcely believe that the expressions were correct: but, undeceived on this point, the last morning's lecture was very much taken up in modifying the previous statements, and preventing all consequent misunderstandings. Especially having said that "he would rather be a poor little Baptist with God's grace in his heart, than the Archbishop of Canterbury without it;" he was anxious to explain that though he stood to the sentiment, he would not have them picture to themselves an Archbishop of Canterbury without grace in his heart!

It sometimes appeared in his family devotions. Not that they were too familiar; for familiarity is the mark of a child, and God was indeed his Father and his Friend. But he went very much into detail, and ran sometimes into discussion and narration. He would tell how this thing happened or that; why he had done this and why that. If he returned thanks for deliverance from shipwreck, he would tell how the vessel rolled, and the boiler burst, and the passengers were obliged to hold by post and rail.

"I am so surprised at the Bishop's prayers;" said a lady, who was staying at the Palace; "are they really prayers?" "I will tell him what you say," said his Chaplain, "and ask him your question." "Tell her," said the Bishop, when this purpose was carried into effect, "to read her Bible, and mark the prayers of Moses, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Nehemiah, and others; she will find that discussion and narration is the basis of prayer. All these talked with God."

His peculiarities crept gradually into the pulpit; and many stories will be still lingering in India respecting them. A large proportion of these are untrue, and vanish before the talismanic touch of these six words—"Did you hear him say so?" Some have a basis of truth, but have been distorted. One instance of each of these will suffice in the way of illustration. In one of the many volumes published by the editor of the *Life of James Montgomery*, a story is told of the Bishop which ought to have been previously verified. It is to the effect, that preaching once on the importance of honest and upright dealings between man and man, and deprecating that low standard of morality, which in matters of traffic allows of the suppression of the truth, he instanced the case of the

Archdeacon, sitting in the desk beneath him, who had sold him a horse for more than it was worth. Now, when this story appeared, the author of the present work wrote to the Bishop, referred to it, and asked whether it was true. The answer was, that it was totally and entirely false, and a fabrication from beginning to end. And as to the Archdeacon, his reply is, that he never sold the Bishop a horse in his life.

The other illustration may be considered as having a grain of truth in it. The Bishop was preaching for a church which needed funds. He stated the amount required; and showed how easily it might be raised. "If the Commissioner," he said, "will give so much, and the Magistrate so much, and the Commandant so much, (running down the list of Europeans in the station) the amount is raised, and the church is built. Shut the door." The hearers started, for they said within themselves naturally enough, that they supposed they were not to leave the church till each one had paid his quota. And this story got abroad, and ran far and wide, even after it was known that a rushing wind, the sure precursor of a storm, had suddenly entered the church, blown about the loose memoranda of the Bishop's sermon, and led to his hasty "Shut the door."

But still there is such a thing as being too much at home in the pulpit: and many times, things were said by the Bishop which had better have been left unsaid. But though men might smile—they never slept. India is a sleepy place, and he effectually roused it. And it may be surmised that he intended to do so. Hence short strong pithy sentences which might be fixed like goads. Hence familiar anecdotes of other times and earlier days. Hence reference to matters of local interest, to offensive paragraphs in newspapers, to unlawful though fashionable amusements. These were the outpourings of the heart, and the impulse often of the moment—graphic, pungent, and sometimes ludicrous. But all these peculiarities affected not the great features of his character. There is something of affection in the smile they raise. They are always told of the "dear old Bishop;" and they are recorded here, just as the last slight touches are added to a picture, to give it reality and life and character.

As for his faults, they will have been discerned by the reader long ago. No attempt has been made to disguise or conceal them. They all lay upon the side of hasty impulse, quick action, sharp words, want of consideration for others, a sanguine temperament, something of egotism, and occasional inaccuracy of statement. If the reader has the heart to dwell upon them after the deep self-abasement they have caused, and the lowly confessions they have called forth, he is of course at liberty to do so. They are not denied. All with whom the Bishop came in contact have felt them in their turns, but all with one accord enshrine his memory in their hearts, all revere his name, all acknowledge his worth, all assert his piety, all would fain tread in his steps, all say with Allan Webb, apostrophising his lifeless body,—
 “A BRAVE AND NOBLE SOLDIER! A WISE, BOLD LEADER! I ESTEEM IT THE GREATEST PRIVILEGE OF MY LIFE, TO HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED HIM!”

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